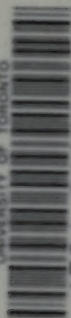


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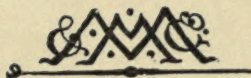
With Miss Garrod's
kind regards

July 31st 1923.



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DANTE, GOETHE'S FAUST
AND OTHER LECTURES



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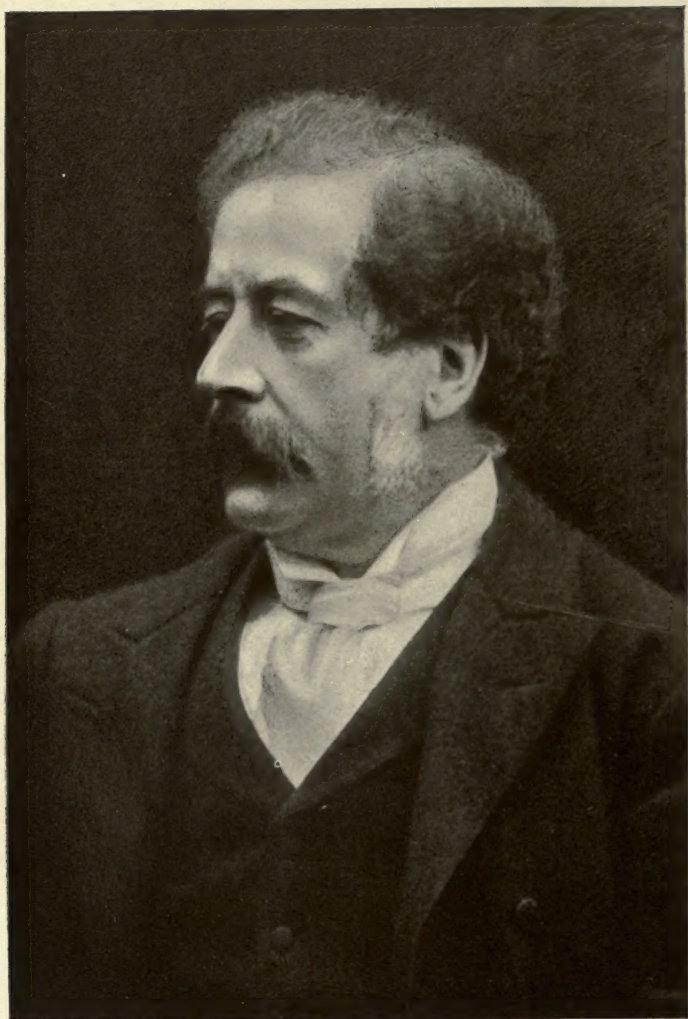
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Herbert B. Garrod.

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DANTE GOETHE'S FAUST AND OTHER LECTURES

BY
HERBERT BARING GARROD
M.A., OXON.

*Of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, late Organising Secretary
of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland*

EDITED BY
LUCY F. GARROD

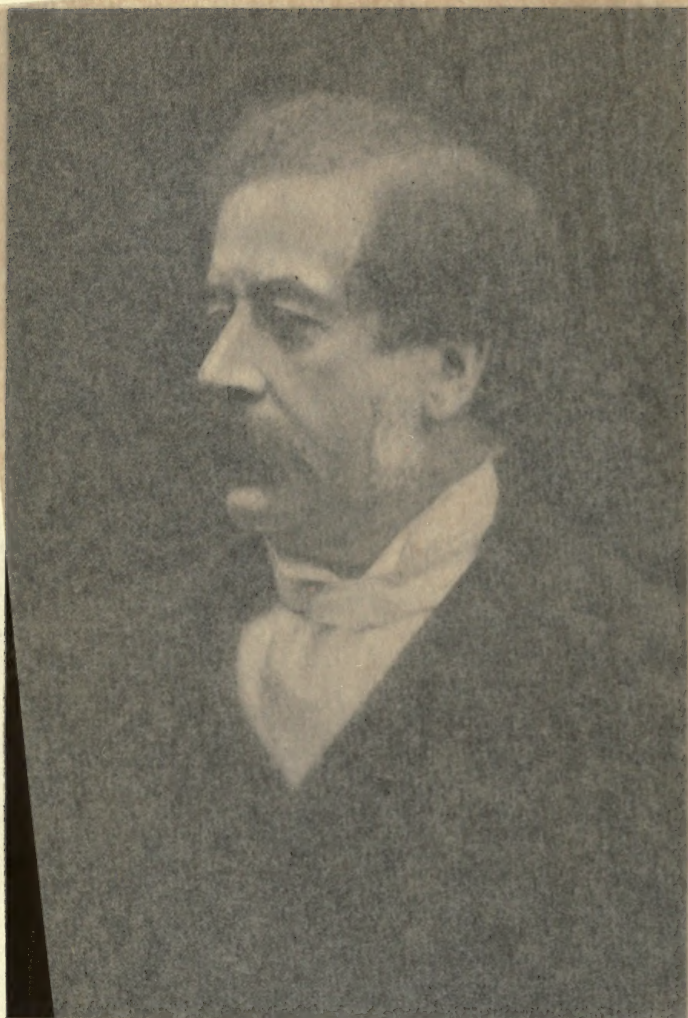
WITH AN INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR BY
GEOFFREY GARROD

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"Sometimes his religion seemed to me
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods ;
Who to the model of his own pure heart
Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
And human reason dictated with awe.

And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature."

WORDSWORTH'S *Excursion*.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR	I
LECTURE I	
DANTE, POET AND SEER	13
LECTURE II	
DANTE'S COMMEDIA AND ITS MAIN TEACHINGS	48
LECTURE III	
THE INFERNO	86
LECTURE IV	
THE PURGATORIO	122
LECTURE V	
THE PARADISO	164
LECTURE VI	
GOETHE'S FAUST, PARTS I AND II	203
LECTURE VII	
CLASSICAL CULTURE FOR NON-CLASSICAL PUPILS	235
LECTURE VIII	
THE TEACHERS' GUILD AND THE REGISTRATION OF TEACHERS	252

CONTENTS

	PAGE
LECTURE IX	
THE IDEAL FOR THE TEACHER	290
LECTURE X	
THE ANCIENT UNIVERSITIES	319
LECTURE XI	
SPECIALISATION DURING SCHOOL YEARS	340
LECTURE XII	
CO-EDUCATION OF BOYS AND GIRLS	356
LECTURE XIII	
THE SIMPLE LIFE : WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT	375
SONNETS	381

FRONTISPIECE.

HERBERT B. GARROD. Enlarged by A. P. Monger, from a group by R. E. Garrod.

PREFACE

MY first idea in publishing these lectures has been to preserve them, for a time at least ; my second to give to those who have not heard them an opportunity of reading them ; my third to perpetuate among his relatives and friends the memory of a man whose mind was of a singular quality in the influence it shed on other minds, and in the love with which he inspired all who knew him.

The lectures naturally sort themselves into two kinds, the purely literary and the educational. The former I have placed first in order, as being of more general interest, while the latter half of the book is illustrative of the Author's work in the field of Education.

As a literary man he was not much known, as he never published anything except in journals, though his literary taste was evident to anyone who heard him speak, whether in private life or on the platform. Beyond the first six lectures in this volume there is nothing more, of the purely literary kind, that I can reproduce, as the others were spoken from notes only. Two in particular, that come under this category, will be missed here, as they were popular ; one entitled "A

day in a Greek Theatre in Athens," and the other "Syracuse and Sicily, the meeting ground of Civilisations," both of them reflecting the true classic spirit. If the reader finds repetitions here and there in the Dante series it is due to their having been sometimes given as single lectures. Had I edited them or cut out these parts it would have interrupted the flow of thought. I might add that the first few paragraphs of Lecture I, "Dante, Poet and Seer," down to the definition of "What is a Teacher," were used as an introduction to Lecture II and can be read with it.

As a speaker on Education the Author more often used notes. It was only occasionally when dealing with some subject apart from organisation or educational politics that he wrote out the lecture. Thus the material which I have found at my disposal, to represent, as I wish that it should, his wide field of educational interests, has been limited. I have had to draw upon lectures dating as far back as 1889 and 1890, but I hope the readers of this volume will agree with me that they are worth publishing, as evidence of the character of the Author, and of the persistency and consistency with which, having formulated his Ideals, he clung to them.

After 1901, when the *Teachers' Guild Quarterly* was started as the official organ of the Guild, under his editorship, it became the channel through which he expressed himself on various educational problems of the day, always having regard to the opinions of his Council, and it is due to their courtesy that I am able to reprint some of his lectures and many of the leading articles written by him to within four months of his death.

It is in this section of the book that I have had the

valuable help of Mr. Francis Storr, Editor of the *Journal of Education*, who revised the proofs of the address given in 1890 to the Borough Road Training College, on the history of the movement for the Registration of Teachers up to that time. It shows how consistently the Teachers' Guild moved in the matter, and how firmly it held to its principles from the beginning. To this lecture I have been able to append articles from the *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, in which the Author carried on the history through its various phases up to March, 1912. Mr. Storr has kindly added a note at the end bringing the subject up-to-date, and, as a member of the Teachers' Registration Council, he speaks with authority.

I am much indebted to him, and to Professor Foster Watson of Aberystwyth, who has also helped in selecting and arranging other parts of the book in the Educational Section.

I wish also to thank the Editors of the *Spectator* and the *Academy* for allowing me to reprint those of the sonnets which originally appeared in their publications.

To Mr. W. K. Hill, Secretary to the Finance Committee of the University of London, I am greatly indebted. It was he who first advised me in the matter of publication, how to set about it and whom to ask to contribute to the memoir. His one desire has been to help in doing full honour to a man whom he loved, and he saw intuitively that only certain minds could estimate the value of the work done and the character of the man who did it, all pioneers alike in the labour of educational reform. These friends, whom he approached for me, responded most generously in the midst of great pressure in their own work. Their

contributions are incorporated in the memoir. From the bottom of my heart I thank them.

The consciousness of their support has given me confidence in carrying out this labour of love. I now send it forth to face the verdict of his friends and of the public as to whether it has, or has not, been well worth doing.

LUCY F. GARROD.

March, 1913.

INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

HERBERT BARING GARROD was born on May 22nd, 1849, the third son of Dr. (afterwards Sir Alfred) Garrod, M.D., F.R.S., and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Colchester. His father's father was Robert Garrod of Ipswich, estate agent and founder of the firm of Garrod, Turner & Son. His mother's father, Henry Colchester, married Elizabeth Sparrowe, of "The Ancient House," Ipswich, one of whose sisters was the mother of Charles Keene, the celebrated *Punch* artist, and another the mother of Meredith Townsend, from 1865 to 1900 joint proprietor and editor with Richard Holt Hutton of the *Spectator*. Both Charles Keene and Meredith Townsend were thus first cousins of his mother, and the latter was also his uncle by marriage. His eldest brother Alfred was an F.R.S. at the age of thirty, and was a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Professor of Comparative Anatomy at King's College, London, and Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution, besides being Prosector to the Zoological Society of London. Of his brothers Dr. Archibald Garrod, F.R.S., is the only one who survives him.

He was educated at Barford's School, Regent's Park, King's College School, London, and Merton College,

Oxford, whither he went as Senior Postmaster in 1868. At Merton he had the late Bishop Creighton for tutor and Grant Allen as one of his most intimate friends. He won many prizes at school and at college, including prizes for Greek and Latin at Barford's, prizes for Greek, Latin, German, French and Hebrew at King's College School, and the Newdigate Prize for English Verse at Oxford in 1869 with a poem on "Charlemagne." At school his capacity for prize-winning earned him the nickname of "cormorant"; but he was never one who strove for prizes for their own sake; they were the evidence, not the object, of his industry.

He graduated with Honours in 1872, and was called to the Bar in 1874, joining the South-eastern Circuit. But his interests lay rather in literature than in law, and he never practised. He was a frequent contributor to the *Academy* and the *Spectator*, and for a short period helped his uncle, Meredith Townsend, at the office of the latter paper.

He married in 1884 his second cousin, Lucy Florence Colchester, daughter of William Colchester of Springfield, Ipswich, by whom he leaves four sons.

In 1886 he was appointed General Secretary of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, and thenceforward his life was almost wholly devoted to work for the Guild. Though he had never been a teacher himself nor up till then been brought into direct relations with teachers, he was drawn to the work by a profound sympathy with the main object of the Guild—to make of teaching a profession with the same status as law and medicine. Himself a barrister, and the son of a doctor, he gave the latter half of his life to the work of forming a united profession of teachers, with a central controlling

body similar to the Medical Council and the General Council of the Bar. For this object he toiled unceasingly. In 1901 he started the *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, which he edited till his first and last illness in 1912, always writing the leaders for it and inspiring its policy.

He was one of the original founders of the King Alfred School Society, and editor of its magazine; and from 1910 till his death Chairman of its Council. He was also on the Council of the Royal Drawing Society.

He was essentially an Idealist. He had a habit of regarding all questions as it were from a slight elevation, so that he had a wider horizon than those who were fighting on the plain below him. But he was no mere builder of castles in Spain; though his head was in the upper air his feet were always on the ground. Though primarily not a "practical" man, he was fully alive to realities; while his breadth of view and clarity of reasoning gave to his judgments a weight and authority that are often missing from those of the mere empiric.

His knowledge was almost encyclopædic. On nearly every subject he had something illuminating to say; and it became a habit among his family and his intimate friends to refer to him instead of to dictionaries or encyclopædias for information on any doubtful or disputed point. Such information when sought he was ever ready to impart; not with any air of superiority (which would have been quite foreign to his nature), but with a courteous grace that never made the enquirer feel ignorant.

A man of sensitive literary appreciation, clear judgment and wide perspective, he was always tolerant of the opinions of others, while at the same time courteously

tenacious of his own. Perhaps "courtesy" is the word that best sums him up. He was rarely impatient, never cross; he had on the whole a most equable disposition, although he would sometimes brood over annoyances and in so doing suffer more than he let others know at the time. But though tolerant of opinions that differed from his own, he was severe on anything that he considered to show a lack of the sense of duty, and almost puritanical in his condemnation of the frantic pursuit of pleasure, which he thought a real danger to modern life.

His quiet humour was a marked characteristic of his nature, and gave it charm and strength. It is reported that he frequently saved an awkward situation at Council meetings by a turn of thought which would change the atmosphere suddenly from one of loaded seriousness to one of mirth. "He wouldn't let us quarrel."

Another striking feature of his mind was his accuracy. It was always his habit to preface a lecture or essay by a definition of its subject-matter and of the terms employed in it. Anything like vagueness of thought was repellent to him, and it was for this reason that the German school of philosophy never had any attraction for him. In this he was an Aristotelian rather than a Platonist. Aristotle he was never tired of quoting as among the master minds of the world.

As instances of his powers of definition the following may be quoted. He distinguished Humour and Wit thus:—"Humour is of the Heart, and its field is the Incongruous; Wit is of the Head, and its field is the Unexpected." Imagination and Fancy he defined as follows:—"We must not confuse Imagination in any way with Fancy. Fancy deals with the actual in such a way as to give it a new dress, which it has never

worn and can never wear. 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Peter Pan,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'—these are works of fancy. Imagination, on the other hand, deals with what has been or might have been in the past, what is or might be (but not under the eye of the imaginer) in the present, what may be in the future."

His literary tastes were catholic, and his knowledge of languages enabled him to read Dante, Goethe, Camoens, Cervantes and Molière in the original. His favourite authors were Dante and Shakspeare, both of whose greatest works he knew almost by heart. After them he was most often seen with a volume of one of the Greek tragedians in his hands. Among these his favourite was Euripides, whose humanity and breadth of sympathy appealed to him, and he often referred somewhat bitterly to the efforts which the brothers Schlegel had made, for a time successfully, to depreciate him.

Among English poets, after Shakspeare, his favourites were Milton, Wordsworth and Browning. Among novelists he unhesitatingly placed Dickens above all others, and considered "David Copperfield" the greatest novel ever written. After him he admired George Eliot most; Thackeray never appealed much to him.

In politics he was never a strong party man; but he was a Free-Trader above everything. He was strongly in favour of the social and political equality of the sexes, and always advocated the equal remuneration of men and women for equal work.

It is hard, if not impossible, for a son to form an accurate estimate of his father's life-work. Happily in this case such an estimate has not to be left unwritten, as five friends, who knew him well and worked with him as educational missionaries, have kindly written the following appreciations for inclusion here.

Mr. Michael Sadler, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, writes:—

“H. B. Garrod set a noble example of persistency in public work—persistency which became an inspiring example to his fellow workers because it drew its strength from faith, courage and self-forgetfulness.

“In the face of much discouragement, and in spite of many hopes deferred, he was ready always to help others and to put his knowledge at their service. Nothing soured him or made him impatient in his communications with others.

“And he had a great ideal before him—the ideal of a united teaching profession. Whether this is administratively realisable or not, in the form which most commended itself to his judgment, is a matter upon which, of course, opinions and forecasts differ. But that he should have had this ideal—that he should have given his central and most fruitful years of work and thought to its furtherance—made him a power in the lives of others, a greater power perhaps than they knew or than he could realise. He touched others, because he himself believed so deeply in a great cause.”

Mr. J. L. Paton, Headmaster of Manchester Grammar School, writes as follows:—

“His was a hospitable mind, one of the most hospitable I ever came across. A glance at the list of subjects on which he has written shows how freely he opened his mind in every direction to the things that are more excellent. This literary work I am not competent to appraise. I do not know enough. And, though I was constantly meeting him in London, yet I cannot help feeling that the points at which I touched his personality are too few for me to plot the whole curve out and find the equation which represents it.

"But two or three things were obvious to everybody who came into touch with him at all. There was his never-failing geniality. The Teachers' Guild included teachers of all grades, and of all subjects, and of all sorts and temperaments. It was as catholic as the new Teachers' Register is to be, but Mr. Garrod's heart was even more universal in its hospitality than the constitution of the Guild. He had a wonderful gift of fusing into unity all our divergencies. Everybody felt at home with him, and not only felt at home themselves, but brotherly towards all others who were there. It was this power of fusing men and women that made him such an ideal centre around which to build an all-inclusive fellowship of teachers.

"Together with this catholicity of temperament went the mind of a statesman. He had the gift of initiative. He had a clear, ordered thought; he could look at things in the large and shape out an organisation in its larger aspects and in its smallest details. There was no contingency against which he did not provide. His universal sympathy with so many different branches of the Teaching profession, ranging from the University to the Kindergarten, from the teacher of the research student to the teacher of the mentally defective, gave him a position in the educational world which was unique.

"When all this is said it fails to give any idea of what Mr. Garrod was in himself, and what he was as a friend. He was one who excelled the 'Quirk's all-blazoning pens.'"

Mr. John Russell, Headmaster of the King Alfred School at Hampstead, writes thus:—

"I have been asked to express in a paragraph or two the side of Garrod I knew best. I can do it in five

words—energy, tenacity, generosity, courtesy, modesty, all finely-tempered, and, like the steady flame of his educational enthusiasm, never either flaring into theatricality or flickering into extinction.

“Almost the last words I ever heard him speak were these: ‘The watchwords of Israel were Duty, Obedience—of Hellas, Beauty, Joy. It is for education to interfuse them.’

“That interfusing was, in my eyes, the high purpose of his life. That, throughout the twenty years of our acquaintance, was the goal at which, in his own unobtrusive ways, he never ceased to aim.”

Dr. Foster Watson, Professor of Education at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, writes:—

“Mr. Garrod adopted education as his province in the same spirit in which noble and accomplished Florentines in the Italian Renaissance renounced a life of ease and comfort to become devoted scholars. Permeated with the sense of the honourable *status* of his own legal profession, and born into the atmosphere of the dignified traditions of the medical profession, of which his father was one of the most distinguished leaders, he possessed a quite uncommon insight into the significance of the value of a learned profession, in which the stimulus to the highest ideals, the most thorough preparation of training, and the worthiest service comes ‘from within.’ The last quarter of a century has produced an educational Renaissance nobler than we as yet can realise. Great men have been in our midst. W. H. Widgery, Francis C. Turner, R. H. Quick, Herbert C. Bowen, moved in a world of ideas which are now coming to their own, though their source is often forgotten. In this band Garrod was not merely an *amicus curiæ*, but a brother, and not infrequently an elder brother. His official

position may have seemed to the superficial observer to be a humble post for so cultured a scholar, but it afforded him an outlet for his sense of sympathy with every grade of teacher from his fellow-leaders to the nursery governess under an ignorant mistress. This sympathetic attitude towards every conscientious teacher was in itself a prototype of the unity and solidarity which he wished to see worked out in the whole body of recognised teachers, not from any standpoint of a close corporation of vested interests, but as leading to the greatest social and intellectual consequences for the future generations of our nation."

Mr. P. A. Barnett, H.M.I., writes as follows :—

"My first close personal association with Garrod dates some twenty-seven years back. It was then that, with Mr. (now Sir James) Yoxall, we met at Leeds to try to convince a gathering of Leeds teachers that they ought to join hands with the already established Teachers' Guild and help to form one great body that could stand confidently for the whole profession throughout Great Britain and Ireland. We spoke our very best, all three of us, out of a belief which we all held devoutly, and from which no one of the three ever strayed ; but of the things of that day I remember best the persuasive modesty of the Secretary of the struggling little Teachers' Guild of the time. We did not succeed in our immediate purpose, but one of us at least made a friend of one of the best men he ever knew.

"When, as a member of the Council of the Guild, I got to know Garrod more intimately in London, I became aware of the great steady flame that gave him light and warmth in the dismalest and most discouraging weather. Though he was not himself a professional teacher, his respect for the men and women who do the daily work

of the schools, and his unreserved devotion to their interests and dignity, had become a sort of religion to him ; a religion expressed in the scrupulous discharge of each duty day by day as in the eye of the Taskmaster, in constant vigilance over the well-being of the Guild, and in the completest abnegation of self. If there was a sacrifice to be made, you would find that the Secretary of the Guild had already offered himself to the knife as a matter of course ; and he never held back from a difficult or disagreeable business except when he thought himself too inconsiderable to deprive some one else of the honour of coping with it.

“Of his relation to educational ‘politics’ it is best that the record should be made not by officials but by those who can speak freely ; but all the world knows that from the beginning to the end Garrod’s faith in the necessity and value of Teachers’ Registration has been part at least of the back-bone of the business now happily re-established.

“One other and perhaps the most important element of Garrod’s personality I cannot forget : his unaffected respect for character. He was once, I remember well, interested in discriminating between certain colleges at Oxford, and his whole and sole criterion was the kind of man they severally produced. I think this principle went very far with him ; nothing mattered so much as goodness. And he himself, an able and exemplary official, and an accomplished scholar, was most of all a good man.”

Some of the last work that he had in hand occupied him in the early part of his illness in connexion with the Conference of Educational Associations which met in the Great Hall of the University of London in January of the present year. As early as 1906 a paragraph had

appeared in the *Teacher's Guild Quarterly* setting out his scheme for such a Conference, and thenceforward he had worked steadily towards the realisation of his aims. But he did not live to see them wholly fulfilled, although at the time of his last illness the plans were far advanced. In January last the Conference assembled, when thirteen Educational Associations met together under one roof and one organisation, forming, as it was aptly called, a sort of "British Association of Teachers."

Sir Henry Miers, Principal of the University, presided at the opening meeting, and Mr. Michael Sadler opened his address with the following reference to the prime organiser of the Conference:—"This great meeting realises the most cherished hope of Mr. H. B. Garrod, the late Secretary of the Teachers' Guild. Mr. Garrod gave the best years of his life to an ideal. At first sight he may seem to have wasted high abilities on the dusty details of organisation. But he had vision and imagination; he was inspired by the ideal of a great self-governing teaching profession, a learned profession with pastoral duties, united from top to bottom, knowing nothing of the social distinctions which have hitherto divided it—with a discipline and a tradition of its own, and a sensitive insight into material needs."

To the energy of Miss Henrietta Busk, Vice-Chairman of the Council of the Teachers' Guild, and to the untiring industry of Mr. Fairman, the Secretary of the Guild, is largely due the successful carrying out of the plans for the Conference; and it was Miss Busk who interviewed the author of them, nearly a month after his illness had begun, to get from him the details of arrangements made by him as the Organiser and original Honorary Secretary of the Conference.

He did not realise, nor did any of his family, till his illness was far advanced, that it was of a fatal kind, and indeed its grave nature only revealed itself within the last three weeks of his life, through his increasing weakness and his powerlessness to resist it. He never murmured, but faced Death with the resignation of a strong man.

He died peacefully on July 30th, 1912.

A beautiful line from Dante's "Paradiso" well expresses all that he was :—

"Luce intellettuale, piena d'amore."

GEOFFREY GARROD.

HAMPSTEAD,

February, 1913.

DANTE

POET, SEER, AND TEACHER¹

INTRODUCTORY

FROM what I know of the University Extension movement, I assume that this Association which I am addressing has for its chief aim Culture, the development of the individual as a man or woman, rather than Knowledge as the equipment for bread-winning. To Culture there are no short cuts, but among Culture-studies, if leisure is slight, a judicious selection can be made. Poetry, I unhesitatingly assert, supplies the highest subjects of Culture-study, because it is, as Wordsworth says, "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." To poetry, therefore, let us turn. Setting aside the poetry of the Scriptures, (though no one can value it more highly than I do,) as standing on a special footing, there are four works which contain all the material for the production of Culture—Homer, Dante, Shakspeare (all complete), and Goethe's *Faust*. I do not say that without studying these you

¹ A Course of Lectures given in 1905 and 1906 to the Students' Association for North London in connection with The London University Extension Lectures.

cannot get Culture, but I do say that through a sympathetic study of the first three and of *Faust, both parts*, (which should never be regarded as anything else than one work), and of nothing else, you can most quickly and most thoroughly attain Culture. More than this, one half of the contents of each of the three larger volumes will be sufficient for this purpose, with the whole of *Faust*, viz.:—The *Iliad* of Homer without the *Odyssey*, the *Commedia* of Dante without his other poems or his prose, and some eighteen Plays of Shakspeare, which can easily be selected. Avoid chippy and scrappy periodical literature as you would avoid drunkenness or gambling, and make these the Prophets, Priests and Kings of your higher intellectual selves—your “bread of Angels” in your Culture-Banquet—from the age of eighteen to the age of thirty, for one short hour daily and you will throw a glamour over the remaining years of your lives which will be an abiding precious possession, resource and comfort. One of our four Poets we can all read as he wrote, some of us can read one or more of the others, but they all can be studied in Translations, which at least preserve all the *thought* that they contain, and that, surely, is the chief matter. For half-a-guinea we can get them all as our own. It is only because we let our lives slide without due forethought that we neglect them or any of them. Let me now proceed to justify my selection.

Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, these are by almost general consent the three greatest poets that our world has produced. The mood of this time of life or of that, of one or of another kind of temperament, may put other poets higher than these, but the well-balanced judgment of centuries has pronounced as above, and near to these three, when we can stand sufficiently far off him, but perhaps

not quite on a level with them, we shall all, probably, place *Goethe*.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not say that these are necessarily the poets in whom we delight most, but those in whom, in our calm moments, we see most to admire and venerate. Young rebellious souls find the echo of their own thoughts in Byron and in Shelley. At once *they* are lifted to the highest pedestals, in the Pantheon of Parnassus. Older and sterner spirits find in Milton what they miss in Shakspeare, and sympathy forthwith obscures the path of judgment. Some, in whom the emotions predominate over the intellectual side of their natures, put Schiller above Goethe. I myself prefer in my heart the Greek Tragedians to Homer. You, probably, have your own preferences, according to your temperaments and your moods.

Let us, however, attempt to stand outside ourselves for a while and see whether we can give good reasons for placing the great trio, and Goethe, thus aloof, on Parnassus' highest peak. I think we can do so with little trouble if we discover the combination of qualities which constitute supreme poetic art. After much consideration I have expressed them thus, more or less to my own satisfaction. These qualities are three, viz. :— (1) Robustness of thought, (2) Felicity of expression, (3) Comprehensiveness of view.

Many are the poets who possess all of these qualities in *large* measure, many more are those who possess one or another in *full* measure, but those whom I have named in my opening words appear to be the only poets who possess all three qualities in *full* measure.

Think for a few minutes of other chief poets of the world. The Attic Tragedians, Vergil, Lucretius, Catullus, Tasso, Corneille, Molière, Calderon, Schiller,

Milton, Wordsworth, Heine, Browning, Shelley, Keats, Petrarch, Tennyson, Racine, and a few others. In one or more of these three qualities they will be found to fall short of the mighty three, and of Goethe. Some, as Vergil and Milton, stand on a level even with them in respect of one quality—in their case, felicity of expression; and which of them is superior to Aeschylus or Browning, or, again, to Milton, in robustness of thought? The purely lyric poet, by the very character of his muse, is incapable of excellence in the first quality—robustness. In the quality which, in my judgment, is rarest of all, viz.:—comprehensiveness of view, no poet save Homer, Dante, Shakspeare and Goethe can truly be said to *excel*.

Linked together as they are by the common possession of these three great attributes—robustness, felicity, comprehensiveness—in full measure, each of our poetic giants has his own specially distinguishing quality, in *special* measure, though we must remember Carlyle's maxim, "The great is ever like itself." In Homer this seems to be *directness*; in Dante it is *glow*; in Shakspeare *humour*, or *sympathy* (which is most deeply shown through humour); in Goethe it is *serenity*.

A full and detailed comparison of these poets one with another in the light of the qualities which unite them, and the special qualities that distinguish them, whether from the point of view which I have advanced or from some other, would be a fascinating and a profitable subject to attempt, but it would occupy a whole session of your attendances. I am announced to speak to you about *Dante*, and to him I must confine my thoughts and my remarks.

DANTE, POET AND SEER.

As you have seen from the printed list of this short course of lectures, I have thought fit to regard Dante under three aspects, and to illustrate them mainly from his great poem, the "Commedia." I want you to realise that there is nothing fanciful in this division into three. The fact that Dante may be regarded from these different points of view is one of the main elements of his greatness. We can regard Shakspeare thus and Goethe, more or less, thus, but not Homer, in my opinion. Even Shakspeare was less manifestly a Seer than Dante; Goethe also, for there is a want of connectedness in his highest flight in the second part of "Faust," which suggests that the task which he had set himself to perform was beyond even his powers. I cannot extract much teaching from Homer, nor can I find much of the Seer about him. If the being Poet, Seer, and Teacher all in one were the true criterion of a great poet I should have to put Dante at the top of all. But it is not so. It is the Poet, as Poet, who takes his rank, according to the possession of the three main qualities which I mentioned at the outset. I am of those who believe in the importance of definition before discussion, in order to avoid the futility of speaking of a thing in one sense which is likely to be comprehended by the hearer in another. I will therefore define here.

What is a *Poet*? He is, according to the etymology of the word "*ποίητης*," "a maker," so called in old Scotch. In so far as he is imaginative he creates what has not been, at all events as he sets it out, and gives it to us as what might have been or might be going to be. He clothes it in a reality even more convincing than the reality of what we call "fact." He exalts whatever he

touches and at the same time raises the reader to the same level of exaltation, so that he lives with the poetic creations. Above all, a great poet *moralises* our emotions. He is a law unto himself so long as he is true to his Art and his Art consists in this :

“ he must life's *movement* tell !

The thread which binds it all in one,
And not its separate parts alone.
The *movement* he must tell of life,
Its pain and pleasure, rest and strife ;
His eye must travel down, at full,
The long, unpausing spectacle ;
With faithful unrelaxing force
Attend it from its primal source ;
From change to change and year to year,
Attend it of its mid career ;
Attend it to the last repose
And solemn silence of its close.”

You will not complain at my using Matthew Arnold's words here instead of my own? And what is a *Seer*? One who *Sees*, whose eye pierces beyond this life into the infinite and even attempts to penetrate the very purposes of God,

“ That to the height of his great argument
He may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to man.”

He is the eagle who can face the Sun, unblinded. He is above and beyond philosophy through excess of insight, not of mere ecstasy. He has been “ caught up into the third heaven, where he has heard things unspeakable,” but he has come back to earth with the glow of the third heaven about him and can lift us towards it, though not to it. Wordsworth well describes the Seer when he writes of

“that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and *become a living soul* :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.”

And, lastly, what is a *Teacher* ? We all are aware that a teacher of adults, and it is of course as such that we must regard Dante, is one who holds up to them a high standard of conduct and gives them sound reasons for seeking to obtain that standard, guiding them into the paths that lead to it ; but a Poet who is also a Teacher is a greater Poet and a greater Teacher if his lessons are not didactically given, but rather suggest themselves inevitably to his readers as the outcome of his thought. He gives us what Dante calls “the bread of Angels,” falling down as manna and lying on the ground till we collect it for ourselves and eat and digest it. To my mind Shakspeare is the greatest Teacher among the great, in practical value for us, through his marvellous power of adapting to human life his highest imaginings ; but the teaching of Dante, and, perhaps, of Goethe, is more transcendental than that of Shakspeare, as dealing more with superhuman mysteries. Starting with these definitions I am to deal with Dante as Poet and as Seer to-night, and in my next Lecture as Teacher.

You, perhaps, may not know that the prose writings of Dante are more than half of what he has given to the world, if you include among them the “*Vita Nuova*,” which is prose in form only, and very nearly half if you call the “*Vita Nuova*” poetry. These prose writings

require a Course, or more than one Course, of Lectures of their own. I cannot deal with them adequately here, even if it were fitting to do so, though to get full profit from the study of Dante's great poem we should have read the "Convivio" or "Banquet," the "De Monarchia," a treatise on the relation of the Spiritual and the Secular Power, and some of the Letters of Dante. The "Vita Nuova" stands on a special footing. It is a prose-poem with many exquisite poems in metrical form imbedded in it. It should be read by all who approach the reading of the latter portion of the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise." It gives us Beatrice, and Beatrice gave us the "Commedia." Dante was but nine years old and she not much more than eight when she smote his heart. From that date till her death, at the age of twenty-four years, she was the motive power that stirred the higher self of Dante. This little work—it occupies only 136 small pages in the Siddall edition of Dante Rossetti's translation—contains twenty-five Sonnets, five Canzoni and one Ballata, and, as I have said, its prose is poetry also. As Rossetti writes:—"It is here that we find the first manifestations of that wisdom of obedience, that natural breath of duty, which afterwards, in the "Commedia," lifted up a mighty voice for warning and testimony. Throughout the "Vita Nuova" there is a strain like the first falling murmur which reaches the ear in some remote meadow, and prepares us to look upon the sea." The questions about Beatrice—who she was, her relations to Dante, whether she ever was at all?—have occupied many students of Dante, and need some consideration from us, but they naturally fall into their proper place when we come to consider the Earthly Paradise, in my Lecture on the "Purgatory," and there I will deal with them. I will only say here that, personally, I care not much whether

she existed at all. She existed *for Dante*, as Dulcinea del Toboso existed for that gentleman of gentlemen Don Quixote, inspiring all his valour; as Mrs. Harris (if I may descend so low, for an instant) existed for Mrs. Gamp, prompting all of her deeper wisdom and supplying her with that reserve of confidence that made her able to hold her own in argument against her matter-of-fact rival.

If the life of a poet is sufficiently prolonged, we are naturally able to detect the evolution of the man in his works should their production be spread over his whole life. We begin with the age when *feeling—emotion—passion*—predominate. We pass on to his early maturity, when his grasp on things as they are is firmer—his epoch of *actuality*; and we rest at last on his later period, when *reflection* operates on all his life-experiences, and gnostic wisdom, combined with penetration into the ultimate complexities of life, in the case of the greatest poets, makes study the necessary preliminary of full enjoyment. In the case of Homer—which is the name of certain mighty poems rather than of a man—this evolution cannot be traced. All that we can say is that, if one man wrote Homer, we have only his mature work left to us. The evolution of Shakspeare exemplifies what we have laid down, if we travel over the years which intervene between “Venus and Adonis” and “The Tempest.” His poetic activity was spread over the whole interval, and we have sufficient dates in his case to show that the internal evidence of his poems and dramas corresponds with the external facts. With Goethe it is the same case. Read “Werther” or “Götz von Berlichingen,” and then read “Faust,” Part I. in its latest form, and Part II. Dante’s case is strikingly analogous to that of Milton, inasmuch as the middle poetic period is

nearly absent. In him we pass from the early poetry of feeling to the latest poetry of mature wisdom, blent of course with what he had learnt in his epoch of actuality, though not finding contemporaneous expression. In both cases it was political activity—the stress of circumstances assailing the citizen—that suspended poetical activity for a time. A few sonnets, some of them hardly poetical, represent the whole of Milton's middle poetic period. Something else than poetry was wanted in the man who had to work with Oliver Cromwell—

“ But when peace came, peace fouler far than war,
And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,
He, with a scornful sigh of his clear soul,
Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and frore,
And with the awful night he dwelt alone,
In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.”

And then he gave us “Paradise Lost,” “Paradise Regained,” and “Samson.”

In the case of Dante the second period was one of political turmoil combined with philosophical research, and it was this research which did much to make the “Commedia” what it is. While Milton was writing on Divorce, on an Unlicensed Press and such matters, Dante was studying Aristotle, Vergil, Boethius, Cicero, Thomas Aquinas and other of the great Doctors. “The Paradise,” at least, would have been impossible, in its present contents, without such studies. The Heavenly Paradise of Milton is nearly a literary failure. The finest parts of his great poem are those that deal with Satan and our earth. The Paradise of Dante, on the other hand, appeals to the reason of man as well as to his highest emotions. It is infinitely more spiritualised than Milton's, partly, no doubt, because the man Dante was a mightier genius than the man Milton (we

can afford to allow this ; for have we not Shakspeare for our own ?), but partly because the studies of Dante gave greater breadth to his mind. As you will see when we come to deal with the "Commedia," the anthropomorphism which disfigures Milton's theology is altogether absent from Dante's Heaven. On the other hand, the Satan of Milton is a far grander conception than the Satan of Dante. But ought Satan to be grand? Milton, as a child of the Renaissance, with its Pagan bias, was naturally impelled to make him so. Dante, as the culmination of Mediævalism, could only depict him as hateful and, though awful, still contemptible—the baffled Fiend rather than the stained and fallen Archangel. Milton's Satan is a sublimely transcendental figure of man at his worst, as a rebel ; Dante's Satan is the enemy of man, a felon undergoing the archfelon's doom.

The poetic product of this middle period of Dante's life, to which we have referred, was small, perhaps as small as Milton's. It consisted, probably, of some of the lyrics which, together, make up the body of poetry, which is called "the Canzoniere." Some of these were, we know, composed well before his exile—viz., all of them which are found in the "Vita Nuova," some others almost certainly ; some, again, were almost certainly late productions. The total number of them ranges from eighty to ninety, according as one holds that this or that among the doubtful ones is authentic. Plumptre's edition, in English verse, contains eighty-six—viz., forty-nine Sonnets, twenty-one Canzoni, or Odes, twelve Ballate, three Sestine and one Stanza, probably a fragment of an unfinished Ode. I find it difficult to speak to you about this portion of the poetry of Dante, because it does not appeal much to me. Others, who have a far better claim to be judges than I have, pro-

nounce most of it to be of a high, or even the highest, class. I cannot project myself sufficiently into the age of Dante or into the spirit of Southern Europe to hold this opinion except in the case of a few of the lyrics. There is scarcely one of these lyrics whose theme is not literally or metaphorically Love and Ladies—delightful both, but I want something else as well. Of course there is much of allegory in them, and they are not amorous so much as chivalric. The love, in so far as its object is Beatrice, is spiritual rather than earthly, but the range of subjects is extremely limited, as you may imagine from what I have said.

Still, had Dante never written the "Commedia" he would have stood very high among Italian poets by reason of his Canzoniere, and especially by reason of his Canzoni, or great Odes, written in what he calls "*Il dolce stil nuovo*"—"the sweet new style," which abandoned the affectations of his predecessors and spoke straight from the heart. "One am I," says Dante, "who, whenever Love doth inspire me, note, and in that measure, Which he within me dictates, singing go." Many of Dante's sonnets in the "*Vita Nuova*" are exquisite, but he himself clearly shows that, as a lyric poet, outside the "Commedia," he desired to stand or fall by his Odes. Soon after he has entered Purgatory he encounters his old friend Casella, who breaks into song with one of Dante's greatest Odes, "Love that within my mind discourses with me." You may remember Milton's reference to this meeting in his sonnet "To Mr. H. Lawes, on his *Airs*":—

"Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory."

The song, for Casella was a musician, charmed Dante,

Vergil and all the spirits that were at hand, but the poem was Dante's own, and, perhaps, the higher charm lay in the poem. Mr. Edmund Gardner is, probably, the chief student of the *Canzoniere* among Englishmen, and we are promised a full commentary on it from his pen. Hitherto it has not received adequate attention in this country. In his delightful little *Dante Primer* he says :—"The *Canzoniere* falls into four great groups of poems, leading from the "*Vita Nuova*" to the "*Divine Comedy*": (1) poems connected with Beatrice and the "*Vita Nuova*"; (2) poems of the Second Love, for the allegorical lady of the "*Convivio*"; (3) poems of passion; (4) ethical and didactic canzoni."

Of these four groups there is no difficulty about the first. It is the expression of the worshipping adoration of a pure young soul for an idealised woman, the beauty of the man's mind being drawn out by the magnetism of a rapturous but always respectful love. The second and third groups, however, contain many puzzles. They cover an obscure period in Dante's poetic life—the period of attachment to the "second lady" mentioned in the "*Vita Nuova*" as the screen which served to shut off many from the realisation of the true aim of his affections—the period also, we may infer, of other attachments, some of which apparently were unworthy of the once lover of Beatrice. The poems of the second love and the poems of passion were to have been allegorically explained in fourteen of the proposed fifteen books of the "*Convivio*," one in each after the first introductory book. "Dante," says Mr. Gardner, "originally held that Italian poetry should only be used for writing upon love, and therefore, in his younger days, a philosophical poem would naturally take the form of a love ode," but "in addition to several sonnets there are five *Canzoni* . . . which can

hardly admit of an allegorical interpretation." In them Dante "unlocked his heart" as Wordsworth states that Shakspeare unlocked *his* with his sonnets, and they suggest in places the latter sonnets in Shakspeare's series. Yet these, too, were to have been allegorically explained had the "Convivio" been completed. In that work, in an early passage, Dante gives as one of the motives which urged him to compose it "the fear of infamy." "I fear the infamy of having followed such great passion as whoso reads the Canzoni will conceive to have held sway over me. The which infamy ceases entirely by the present speaking of myself, which shows that not passion, but virtue, has been the moving cause." "It is evident," says Mr. Gardner, "that Dante intended to comment upon certain of the Canzoni addressed to, or at least connected with, real women, and to represent them as allegorical . . . he chose this method of getting rid of certain episodes in the past which he, with too much self-severity, regarded as rendering him unworthy of the sublime office he had undertaken." Clearly Dante felt, in later days, that these poems were his "Old Man of the Sea," whom he could not easily shake off, and one is led to think that one reason why he did not complete the "Convivio" was that he could not face the difficulty of allegorising at all events the Canzoni of passion. If you ever carry your Dante studies far enough I recommend you to read these Canzoni by and for themselves and their poetic beauty, with constant side glances at the "Commedia," and to study the "Convivio" for its philosophic content, apart from the somewhat laborious connection of its arguments with the Canzoni with which it deals. In the fourth group Dante relinquishes his "sweet rhymes of love." It is composed of four Canzoni on Rectitude, under differ-

ent aspects—True Nobility; Gallantry, in the highest sense; Freedom; and Bondage, especially the bondage of avarice, and the last of the four, “in which Dante holds his exile as an honour, since the Virtues are his companions in banishment and persecution. This poem is the connecting link between the Canzoniere and the ‘Commedia.’” (Gardner.)

Dante’s lyric poems, as I have said, are almost all based on the *love*-motive, as it was the rule of his time that they should be. This basis, while it supplies charm, does not satisfy all the deeper thirst of our introspective age. We ask for greater variety of theme, we even prefer very often other themes altogether—you will see what I mean if you compare the titles of the poems that compose the Canzoniere with the titles, say, of a modern sonnet anthology. I possess more than one such collection. The minor key predominates in them. Life itself is introspected to find, if possible, some meaning in it—we are mostly in dead earnest and very serious, in our modern sonnets. If you ask me, in which school—the mediæval or the modern—there is more food for thought, I unhesitatingly reply—“In the latter.” The charm of “leggiadria,” an almost untranslatable word—shall we call it “chivalrous gallantry”?—is over the lyrics of Dante and his time, but we look in vain to them for any harvest for “that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude.” Perhaps I am saying little more here than that Dante was a South European and not a Northerner—a follower of the religion which gives the Madonna such high place, instead of that which is ultimately based on the sterner creed of the Old Testament.

I have said thus much because there is a reflected glory over all Dante’s lyric poetry derived from his

"Commedia." In that mighty work he has enshrined his deepest thoughts. That he has not put them elsewhere is no reproach, but there is a tendency to speak of such a master as being above criticism or comment in all that he does, and I am anxious not to follow it.

Let me give you two examples chosen at haphazard and yet quite typical of what is a prevalent tone in modern lyrics :—

(1) The last of Wordsworth's series of sonnets to the River Duddon :—

"I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
 As being past away.—Vain sympathies !
 For backward, Duddon ! as I cast my eyes,
 I see what was, and is, and will abide ;
 Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide ;
 The Form remains, the Function never dies ;
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 We men, who in our morn of youth defied
 The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
 Enough, if something from our hands have power
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower
 We feel that we are greater than we know."

(2) "Quiet Work," by Matthew Arnold :—

"One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
 One lesson, which in every wind is blown,
 One lesson of two duties kept at one,
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
 Of toil unsevered from tranquillity !
 Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
 Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose—
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !
 Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
 Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
 Still do thy quiet ministers move on,
 Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting !
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
 Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone."

You will find little or nothing in this or in any kindred sort in the lyrics of Dante or of his age. Do not therefore look for it there.

Before I pass away from Dante's Lyrics I should give you the warning that, in my opinion at least, lyric poetry suffers more in translation than any other; indeed I feel inclined to urge you to read the *Canzoniere* in the original Italian, or not at all, except for purposes of illustration of the "*Commedia*."

After this warning I will give you the last sonnet of the "*Vita Nuova*," in the English rendering of a great poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It will enable you to form some idea of the beauty of Dante's lyrics :—

"Beyond the sphere which spreads to widest space
Now soars the sigh that my heart sends above :
A new perception born of grieving love
Guideth it upward the untrodden ways.
When it hath reached unto the end, and stays,
It sees a lady, round whom splendours move
In homage ; till by the great light thereof
Abashed, the pilgrim spirit stands at gaze.
It sees her such, that, when it tells me this
Which it hath seen, I understand it not,
It hath a speech so subtile and so fine.
And yet I know its voice within my thought
Often remembereth me of Beatrice :
So that I understand it, ladies mine."

Here is a beautiful passage from a *Canzone* in the "*Vita Nuova*," translated by the same poet :—

"Beatrice is gone up into high Heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace ;
And lives with them ; and to her friends is dead.
Not by the frost of winter was she driven
Away, like others ; nor by summer-heats ;
But through a perfect gentleness, instead.
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead

Such an exceeding glory went up hence
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Entered Him for that lovely excellence,
So that He bade her to Himself aspire ;
Counting this weary and most evil place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace."

Is it not worth while to be a woman even a little lower than the angel-Beatrice, to inspire some such feeling in a man even smaller than Dante?

Though we are dealing to-night with Dante as Poet and Seer, I cannot altogether pass over his Prose writings, as most of them have constantly to be employed in the interpretation of his great poem. Bear with me, therefore, while I refer to them briefly:—
(1) The "Vita Nuova" I have already mentioned, treating it as poetry.

(2) The "Convivio." This is one of those philosophical Treatises which were possible when Science was still in the non-inductive stage, when one man, if big enough, pronounced his views on all nature. It is or was designed to be a Treatise on Everything, for of the scheme of fifteen books the four first only were written. Of these the first is Introductory, and the other three take the form of commentaries on three of Dante's chief Odes—Odes teeming, at first sight, with human passion, but explained here allegorically as hiding under the obvious language an esoteric philosophic meaning. Dante seems to have become ashamed of his humanity and to have sought, with much straining of sense, to show that, after all, he was a sage in the garb of a lover when he wrote the Odes. He does not convince the reader altogether under this head. With all its quaint mediævalism of argument, and with all its rambling over the field of 14th century knowledge, the "Convivio" is invaluable

as a key to the inner teaching of the "Commedia" and, if not read for its own sake, should be studied by the serious Dante student on this ground.

(3) The "De Monarchiâ" is a short treatise in Latin, the "Vita Nuova" and "Convivio" being in Italian. It is an illuminating work for students of the "Commedia," as it shows in logical sequence Dante's doctrine as to the relation of Church and State. The treatise attempts to prove that, for the well-being of the world, the Empire—that is the Holy Roman Empire—is a necessity; that the Roman Empire attained the imperial title by right, and that the authority of the Empire proceeds direct from God and not through the mediation of his Vicar on Earth. Dante, the white Guelph, had become Dante the Ghibelline, when he wrote it. The "Commedia," especially in the "Purgatory," near the end, and in the "Paradise," is full of this doctrine and of deductions from it.

(4) The "De Vulgari Eloquentia" is also written in Latin. The design covered four books. One and part of a second were written. Its value, for us here, is that the course of argument which it contains led Dante to write his great poem in Italian, the language which the "Commedia" built up on a foundation of the dialects of Italy and has made classic, instead of Latin, the language of culture in Dante's time. Picture the gain to the poem! We are told that a start was made in Latin Hexameters and then abandoned! In losing a poetic "exercise," noble and dignified as it would certainly have been, we have got, instead, the glorious vitality of the Italian *terza rima*, the poet's thoughts throbbing forth in his vernacular, fresh from his heart and brain. Grand as it is, the Latin tongue cannot give us the plangent cadence of "Nessun maggior dolore Que

ricordarse del tempo felice Nella miseria"; or the holy note of awe of "Vergine Madre, Figlia del tuo Figlio!"

(5) We come to the "Letters," ten in all. Here we are on doubtful ground, as the genuineness of all of them has been more or less disputed. The tenth, however, is probably genuine and, for us, is the only important one. It is a prose preface to the whole vision in the shape of a commentary on the first Canto of the "Paradise." For us, in this Introductory Lecture, the important passages are the following :—" Be it known that the sense of this work (the "Commedia ") is not simple, but, on the contrary it may be called *polysemous*, that is to say, 'of more senses than one'; for it is one sense which we get through the letter, and another which we get through the thing the letter signifies; and the first is called literal, but the second allegorical or mystic. And this mode of treatment, for its better manifestation, may be considered in this verse: 'When Israel came out of Egypt and the house of Jacob from a people of strange speech, Judaea became his sanctification, Israel his power.' For, if we inspect the *letter* alone, the departure of the Children of Israel from Egypt in the time of Moses is presented to us; if the *allegory*, our redemption wrought by Christ; if the *moral* sense, the conversion of the soul from the grief and misery of sin to the state of grace is presented to us; if the *anagogical*, the departure of the holy soul from the slavery of this corruption to the liberty of eternal glory is presented to us. And although these mystic senses have each their special denominations, they may all in general be called allegorical, since they differ from the literal and historical . . ." He passes on to say, "The subject of the whole work, then, taken in the literal sense only, is 'the state of souls after death,' . . .

'whereas if the work be taken allegorically the subject is *man, as by good or ill deserts, in the exercise of the freedom of his choice, he becomes liable to rewarding or punishing justice.*' "

Now there is a mediæval and a scholastic ring about Dante's explanation here which finds no corresponding note in the minds of many of us in these modern days. Hundreds of readers have learned the general scheme of the "*Commedia*," read a few cantos here and there, and then have closed the book—for ever. And why? Mainly and in most cases because they are out of sympathy with Dante's theology. His Hell is too horrible—too disgusting at times, if you will. His Purgatory, to all but *Roman* Catholics, unreal, and his Paradise too unlike the Heaven which has been presented to their imagination from early childhood upwards. The man or woman who is endowed with the true literary spirit or is interested in the history of human thought will take the deepest interest in the poem even in its literal sense as illustrating "the state of souls after death." To realise to the full the religious creed of Dante will be his or her delight. He or she will compare it with the creed of other mighty minds and will learn much in the process. This, however, is the privilege of the few—the student, the scholar, the philosopher. For most of us it is necessary that the poem should come home—right home to us—that it should serve as a homily rather than as a study, and I would earnestly urge any of you who have no inclination or no leisure to approach the "*Commedia*" as *students*, not to throw it on one side with impatience because in the literal or in the strictly allegorical sense it does not appeal to your intellectual sympathy. Believe the verdict of thoughtful minds through nearly seven centuries that the "*Commedia*" is stupendously

great, that nothing greater in poetry has ever been put forward, and study it, if not in any other sense, in its *moral* sense. Interpret for yourselves Dante's Hell as meaning Remorse for wickedness, or rather for the state of mind that produces wickedness; his Purgatory as meaning the contrition of the sinner not too much hardened to be contrite; his Paradise as meaning the state of peace with God and with oneself that follows on repentance and contrition. You will lose little or nothing of the fruition of the poem if you do this—it will help you, it will lift you up. There is no horror in his Hell worse than the sinner's horror at the realisation that the innocent in this world suffer for his wickedness; there is no pain of his Purgatory more sharp than the pain of working upward from wickedness to moral cleansing in this world, through self-reproach, self-denial, and the cold obloquy of others; there is no bliss in his Heaven more real, however much more exalted it may be, than the bliss which succeeds upon "Distress and desolation spread Through human hearts, and pleasure dead—Dead, but to live again on earth, A second and yet nobler birth; Dire overthrow, and yet how high The re-ascent in sanctity! From fair to fairer; day by day A more divine and loftier way! . . ." when one is "By sorrow lifted towards his God; Uplifted to the purest sky Of undisturbed mortality."

Yes! Believe me, it is shallow indolence to refuse to extract the pure gold of Dante's poem because the ore in which it is buried is hard and stubborn to your processes. The gold is there, in *ingots*, if you will have it. *You can educate a man on the "Commedia."* If therefore you cannot digest it under all aspects, at least try to assimilate it under its moral aspects. It will come home to you more and more as you study it. It will not, prob-

ably, change your own religious creed, but it will wonderfully deepen it and broaden it and justify it to yourself. And this, not through any complacent preference for your own way of thinking which it may generate, but by filling up the gaps in *that* way and by *refining crudities of thought which often conceal from the thinker the real justification of what he holds true*. I am not speaking vaguely and "in the air." As we pass on together you will, I trust, gather my meaning fully. Here I will just give one instance of it, in passing, under each section of the poem. By the reading of the "Inferno" you will be set thinking on the relative heinousness and meaning of sins in a way which is more thorough than any other. The "Purgatory" will teach you the supreme force of Pride as the foundation of moral aberration. The "Paradise" will drive home the lesson of obedience, with unexampled force; of obedience which is not slavish, but rational; the obedience of the note to the harmony into which it is built.

It would be an easy thing for me to complete this Lecture by pointing out the chief beauties among many in the "Commedia" of Dante—by reading out the "purple" passages of the poem and insisting on their poetic and literary charm. Some of the books for the beginner in Dante study are crowded with such passages. I do not intend to take this lazy course. I want you to get out the gems for yourselves. Rather I propose to attempt an analysis of the claim of the "Commedia" to greatness, to give a reason for the faith which is in me and which I hope will be in you all when you have read and re-read the poem for yourselves.

Let me begin with the removal of that stumbling-block for some, the title "Commedia" itself. "A strange title, indeed!" says he who reads the "Inferno" and then

stops, as some do. On the threshold of this branch of our subject let us at once distinguish between the words "comic" and "comedy." It ought not to be necessary to do this, but I fear that it is necessary in many instances. The two words are etymologically connected, of course, but there is many a comedy with a pathetic note sounding through all its scenes, and tragedy often contains comic elements. Comedy, closely defined, deals rather with life on a lower and quieter plane than that on which Tragedy stalks along. It is of everyday, while Tragedy is exceptional. We cannot better Aristotle's definition of Tragedy as "the representation of a serious action, complete and on a grand scale . . . through pity and fear accomplishing the regulation (or purification) of such emotions." To the "Inferno," standing alone, this might, more or less, be applicable, but not to the whole poem. Awe and Rapture, rather than Pity and Fear, predominate in the "Purgatory" and "Paradise." The poem is also called a Comedy because it has a happy ending. "If we have respect," says Dante, "to its content, at the beginning it is horrible and fetid, for it is Hell; and in the end it is prosperous, desirable, and gracious, for it is Paradise." Again, it is not in the grand style of Tragedy: "If we have respect to the method of speech, the method is lax and humble, for it is the vernacular speech in which very women communicate; therefore again it is Comedy." We must bear in mind that, in Dante's time, ere yet the Italian language was settled—that language which he himself was to fix and render worthy of all purposes—it would have seemed audacious to use the vernacular and the metre that he employs for Tragedy. He was bold enough to employ them, even in the Inferno, which, as I have said, taken apart, is the veriest Tragedy, but that was because he was Dante—the *maker*, not the *follower*, of fashions.

Of the great thought-epochs in the history of human civilisation—the Hebraic, the Hellenic, the Mediæval and the Renaissance epochs—Dante stands at the culmination of the third, the Mediæval. The writings of the Schoolmen had been an attempt to bring together the results of the first two epochs and had been the chief literary products of the third till Dante's time, unless we include such poetry of the amatory type as Moorish and other influences had developed among the troubadours and other Western Mediterranean poets. Suddenly from out the darkness flashes—Dante, the child of his age in so far as he absorbed the arguments of the Schoolmen and worked them into his great poem, and in so far as he composed his lyrics, with the love-note running through them; but the father of a new age in that he wrote the first *Christian* Poem, and in that he dared to throw off the spell and the bondage of Latin and to compose his "Commedia" in the "Vulgare" of his own Italy, thus making it the property of the people and not of the scholar only. If we could fully realise what it meant for him to abandon the literary language of some 1,500 years, with all its prestige and all its stateliness, we should admire, far more than we do, the magnificent audacity of the man.

"The 'Commedia,'" in the language of Dean Church, "is one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and for ever as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than its centuries, and adopted as epochs by the consent of all who come after."

As Hebraic Literature dates from the Prophets of last years of the Northern Kingdom of Israel, as Hellenic Literature dates from Homer, so Modern European Literature, not Italian only, dates from Dante.

"Large claims these!" I fancy some of you are saying. Yes, large indeed, but they can be justified amply by any student of the History of Literature. We have to discover what it was that composed Dante's greatness. He might have been the opener of Modern European Literature, and the greatest of Italian poets, and the first writer of an ambitious poem in a modern tongue, and yet not a giant fit to rank with Homer, Shakspeare and Goethe. We have put him with them, and we claim that, in some aspects, he was the greatest of them all. Any analysis of his greatness, to be satisfactory, must show that he possesses in full measure the three leading characteristics of the greatest poets which we have laid down:—Robustness of Thought; Felicity of Expression; Comprehensiveness of View.

The robustness of Dante's thought in the "*Commedia*" is shown in many ways, and most markedly, as I think, in the way in which he towers above the conditions which surround him as a mediæval poet. He is, in so far as he is a child of his age, under the bondage of the Ptolemaic or geocentric system of astronomy, with this world as the centre of the Universe; he is also, as a child of his age, a believer in the mystic properties of numbers. "Three," for him, has a greater meaning than "four," "seven" than "eight," "one hundred" than "one hundred and one," though "ninety-nine," as representing certain combinations of "threes," is something higher than "one hundred and one." He is a Catholic of the Roman obedience, brought up to believe that salvation is not possible for those who are outside that

obedience. And yet anyone with any poetic instinct, with any lofty imagination, who is a Copernican, as we all are now, who regards three, seven and the rest as the numbers that follow next after two, six, and so on, and nothing more than numbers, who, far from being of the Roman obedience, is of the obedience of God and conscience only, nay more, of conscience even without God, can read the "Commedia" with awe, and wonder and delight. It is the picture that impresses us, not the frame. And what is the deep fundamental reason of this impressiveness, the chief evidence of his robustness of thought? I have thought much over this, so as to escape from the thralldom of vagueness, the tendency to tall talk, which captures the hearer for awhile and afterwards leaves no mark on his brain. I believe that the chief evidence of his robustness of thought lies in the fact that *he does not shrink from the actual*. He deals with individuals, not with types. Consider the ground-distinction between a "Morality" so called, such as "Everyman," or such as we might call "The Pilgrim's Progress," and a drama, such as Shakspeare's "King Henry VI.," and you will see what I mean. Every character in the "Commedia" has lived as man or woman, on earth, and has an individual name. "Everyman" in the Morality is "No Man" because "Everyman." I have met Mr. "By-Ends" and Mr. "Worldly-wiseman"; Mr. "Facing-both-ways" has been in my dining-room; wild horses shall not extract their real names from me. "Talkative" we all know; also Mr. "Ready-to-halt," Mr. "Anything," and the rest. I am happy to think that Mr. "Two-tongues" was *not* "my Mother's own Brother by Father's side"; but all of these were something else outside their nicknames, and some of them not bad fellows "take them altogether." Bunyan could shape up his characters to suit his purposes, laying

stress on one characteristic in each, ignoring others. Dante had to take his as they were, complex aggregations of motive and action, containing the qualities which mark off Bunyan's Dramatis Personæ in varying proportions. A Farinata, a Forese, a Manfredi may be three or four of Bunyan's men rolled into one. Hence, as another phase of Dante's robustness of thought we get his stern sense of justice. A man may be predominatingly admirable. He has done something which, unrepented, makes him unfit to "see God." He repents not. He is doomed. "Sei tu qui Ser Brunetto?" cries Dante in horror when he discovers the great scholar, his venerated master, low in Hell. Dante, the Poet, who has seen what condemns, has put him there. Dante, the adoring pupil, finds him there and is startled. I could give many instances of this interesting aspect of Dante's robustness, but time limits forbid.

Dante's robustness of thought is also shown in his not shrinking from the introduction of the horrible, the loathsome and the grotesque, in the appropriate parts of his poem. Scenes of this character are only justified when they are naturally brought in, when the poet does not go out of his way to write them, and when the writer is a master. Milton's Hell and Milton's devils are the creations of one who was nicknamed "The Lady" at Cambridge. We can read what he wrote of them in the drawing-room. With much of Dante's Lower Hell it is not so, and I hold, though you will not all agree with me at once, that he was greater and more robust on that very ground. *He never shrank from the actual.* The "*θηριώδες τι*," "something bestial" in man, is a fact. The poet of Heaven and Earth and Hell must tell of it. "In church with saints, with guzzlers in the tavern" is an Italian proverb which he quotes in this

connexion—his apology, if you will. The grotesque, on the top of the horrible and the loathsome, is an indirect commentary on, and censure of, those qualities in human nature. It is the ludicrous on its diabolic side ; and what is more ludicrous than that man should deliberately prefer the things that belong *not* to his peace and become the creature of the instant, with no eye to the future. I assert, fearlessly, that had Dante softened down the ugliness of his lower Hell, or removed the homely coarse touches which appear in other passages, he would have been by so much the less a great poet, by so much the less actual, by so much the less robust.

I must here quote Ruskin :—

“ Malice, subtlety, and pride, in their extreme, cannot be written upon noble forms ; and I am aware of no effort to represent the Satanic mind in the angelic form which has succeeded in painting . . . Milton makes his fiends too noble, and misses the foulness, inconstancy, and fury of wickedness . . . On the other hand, I have always felt that there was a peculiar grandeur in the indescribable ungovernable fury of Dante’s fiends, ever shortening its own powers, and disappointing its own purposes ; the deaf, blind, speechless, unspeakable rage, fierce as the lightning, but erring from its mark or turning senselessly against itself, and still further debased by foulness of form and action. Something is indeed to be allowed for the rude feelings of the time, but I believe all such men as Dante are sent into the world at the time when they can do their work best ; and that, it being appointed for him to give to mankind the most vigorous realisation possible both of Hell and Heaven, he was born both in the country and at the time which furnished the most stern opposition of Horror and Beauty, and permitted it to be written in the clearest terms. And, therefore, though there are passages in the ‘ Inferno ’ which it would be impossible for any poet now to write, I look upon it as all the more perfect for them. For there can be no question but that one characteristic of excessive vice is indecency, a general baseness in its thoughts and acts concerning the body, and that the full portraiture of it cannot be given without marking, and that in the strongest lines, this tendency to corporeal degradation ; which, in

the time of Dante, could be done frankly, but cannot now. And, therefore, I think the twenty-first and twenty-second books of the 'Inferno' the most perfect portraiture of fiendish nature which we possess ; and, at the same time, in their mingling of the extreme of horror (for it seems to me that the silent swiftness of the first demon, 'con l'ali aperte e sovra i pie leggiero,' cannot be surpassed in dreadfulness) with ludicrous actions and images, they present the most perfect instances with which I am acquainted of the terrible grotesque.

"But the whole of the 'Inferno' is full of this grotesque, as well as the 'Faërie Queen,' and these two poems, together with the works of Albert Durer, will enable the reader to study it in its noblest forms, without reference to gothic cathedrals."—*Stones of Venice*, III, iii, 147.

We pass on to the "Felicity of Expression" in the "Commedia." It would be easy to compose a Course of Lectures under this head. I have to give five minutes or so to it here. The quality which has been well called "Inevitableness" marks the grandest passages in all great poets, and is most to be marked in our four giants Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Goethe. An inevitable expression is one which when it occurs to the mind seizes on it and insists on being used. When it occurs to a great mind and is used by it, it seizes on the reader and masters him as being the best possible expression under the conditions of thought and context.

Let us look at a few examples of what is meant by expressions that are inevitable, and, therefore, absolutely felicitous in our greatest poets.

Of course, I am much hampered in dealing with this quality—felicity of expression—by the fact that only one of the four greatest poets wrote in our own tongue. Those of you who are not familiar with the Greek—for Homer, Italian—for Dante, and German—for Goethe, must take much on trust here and must forgive me if I quote from the original, giving versions such as they

may be ; but, alas, much felicity of expression melts away in translations, though the thought remains.

Homer :—When *Hector* brushes away the auguries which are against certain actions :—

“Εἰς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πατρίης.”

“One augury is best of all, to fight for fatherland.”

When Sarpedon urges Glaucus to the attack on the palisade that guards the Grecian ships, in the passage ending :—

“Νῦν δ', ἔμπηγς γὰρ κῆρες ἐφειστᾶσιν θανάτοιο
μυρίαί, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι,
ἴομεν, ἥέ τῳ εὖχος ὀρέξομεν, ἥέ τις ἡμῖν.”

Iliad, xii, 326–328.

Shakspere (*King Lear*) : Edgar, in disguise, to his old father, blinded and in deep depression :—

“What, in ill thoughts again ? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither ;
Ripeness is all : come on.”

GLOSTER : “The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.”

Merchant of Venice :—

PORTIA : “How far that little candle throws his beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

All's Well that Ends Well :—

1ST LORD : “Now God delay our rebellion : as we are ourselves,
what things we are !”

2ND LORD : “Merely our own traitors.”

And again :—

1ST LORD : “The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and
ill together : our virtues would be proud, if our
faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would
despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.”

Measure for Measure. Isabella to Angelo :—

“ Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy.”

Goethe. The Spirit of Earth, to Faust :—

“ Du gleichst dem Geist, den du begreifst,
Nicht mir.”

“ Thou’rt like the spirit thou dost comprehend,
But not like me !”

The Chorus Mysticus (end of Faust ii) :—

“ Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniss ;
Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird’s Ereigniss ;
Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist es gethan ;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.”

“ All things corruptible
Are but reflection.
Earth’s insufficiency
Here finds perfection.
Here the ineffable
Wrought is with love.
The Eternal-Womanly
Draws us above.”

Again :—

“ Wie das Gestirn,
Ohne Hast,
Aber ohne Rast,
Drehe sich jeder
Um die eigne Last.”

“ Like as a star,
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Be each one fulfilling
His god-given hest.”

And again :—

“ Uns von Halben zu entwöhnen
Und im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen
Resolut zu leben.”

Dante, “ *Inferno*.” Dante to Charon :—

“ Vuolsi così colà, dove sì puote
Ciò che sì vuole.”

“ So is it willed where will and power are one.”

The Episode of *Francesca da Rimini* (Hell v, 73 et seqq.).

The visit of the angel to the City of Dis (Hell ix, 64 et seqq.).

The Episode of Ugolino (Hell xxxii, 124 et seqq.).

“ *Purgatorio*.” Cantos I, ii., The Valley of Princes ; The Confessor at the Gate of Peter ; The Penitents for Pride (Lord's Prayer) ; Vergil's last speech to Dante ; many passages in “ The Earthly Paradise.”

“ *Paradiso*.” Piccarda's conversation with Dante (Heaven of the Moon) ; the first view of the Heaven of Mars ; the final cantos ; St. Bernard's Prayer to the Virgin.

To these and other passages exemplifying Dante's felicity of diction I will call attention as we come to them in later Lectures.

There are fewer quotable short passages of supreme excellence in Dante than in Shakspeare or in Goethe. His felicity of diction finds vent rather in magnificent description than in gnomic utterances, and the total body of his poetic work is less than theirs. His similes are especially beautiful. You will discover for yourselves the felicity of Dante's diction if you read him. It is no difficult task.

As to Dante's comprehensiveness of view, which con-

stitutes one of his main claims to the title of Seer, Dean Church writes: "The greatness of his work is not in its details—to be made or marred by them. It is the greatness of a comprehensive and vast conception, sustaining without failure the trial of its long and hazardous execution, and fulfilling at its close the hope and promise of its beginning." And again: "All that is associated with man's history and existence is interwoven with the main course of thought—all that gives character to life, all that gives it form and feature, even to quaintness, all that occupies the mind or employs the hand—speculation, science, arts, manufactures, monuments, scenes, customs, proverbs, ceremonies, games, punishments, attitudes of men, habits of living creatures." "What he struggles to express in countless ways, with all the resources of his strange and gigantic power, is that this world and the next are both equally real, and both one—parts, however different, of one whole." "So comprehensive in interest is the *Commedia*." We may add that he ran through the whole gamut of human feeling in the course of the poem, from the tenderest pity and sympathy to a fierce and brutal harshness, in his dealings with those whom he encountered in his strange pilgrimage. Lastly, he spared not himself. He is present in every canto of the hundred which compose the poem. He knows that he is great and does not hesitate to show that he knows it. But he is strongly rebuked by Vergil more than once in the *Inferno*; he confesses his special deserving of the penal purification of three terraces of the seven in *Purgatory*; and is rebuked most sternly of all by Beatrice in the *Earthly Paradise*. Perhaps he shows his greatness most when he abuses himself most in his confession to Beatrice.

That Dante was indeed a Seer as well as a Poet, his choice of subject and his successful dealing with that subject have shown. The man whose vision ends with an actual flash of insight into Deity itself in the highest Heaven was a Seer, if ever man was one. He saw "into the Life of Things" then.

At the end of the Purgatorio Dante wants to describe at length the virtues of the waters of Eunoë, the river from which he has just drunk, "but," says he, "since all the leaves are full, Appointed for this second strain, mine art With warning bridle checks me." The clock, with warning hand, checks me, his humble admirer, so I leave what more I have to say of Dante as Seer for my next Lecture, where, indeed, it will find its place, perhaps, most fitly with "Dante as Teacher."

DANTE'S "COMMEDIA" AND ITS MAIN TEACHINGS

WHY do we, the later children of the Renaissance, study Dante? He is a poet mediæval in tone of thought and surroundings, of a Church to which but a small minority of us belong, saturated with archaic and scholastic ideas and systems. He peoples his "Inferno" mainly, as far as he names its inmates, with his own contemporaries of Florence and Northern and Central Italy—mostly mere names to us. His astronomy, which he uses with a wearisome frequency, which calls for constant consultation of an armillary sphere, scarcely ever making a simple reference to time, requires a special study to understand it. The central section of the "Commedia," the "Purgatorio," takes us through a region which to the Anglican Catholic and the Protestant is a mere figment of the brain. His "Paradiso" contains many saints who are little or nothing to us, but are to be found in their proper place in the Roman Catholic Calendar; and yet it will soon be essential to a reputation for moderate culture to have an adequate knowledge of the "Commedia." Even now Dante is one of the most popular subjects for University Extension Lectures. The great second-hand booksellers

say that they do not get his works any longer ; students who buy them keep them or pass them on to others as earnest as themselves. Why, then, do we study him? The chief answer is already given by the statement of the qualities which he possesses in common with his mighty brothers and of his special quality—*glow*, or the *white-hot* expression of the inner thought which marks him off from every one who is otherwise like him. Furthermore, he deals *connectedly* as well as comprehensively with the greatest of all subjects for us, viz., man and his place in a providential scheme of the Universe—his hopes, his fears, his aspirations, his struggles—the tragedy of great qualities in excess and in defect, with the inevitable results for their possessor and those who are brought near to him—the toilsome process of preparation of the saved soul to fit it to see God, and the full fruition of the sight of God by the soul when purified.

I have headed my lecture "Dante's 'Commedia' and its Main Teachings," my plan being to give a bare outline sketch of the whole poem, with side glances at its inner meanings, and then to pass on to consider more closely what it teaches. I purposely avoid the word "Lessons," and use "Teachings," as, to me, "Lessons" would mean *things that we ought to learn* from it, whereas I intend nothing more than *what he would have us learn*. I am *lecturing*, not *preaching*, to you.

To deal with the poem itself first. By way of preface I would say that it is a real misfortune that many English readers seem to think that it consists of three almost separate poems, linked by a common title, whereas it is but one, and as one it should be studied. I know many who have read the "Inferno" only and have stopped there : that was as much as they could manage,

they said. The horror and the thick darkness, the bitterness, and the weird grotesqueness of it were too much for them. Like Pliable, they were deterred by the Slough of Despond from pressing forward to what was beyond the Wicket Gate. To such and to all the weaker brethren I would say: "Begin your reading of the 'Commedia' with the 'Purgatorio,' and pass on from it to the 'Paradiso,' remembering that there is a special link uniting these two sections of the poem, as both deal with the saved soul and its progress. Then take up the 'Inferno,' and I do not think that you will wish to stop till you have read the whole of the poem straight through to the end of the hundredth canto." For those whose literary enthusiasm is adequate it is, of course, best to take what Dante thought and wrote as he wrote it and to study the three other works—the "Vita Nuova," the "Convivio," and the "De Monarchiâ"—as helping to elucidate many of its meanings.

Let us first attend on Dante's footsteps through his great pilgrimage. It is Passion Week in the year 1300 A.D., and Dante, in the middle of the way of our life (he was within a few weeks of thirty-five years old), finds himself in a gloomy wood, wandering from the track. (We shall see at the end of the "Purgatorio" in what way he wandered.) He comes at length to the foot of a hill clear of the wood—the hill Virtue Bunyan would have called it. On the hill the sun (or Reason) is beginning to shine. Dante essays to climb, but is met by three beasts, a lynx, a lion, and a wolf in succession, representing under one of their aspects the three vices—envy (or, perhaps, wantonness), pride, and avarice—which block his path, so that he turns back to descend to the wood again. Suddenly there appears before him the phantom form of one "who through long silence

husky seemed." It is Vergil, or Human Science, sent by heavenly interposition, to save Dante by leading him through Hell and Purgatory to the threshold of Paradise, where Beatrice, Divine Science, shall lift him up, it may be, to the highest heaven and the intuition of God Himself.

The Hell of Dante, apart altogether from the magnificent literary force with which it is treated (on which I lay no stress here, as the literary aspect of the poem has been expounded again and again with much ability), is deeply interesting, as showing his general view of evil and his classification of wickedness, which seems sometimes strange until we ponder it well. Dante gives us the measurements with much minuteness. We can draw its figure from his description, for the vague, so fascinating to many of us, had no charm for his mind or for his age; but for our purposes it will suffice to show the relative position of its different inmates, as we shall thus understand his main theory of man, his salvation and condemnation, which is our object, quite adequately.

In the vestibule of Hell, immediately within the Gate, whence none have passed out but Christ and those whom He drew forth with Him from Limbo on the first Easter morn, are placed the neutral crowd of those "who lived without infamy and without praise," mixed with the worthless crew of angels who neither rebelled against God nor were faithful to God but "*per se foro*," and watched the event of the great celestial struggle. Justice will not condemn them to actual torment; Mercy will not spare them for Purgatory. Through eternity they will be busy about nothing, insects will sting them and worms will absorb their tears and their blood.

Hell itself is divided into nine circles of ever-decreasing

circumference. Of these the first five contain those of the condemned whose sin was negative merely, in Limbo (or the First Circle), and in the next four those whose wickedness was the result of want of self-restraint rather than positive desire towards evil. In these we find, in progressive order of descent, the lascivious, the gluttons, the avaricious and prodigal, the wrathful and melancholy, *who repented not before death*. If some of them seem to suffer as much as blacker criminals on lower levels, it is because even Dante finds it hard sometimes to express greater torment than theirs, except by putting the worst lowest. These all have not so much deliberately rejected God as yielded to what kept them from God—all of these, except those in Limbo. This Limbo is the first serious stumbling-block for the weaker brethren who cannot adjust themselves to Dante's point of view. It is not ours, but we can see how it must have been his. Its inmates are the great ones of old who believed not in Christ before His coming, and the unbaptized infants. It is Vergil's own eternal abode. There is no actual torment there, only eternal regret and longing for the Heaven that is not to be the portion of its inmates. Its light is but twilight, but this is better than darkness.

We have no time to deal in detail with the first five Circles, but it is worthy of remark that they occupy but four and a half cantos of the "Inferno," while the remaining four Circles fill up twenty-six and a half cantos. Is this because Dante becomes more awfully interested as he descends? or is it not rather that the saving lesson which he has to learn under Vergil's guidance can be better enforced through the contemplation of those who are deliberately wicked and of the causes that made them so?

The Sixth Circle marks a great division in the Inferno. It is the commencement of the Nether Hell—the destination of the deliberately wicked. It contains the infidels and the heretics, and below, in the deeper circles, embraces the violent, the fraudulent, and the treacherous. Dante's philosophy throughout postulates freedom of the will, and his infidels and heretics, having the power to see straight, see askint, and, refusing the light, fall into sin against God and man. "Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools," with the inevitable consequences following. Bestialism is Dante's name for the sin of the occupants of the Sixth Circle—a strange title to us when we first come upon it, but easily explained. Man, the one animal to whom the light is offered, by rejecting it becomes even as the beasts that perish, with the added terror in his fate that, being meant to enjoy the light, his preference for darkness lands him in ways of vice. "*Corruptio optimi pessima*." Below the City of Dis, or the Sixth Circle, comes next the Circle of the Violent—murderers, suicides, blasphemers, and the like, distributed in three rings; and deep below them, in the Eighth Circle (which, with the Ninth, contains all those who have misused man's highest faculty, intellect, for purposes of deceit), the fraudulent of all sorts, in ten concentric trenches, dropping down towards the central pit. Many pages of the poem are given up to the description of the punishments in this circle, and it is here that the modern reader has most need to make allowance for the mediæval appetite for horror and grotesqueness, though, at the same time, he must feel how rigorously just is Dante. Here we find Ulysses, the splendid war-mate of Diomedes in the "*Iliad*," expiating with him his fraudulent acts on earth, in close neighbourhood to thieves and discord-mongers. Here are

simoniacal Popes jostling with footpads and highway-men. There is no concession to the glamour thrown round the heroes of antiquity, none to the Church of Dante or to the Holy Fathers.

One more awful descent and we are in the Ninth Circle—the Circle of Traitors, arranged in four descending belts: traitors against kindred, against country, against guests, and, lowest of all, traitors against their benefactors; and, at the very bottom of Hell, Lucifer himself, his waist at the centre of the world—three-visaged, in infernal caricature of the Heavenly Trinity, with a face for supreme rage, a face for supreme envy, and a face for supreme ignorance, chewing in his three mouths the three arch-traitors, Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of the Lord of Light, and Brutus and Cassius, the chief conspirators against Julius Cæsar, the master of the Empire which Dante considered to be the special creation of God, destined to be the nurse of His future Church. This, in most hurried sketch, is Dante's Hell, full in the original of splendid thoughts and unmatched episodes, but, for our limited purpose this evening, to be considered only as the destination of those who die unrepentant through loving the things of this world rather than the things of God, through encouraging states of mind which divert from God, or, through self-imposed blindness, choosing the ways of death rather than the ways of life.

Dante has often been accused of an unnatural savagery in this section of his "Commedia," but we must remember that the Dante who went through Hell was not merely the great Florentine, but had ever at his side Vergil, the embodiment of human wisdom. It was Vergil who more than once sharply checked Dante when he was displaying human feeling and pity for the

damned. All of them had had many chances of following the light; all had to the last rejected it. None complain against their sentence. Again, Dante's attitude towards sin, under Vergil's guidance, is an attitude of *contempt*. He does not say: "O the pity of it all!" but "O the blind folly of it all!" This, on his theory of sin and salvation, is the natural attitude. He saw well enough, as we can see from what he writes, that he was perilously near to becoming an inmate of his Hell himself; that it was the awful and awe-inspiring panorama set before him by Vergil and Beatrice, acting under the instigation of the Queen of Heaven, that saved him from such a fate; and even after his passage through Hell he anticipates that his chief chastisement in Purgatory, when he comes to die, will be received on the Terrace of Pride, the fundamental hindrance to the purification of the soul.

Dante's *Inferno* should be pictured as a funnel, with terraced sides, stretching down from the Northern Hemisphere, beneath Jerusalem, to the centre of the Earth; his *Purgatorio* as, roughly, the core of the funnel thrust out by Lucifer when he fell from Heaven and struck Earth at the antipodes of Jerusalem, piercing it to its centre. This core was washed round the Earth and built itself up on the spot where Lucifer fell headlong in the Southern Ocean. Purgatory is a steep mountain, also terraced. Around its base runs spirally for more than a third of its height the girdle of Ante-Purgatory, within the Sphere of Air. Here are detained for various periods the tardy penitents, divided into four classes: (1) Those who, repenting in their last moments, have died under the censures of the Church; (2) those who, through negligence, put off their conversion to the time of their last illness; (3) those who, dying by violence

and repenting at the last hour, forgave their murderers; and (4) princes and great men of the Earth who, through absorption in worldly cares and human ambitions, neglected opportunities of good and postponed piety. There is much of the human still clinging to these; they are not consciously progressing Heavenwards; they are not undergoing any specific chastisement, welcome, however painful; they are just not condemned, and for some of them the upward path is almost indefinitely delayed. But

All's well that ends well, still the fine's the crown,
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

These spirits and all others that are saved are wafted in groups to the foot of the Purgatorial mount, over ocean from a place near the Tiber's mouth, by angels in boats that "want not oars, nor other sail, than their own wings." Some are quickly brought, some linger long by Tiber awaiting their turn. Dante and Vergil arrive at the foot of the mountain by a path of their own from mid-earth, the abode of Lucifer, through the cleft made by a little stream running down to the centre of the Earth from that quarter, to the surprise of Cato of Utica, the Warden of the Mount. The transition from the murky gloom and horror of the Inferno to the soft calm of the base of the Purgatorial mount is exquisitely set forth by Dante in perfect poetry, and the two poets pass up through Ante-Purgatory to the Gate of St. Peter, the entrance to Purgatory proper. Here Dante "saw a portal and three stairs beneath, diverse in colour, to go up to it," and an angel gate-keeper, or spirit-world confessor, "who yet spoke no word." "And as I opened more and more my eyes, I saw him seated on the highest stair, Such in the face that I endured it not. And in his hand he had a naked sword, Which so reflected back

the sunbeams towards us, That oft in vain I lifted up mine eyes." Being invited by the Angel to approach, Dante saw that the three stairs were each different in character—the first white and smooth, signifying sincerity of heart; the second dark and cracked, signifying contrition; the third like blazing porphyry, signifying love towards God, the three elements of a true confession. Dante, with Vergil's aid, mounts the stairs and prays the Angel to admit him through the Gate. The Angel marks with his sword point seven P's on Dante's brow, representing the seven sins (*peccatà*) to be expiated on the Purgatorial Terraces, and opens the massy Gate with two keys, one of silver, the key representing priestly knowledge, the other of gold, representing priestly authority, both together being necessary to the unlocking of the Gate. Through a narrow passage the poets then pass on and up to the lowest terrace of the true Purgatory, the terrace of Pride—the *lowest* terrace, because as I have said already, and as I hope to show more clearly before I conclude, Pride is *the fundamental* hindrance to the purification of the soul. At the foot of the stairs leading to each higher terrace in Purgatory (for it is only in Ante-Purgatory that the path runs spirally) an angel is stationed, who, before Dante passes up, removes with a touch of his sword one of the letters from his brow to signify that he has one sin the less to purge and wash away; but when the ascent to the second terrace is made and the angel that guards the approach to it removes the first "P," the Pride-mark, all the remaining six at once become more faint than before—a beautiful indication of Dante's doctrine that Pride is the deadliest foe of human salvation. Stair by stair, terrace by terrace, the poets mount, through the terraces of Envy, Anger, Sloth (in Italian *accidia*, a word of fuller connotation than our

nearest equivalent, meaning "sulky or gloomy indolence," the spirit of the expression "what's the good of it all?" the spirit that mocks at the enthusiast and the quixotic hero and errs little because it does little); through the terraces of Avarice, Gluttony, and Lasciviousness, till they attain the Terrestrial Paradise or flat summit of Purgatory, emerging from the Sphere of Fire or Æther in which are all the seven terraces above Ante-Purgatory.

Dante attempts to teach us in this section of his poem, perhaps rather artificially, another of his main tenets. As Pride is the basis of all other sins and the cause of condemnation of all the inmates of the Nether Hell, so Love is the source of all salvation. Without Love there is no redemption. Love is present in every soul that enters Purgatory. Dante accordingly groups the sins represented on the seven terraces in three divisions. Pride, Envy, and Anger are the Sins of Love *Distorted* from its true object. *Accidia* (Sloth) is the sin of Love *Defective*, while Avarice, Gluttony, and Lasciviousness are the sins of Love *Excessive* for what is good of itself if not immoderately loved.

In loyalty to my purpose on this occasion I have restrained myself from all reference, however slight, to the many exquisite episodes and passages to be found in the "Purgatory," confining myself to the barest outline of the structure. Of its thirty-three cantos only twenty-seven deal with Purgatory and Ante-Purgatory. The scene of the last six cantos of this Cantica is the Terrestrial Paradise, which forms the transition land from Purgatory to Paradise. This part of the poem is full of mystical symbolism, and is of a nature to make many modern readers impatient. It takes us abruptly away from human nature as known to us to spirit natures as conceived by Dante. It contains some elements which

appear grotesque to us, though familiar enough to minds accustomed to Mystery Plays and Moralities.

It is an especially important section of the poem for us who are seeking to discover the main teachings of the "Commedia." With the ascent to the Terrestrial Paradise the responsibility of Vergil ends. Human wisdom can no further lead. Vergil's last words are:—"The temporal fire and the eternal, both, Son, thou hast seen, and to a place art come Where of myself no further I discern. By intellect and art I here have brought thee; Take thine own pleasure for thy guide henceforth; Beyond the steep ways and the narrow art thou. Behold the sun, that shines upon thy forehead; Behold the grass, the flowerets, and the shrubs Which of itself alone this land produces. Until rejoicing come the beauteous eyes Which weeping caused me to come unto thee, Thou canst sit down, and thou canst walk among them. Expect no more a word or sign from me; Free and upright and healthy is thy will, And error were it not to do its bidding; Thee o'er thyself I therefore crown and mitre!"

Into this realm of perfect earthly bliss and beauty Dante steps. Vergil is with him,¹ as we incidentally discover later, though as a mere looker-on from this point till he disappears. The poets would seem to be the sole inhabitants of Eden; but as they pass along a river's bank Dante sees a lovely lady 'across the stream singing and culling flowers: her name Matilda; her symbolism, the Christian type of the active life in the Earthly Paradise, forerunner of Beatrice, or the contemplative life in the Paradise of Heaven. The river is Lethe, in which the cleansed sinner is immersed so as to forget past wicked-

¹ The poet, Statius, also. His appearance in the Purgatorio has been passed over in this rapid sketch.

ness. Matilda on her bank, Dante on his, pass along till they behold a wonderful procession of Christ and His Church—the Prophets, Patriarchs, Evangelists, the four Cardinal Virtues, the three Theological Virtues, and others ; and Beatrice, the long-lost Florentine damsel, the first love of Dante, now glorified as Divine Science, in the midst of the holy procession, which, through all its detail, may be seen, on a bird's-eye view, to be of the form of the Latin Cross. Dante turns to his left hand to call Vergil's attention to the sight, saying, " Not a drachm Of blood remains in me that does not tremble ; I know the traces of the ancient flame " ; but, alas ! Vergil has vanished. Human Science flees from the face of Science Divine, and Dante henceforth to the verge of the end of his pilgrimage is to be conducted by Her. Beatrice is as she was so soon as she had passed from life, Dante is as he had become between her death and " the middle of the journey of our life." " The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together ; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." So said one who was as great as Dante ; Dante must have felt the truth of this as he faced, in these new surroundings, the glorified Beatrice of his " Vita Nuova." The reader is startled at first by her sternness and the bitter humiliation to which she submits Dante, but is reconciled to it when he remembers that it is Dante himself who tells it all to us. Confession—the last confession of the penitent soul—is the necessary qualification for the immersion in Lethe, and afterwards in the stream Eunoë, which brings remembrance of good deeds past.

What had Dante done to earn his chastisement ? The

answer to this question gives the best explanation of Dante's view of human error and rectitude. Dante's sin had been mainly this, though of others also of a grosser type he was, probably, conscious. The natural influence of the heavens, which give to every human being an inclination good or bad, according to the virtue of the planet under which he is born, had greatly favoured him. To this was added a large measure of grace divine. He was potentially excellent. While Beatrice lived he lived well. When she was withdrawn from his view "Into ways untrue he turned his steps, Pursuing the false images of good, That never any promises fulfil." So low he fell that naught could save him short of the terrible vision of Hell, "la perduta gente." No one deadly sin is here laid to Dante's charge, as we might hastily have expected. The accusation is mainly of intellectual obliquity. Dante, left to himself, with all initial advantages predisposing to right vision, and with free will, looks askint, as do the occupants of the Inferno, and is on the point of losing "il Ben del Intelletto," the vision of God, for ever. His sin, therefore, consisted in deliberately suffering his intellect to err, in relying on intellect apart from love, in his special sense of love (of which more later), so that, as a result of its aberration, moral obliquity, with all its fell consequences, would follow. Heavenly Science, or Beatrice, condemns the original lapse from which all other evils follow. Under the guidance of his Beatrice, henceforward, Dante floats up, as it were, scarce conscious of leaving earth, from the Terrestrial Paradise into the Heaven of the Moon—the nearest Heaven to Earth—the most remote from the Divine Central Presence, and we readers are in the third section of the poem—the "Paradiso."

If Dante's genius has really fascinated any one, that person sees that the "Paradiso" is the crowning glory of the whole poem. It is the most difficult part in its subject matter, requiring more than human thought and words; and Dante, though his tongue often falters in it, *knows* when it falters. He does not fail, *to the reader*, in grandiose passages of *unconscious* weakness. He has to dispense here almost entirely with colour and to describe intensity of pure light in various degrees; he has to be dazzled and even blinded with excess of light, yet never to be confounded. It is possible to read and enjoy the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" in a purely literary spirit. Something more—a spiritual touch—is required for the full appreciation of the "Paradiso." In a word, there must be something of Heaven encircling him who enters Heaven, if only in thought and imagination. It is this that makes the careless or lazy reader often shun the "Paradiso": he does not wish to take the trouble of thinking himself into the mood for enjoying it. Again I enforce my self-denying ordinance and refuse to dwell here on its artistic and poetic beauties, confining myself as much as possible to its meaning and doctrine with this brief and necessary introduction.

Dante's Paradiso is located in the Heaven of the old astronomer Ptolemy. With our Earth for centre, it consists of hollow and transparent sphere over sphere—nine spheres in all, and each under the special control of one of the nine orders of heavenly beings, upwards and outwards, from the Angels to the Seraphim. Their work is that of the Spirit who speaks to Goethe's Faust: "In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm, Wall' ich auf und ab, Webe hin und her! Geburt und Grab, Ein ewiges Meer, Ein wechselnd Weben, Ein glühend Leben, So schaff' ich

am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit, Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid." ¹ The first seven Heavens are named each after the heavenly body occupying it, according to the astronomy of the day: The Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Next come the Heaven of the Fixed Stars and the Crystalline Heaven or *Primum Mobile*. Beyond that is the *Empyrean*, the abode of Godhead itself, in which is placed the Rose of the Blessed—saints from Earth, all suffused with ineffable light from the Godhead, around which circle the nine orders, arranged in the same rank of proximity as the several Heavens which they control, the Seraphim being ever inmost and nearest to God. All these spheres ever revolve, the *Primum Mobile* with special speed, as every part of it yearns to be near to God. Dante is swept upwards through some tract of each of these Heavens with Beatrice in the space of but a few hours, till he reaches the limit of human thought and expression and of his great poem itself.

We have not to penetrate far into the "Paradiso" before we light upon one of the many aspects of Dante's main teaching which runs throughout the whole poem. The passage occurs in the Third Canto, and is so exceptionally beautiful as to deserve quotation. Dante meets the spirit of Piccarda Donati in the heaven of the Moon, and questions it as to whether the Spirits there shown to him feel a desire for a higher place in heaven

¹ In floods of being, in action's storm,
Up and down I wave,
To and fro I flee,
Birth and the grave,
An infinite sea,
A changeful weaving,
An ardent living ;
The ringing loom of Time is my care,
And I weave God's living garment there.

so as to be nearer to Deity. The spirit, and those around it, smiled, and then answered him :

So full of gladness,
 She seemed to burn in the first fire of love ;
 " Brother, our will is quieted by virtue
 Of charity, that makes us wish alone
 For what we have, nor gives us thirst for more.
 If to be more exalted we aspired,
 Discordant would our aspirations be
 Unto the will of Him who here secludes us ;
 Which thou shalt see finds no place in these circles,
 If being in charity is needful here,
 And if thou lookest well into its nature ;
 Nay, 'tis essential to this blest existence
 To keep itself within the will divine,
 Whereby our very wishes are made one ;
 So that, as we are station above station
 Throughout this realm, to all the realm 'tis pleasing,
 As to the King, who makes His will our will.
 And His will is our peace ; this is the sea
 To which is moving onward whatsoever
 It doth create, and all that Nature makes."
 Then it was clear to me how everywhere
 In heaven is Paradise, although the grace
 Of good supreme there rain not in one measure.¹

"And His Will is our Peace"—"E la sua voluntade è nostra pace." This is, as I view it, the most pregnant line in all the "Commedia." It enwraps all Dante's teaching, and from it, with patience and with reverence, we can unroll it all. It gives the key to the old Bible story of the Fall of Man and to that other story of the Fall of Lucifer. It explains in seven words the whole Christian theory of human aberration, and makes obedience "sweet reasonableness." It is spoken by one who is in bliss and at length knows fully the secret of bliss. The speaker, Piccarda, now realises that there is

¹ Longfellow's translation.

nothing of slavery or base subordination in the absolute submission of the lesser to the greater, of the created to the Creator—nay, more, she sees that “it is *essential* to this blest existence to keep itself within the will divine,” that the fruit of disobedience, if general, must be anarchy, whence Chaos, destroying Cosmos. Piccarda’s bliss is perfect—perfect as that of the very Seraphim above her, because she sees that she is where the eternal fitness of things has placed her in the realms of bliss. Sir Oliver Lodge has somewhere written the following, which it is appropriate to quote here: “We thus, even now, can exhibit some approximation to the highest state—that conscious unison with the entire scheme of existence which is identical with perfect freedom.”

The poet is aware of his floating up from sphere to sphere by sudden increases of glowing glory in the appearance of Beatrice reflected from the Heaven of Heavens itself. There is no *treading* of the foot in Paradise. Thus he learns that he has mounted to the Second Heaven, of Mercury, where are presented “the spirits of men eloquent and active in good, but not free from the love of fame.” (In our later day we can imagine women also occupying this sphere; the fourteenth century, perhaps, could not.) Mounting through the Third Heaven, of Venus, inhabited by those whose wills had been imperfect through excess of mere human love, and passing beyond the apex of the cone of the Earth’s shadow, which clouds the lower heavens, Dante attains to the Fourth Heaven, of the Sun, where dwell the mighty spiritual and intellectual lights. So ever upwards Dante and Beatrice proceed through the Heaven of Mars, where are found Warriors and Martyrs for the Faith. This sphere is specially enthralling in

Dante's description. The great deep-red glowing cross, stretched over the planet's face; the spirits flashing along its arms or down its length, sparkling as they meet or pass; the martial melody throbbing through the now glorified, once accursed, Tree, "*Risurgi e vince*"—make a picture such as no artist can paint, no fancy can fully realise. Thence they pass through the Heaven of Jupiter, where are the spirits of just Rulers, through the Heaven of Saturn, where are the Contemplative Spirits of Monks and Hermits. As he leaves the last of the Planetary Heavens, Dante, at the bidding of Beatrice, looks down through them all to Earth and realises its insignificance. Is he not thus bidden in order that he may learn once more his lesson—the absurdity of disobedience, the stupidity of intellect which lacks the sense of proportion with regard to Him which dwelleth between the Cherubim and the insect Man?

The Eighth or Stellar Heaven is "the counterpart of the Earthly Paradise" of the "*Purgatorio*." As in the Earthly Paradise Dante had beheld, as is pointed out by our most recent commentator on the "*Paradiso*," "the scene of man's fall, so here he will have revealed to him somewhat of the work of man's redemption." The triumph of Christ the Redeemer and the Coronation of the Virgin Mary pass before Dante's eyes. He is here examined on Faith by St. Peter, on Hope by St. James, on Charity or Love by St. John. Here he sees Adam—first of created souls. He explains to the poet that the sin which lost him and his descendants the Earthly Paradise was not disobedience, but pride—pride causing disobedience, or, as St. Thomas Aquinas puts it, "The first sin of man was in this, that he desired a certain spiritual good beyond his measure, which pertains to pride; whence it is manifest that the first sin of the first

man was pride." Man repeats what Lucifer, Son of the Morning, had done, and through the same defect of nature.

And now the Ninth of the Heavenly Spheres is reached, the Crystalline Sphere—or *Primum Mobile*—confined by naught but the Empyrean itself, "bounded only by the light and love of the Empyrean, that last Heaven of all, where God directly rules."

From here Dante beholds, occupying the Empyrean, "a point that darted light too sharp for human eye to endure, enringed by nine swift-revolving circles of fire." Beatrice explains to him that he has caught his first glimpse of the Godhead itself, in "that point," on which "Heaven and all Nature hangs," and that the circles revolving round it are the nine choirs of angelic and supra-angelic bodies grouped in three hierarchies—the innermost circle being composed of the Seraphim, the outermost of the Angels. "Heaven and all Nature hangs upon that point," but to each of the nine choirs is deputed the control of a celestial sphere—of the furthest from Earth and nearest to God to the Seraphim, and so in order to the nearest to Earth, which the angels govern, man on Earth being placed "a little lower than the Angels."

Dante is careful to explain to us that all the spirits of the blest are really in the Heaven of Heavens and are shown to him in different grades of proximity to God. "The lower or higher place of manifestation serves for a token whereby human sense may apprehend the lower or higher degree of that vision of God which constitutes beatitude." In all, beatitude is perfect according to the capacity of each; for entire conformity with the Divine will produces entire satisfaction with the appointments of that will, and in the exact order resulting throughout

the Universe from exact justice in the apportionment of rewards.

And so we mount with Dante and Beatrice to the Empyrean itself. We from the greatest body

Have issued to the Heaven that is pure light ;
Light intellectual replete with love,
Love of true good replete with ecstasy,
Ecstasy that transcendeth every sweetness.

Dante's sight is not yet made quite perfect. He cannot yet see God *as he is*, God's saints and ministers *as they are* ; but he has attained to the power of seeing them in their operation and deepest working, as it were, through a metaphor of vision.

I looked ;

And in the likeness of a river saw
Light flowing, from whose amber-seeming waves
Flashed up effulgence, as they glided on
'Twixt banks, on either side, painted with spring,
Incredible how fair : and, from the tide,
There ever and anon, outstarting, flew
Sparkles instinct with life ; and in the flowers
Did set them, like to rubies chased in gold :
Then, as if drunk with odours, plunged again
Into the wondrous flood ; from which, as one
Re-entered, still another rose.¹

Dante is told to drink of the river, and so soon as his eyelids touched it forthwith it seemed to him to be turned "from length to round"—from a river to a lake.

"The River is the effusion of the Divine Light on its creatures ; the living sparks issuing from it are the Angels ; the flowers they ingem, the Saints. In the changing of the River's length to the Lake's roundness is figured the return of all creatures into God as their Centre and End."

¹ Cary's translation.

His sight yet further strengthened and cleared, Dante at length beholds the very seats of the elect—the Rose of the Blessed—its myriad petals bearing saint on saint, all suffused with the eternal light of very Godhead which rays out from the Central Point amid the Heavenly Choirs and falls eventually, through “the yellow of the everlasting Rose,” on the Crystalline Heaven, which is ever rapidly revolving through the love which makes all tracts of it yearn for the full effulgence of the Light. The Rose of the Blessed and the apportionment of its seats require a whole lecture to themselves. We must be content here to notice that among the highest seated are the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, Moses, St. John Baptist, St. John Evangelist, St. Lucia (Dante’s patron saint), and Beatrice. The Angel-choirs from their Circles around the Godhead ever stream to and fro between the Rose and their Circles, making all living Heaven one. All the spirits of the Rose, like the nine choirs, “fix their love and vision on one sole mark,” the “trinal beam of the individual star” of Godhead.

We have now reached the point where even Divine Science, Beatrice, who took over the guidance of Dante from Earthly Science, Vergil, can help no more. To see God as He is, nothing but transcendent intuition can serve. Heaven’s Queen alone can obtain this grace for Dante, and there is but one saint who is qualified, by long and perfect devotion to her, to pray her for it. Just as, in the Earthly Paradise, Dante turns to address Vergil and finds him vanished, so now, turning to speak to Beatrice, he beholds her place occupied by St. Bernard—Mary’s own Bernard. Beatrice had gone to her own seat in the Rose of the Blessed, and from that distant place looked down and smiled on Dante in

response to his prayer and thanks. The last canto of the poem commences with that gem of poetic gems, the invocation of St. Bernard to the Virgin Mary, that she will procure grace for Dante to contemplate the God-head as it is. The prayer finds favour. The poet sees, as by a lightning flash, what had been the Central Point of Heaven broken up into its component elements, God Triune, God Incarnate. Here is the passage as rendered by its most faithful translator :

Within the deep and luminous subsistence
Of the High Light appeared to me three circles,
Of threefold colour and of one dimension,
And by the second seemed the first reflected
As Iris is by Iris, and the third
Seemed fire that equally from both is breathed.

The second circle—of the Son—had in it something of the human :

Within itself, of its own very colour
Seemed to me painted with our effigy.

Dante strove to see

how the image to the circle
Conformed itself, and how it there finds place.

He failed till a sudden flash of Divine light penetrated his mind and his wish was granted :

Here vigour failed the lofty fantasy :
But now was turning my desire and will,
Even as a wheel that equally is moved,
The Love that moves the sun and the other stars.¹

And so the mighty poem ends. I have sketched it out in the barest and baldest outline, because my object is not to bring out the poetic and literary beauties of the "Commedia," but only its main teachings. At these I

¹ Longfellow's translation.

have glanced as we have gone along. It remains to develop them as far as possible during the time which we still have in hand.

By way of preface to this section of my remarks I will quote from Dante's "Convito," or Banquet (which often serves as a prose key to his great poem), the substance of what he says as to the various possible meanings of a book. He divides them into four—the Literal, the Allegorical, the Moral, and the Mystical. The *Literal* does not extend beyond the text itself. The *Allegorical* is a Truth concealed under a beautiful Untruth. Dante's example is Orpheus taming the beasts and leading the trees and stones with his lute. Meaning: The wise man with the instrument of his voice makes cruel hearts gentle and makes those follow his will who have not the living force of knowledge and of art, and so on. The *Moral*, wherein a lesson is hid. Example: Christ took up only three of His Apostles to the Mount of Transfiguration. Lesson: In the most secret things we ought to have but little company. The *Mystical* or *Anagogical* or *Supernatural*, where, spiritually, one expounds a writing which, even in the Literal Sense by the things signified, bears express reference to the Divine things of Eternal Glory. Example: Where it is said that by the Exodus of the people of Israel from Egypt Judaea is made holy and free. Spiritual meaning: In the Soul's liberation from Sin it is made holy and free in its powers.

Now our modern minds are inclined to revolt against this division, and especially against the mediæval subtlety which distinguishes the mystical from the allegorical meaning of a book. In dealing with the "Faery Queene" or the "Pilgrim's Progress," we find it sufficient to discover the allegory and to include it

in the anagogy. The moral meaning, again, is what we call, in sermons, the practical application and is on a different footing, for purposes of classification, from the other meanings. Taking, therefore, the allegorical meaning to include all mystical meanings, and the literal meaning to include all political teachings and references to Dante's own times and his contemporaries, we are concerned with the allegorical only here. Many lectures have been given on the political teachings of Dante—many more on the "Commedia" as poetry; but, to my mind, the allegorical side of it, *as applying to all mankind in all ages*, is the most valuable and has not been sufficiently developed in this country. Let us see what we can find in the "Commedia" that, under the guise of allegory or mysticism, contains elements of eternal truth above and beyond the war of creeds. If there is nothing of value under this head in the poem, Dante will still be one of the mightiest of poets for robustness of thought and felicity of expression, but not for comprehensiveness of view, and I shall have been proved wrong in placing him where I have placed him in the introductory remarks to my first lecture. He will still be a grand musician in words, but not a seer. *Poeta maximus*, but not *vates divinus*.

To the pure necessarian Dante can *teach* nothing; such a one can enjoy him as poetry, but can get nothing more from him, for Dante postulates Freedom of the Will.

Supreme of gifts, which God, creating, gave
Of His free bounty, sign most evident
Of goodness, and in his account most prized
Was liberty of Will.

Dante also naturally postulates Conscious Individual Immortality. He places in the City of Dis, in his

"Inferno," all those "who with the body make the spirit die"; but for those who can go as far as Earthly Science leads, and no further, there is still much teaching in the poem—teaching that should help them to rule this present life aright, leaving their souls, which cannot be dissolved merely by *their* thinking that they cease to exist at death, to be dealt with, if they are astray in their creed, by the Power which knows best how to utilize finally its own creations; for we do not all nowadays couple belief in immortality with a doctrine of damnation.

Starting from these two great postulates—axioms for Dante and millions of us—what do we find to be his main theory of man in his moral relations to the Universe and God?

First we find *Intellect*, next to Free Will, enthroned supreme among the gifts of God. Dante is never guilty of that meanest of blasphemies—disparagement of Intellect: it is reserved for those who put all religion in the emotions and are themselves unintellectual to indulge in this. Science Human and Science Divine are his ever present guides through every step of his unearthly pilgrimage till he approaches the final intuition which is *above* Divine Science and attained through it, *not independent of it*. At the beginning of the "Inferno," directly after Dante has passed the entrance portal of Hell, Vergil tells him that he has arrived at the place where he will behold the dolorous folk "who have lost 'Il Ben *del Intelletto*,'" or the power of recognition and intuition of God. So soon as the early circles of the Inferno have been passed—wherein are the lost souls that suffered other and unworthy objects of desire to cloud their intellects and divert them from the effort to see aright—and we come to the

threshold of the lower Hell, we are among the spirits which, having had freedom of will, "saw askint," deliberately choosing crooked paths of vision, and lower and lower, till the Central Point of Hell is reached, are those who added to intellectual obliquity the more hideous forms of moral depravation which too often spring from such obliquity.

A passage in the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas explains shortly and clearly the prominence given by Dante to the intellect in his theory of man's salvation, for we must remember that our poet had studied deeply Aquinas' doctrines. The passage is as follows: "The last and perfect happiness of man cannot be otherwise than in the vision of the Divine Essence. In evidence of this statement two points are to be considered: first, that man is not perfectly happy so long as there remains anything for him to desire and seek; secondly, that the perfection of every power is determined by the nature of its object. Now the object of the intellect is the essence of a thing; hence the intellect attains to perfection so far as it knows the essence of what is before it. And, therefore, when a man knows an effect, and knows that it has a cause, there is in him an outstanding natural desire of knowing the essence of the cause. If, therefore, a human intellect knows the essence of a created effect without knowing aught of God beyond the fact of his existence, the perfection of that intellect does not yet adequately reach the First Cause, but the intellect has an outstanding natural desire of searching into the said cause; hence it is not yet perfectly happy. For perfect happiness, therefore, it is necessary that the intellect shall reach as far as the very essence of the First Cause."

Dante's Paradise, therefore, as Mr. Edmund Gardner points out, "is the beatitude of the intellect in joyful possession of absolute Truth."

To some of us this may seem a strange doctrine. The Reformed Churches have lost this ideal very largely, for good or for evil. "Grace" and "Faith" are rather their watch-words, and intellect is too often regarded by them with some suspicion. Their Heaven is a Heaven of rest—of freedom from pain, of adoration and praise—not of intuition of Deity, or, rather, most inadequate stress is laid on that. Dante's mind was great enough to hold the teaching of Aristotle and of the Catholic Church together in chemical fusion, and, as a result, we find in him a larger view than any Geneva Divine could comprehend. His creed is not debased by anthropomorphism, because it does not found itself on the emotions.

Among English writers, Richard Hooker has most nearly approached Dante's point of view. As the late Dean Church, himself a Dante student, says of Hooker, we may say of Dante, that he found, as the guide of human conduct, "a rule derived not from one alone, but from all the sources of light and truth with which man finds himself encompassed." And again: "His whole theory rests on the principle that the paramount and supreme guide, both of the world and of human action, is reason." "The concurrence and co-operation, each in its due place, of all possible means of knowledge for man's direction." "Conceiving of law as reason under another name, he conceived of God Himself as working under a law, which is His supreme reason, and appointing to all His works the law by which they are to work out their possible perfection. Law is that which binds the whole creation, in all its ranks and subordinations, to the perfect goodness and reason of God. Every law of God

is a law of reason, and every law of reason is a law of God."

Intellect, therefore, the apprehender of reason, is the most Godlike characteristic of man. It is also the least purely human. The furthest journey which any one could take within the limits of Christianity would be from General Booth to Dante.

A hasty critic might answer here: "This is all very well, but such a religion as you are foreshadowing is unsuitable for the masses, with few opportunities of culture and but little educated—leading too often dreary lives of toil and pain. What comfort can they get from such a creed?" I answer: "Creeds do not exist to comfort, but to formulate what is thought to be truth and fact," and I answer further that Dante never means to limit intellect, or the "Ben del Intelletto," to the so-called "intellectual." For him every sane person has intellect sufficient to attain the final bliss, and, if the great minds are able to endure the vision of Deity at closer quarters than others, we have already learnt that, in Dante's Heaven, every spirit, whatever grade of bliss it occupies, is in perfect peace, as perfectly recognizing the eternal fitness of things there. "E la sua voluntade è nostra pace." Kings and Popes are found in the Inferno; poor and lowly are found in the Paradiso.

For Intellect alone cannot, of itself, attain to perfect bliss. It has its good and its evil angel ever attending on it. Its good angel is *Love*, its evil angel *Pride*. It is Intellect well guided by Love, and not yielding to Pride, that sees God face to face, and the lowly-placed are most prone to Love, least open to the seductions of Pride.

What is *Love*, for Dante? In the "Convito" he says: "Love is a form of Philosophy, which Love is manifest in the use of Wisdom, and such use brings with it a

wonderful beauty—that is to say, contentment under any condition of the time, and contempt for those things which other men make their masters.” And again: “Philosophy here has Wisdom for its material subject and Love for its form.” And yet again: “Philosophy is a *loving* use of Wisdom, which especially is in God, because in Him is Supreme Wisdom and Supreme Love and Supreme Action.” To use more modern terms, Love, according to Dante, results from a full *intellectual* perception of the relation of the individual to the Universal—of man to the Triune God, Supreme Action (or the Father), Supreme Wisdom (or the Son), Supreme Love (or the Holy Spirit). He who sees straight sees that his own ideas and his own wishes, unchecked by a loving use of Wisdom, are no safe guides for him, and develops, consequently, a yearning for the Eternal Truth, taking human and Divine Science for his guides in the hope of a final intuition of very Godhead. Love, in short, is the intellectual abnegation of self. How all-important is Love in Dante’s creed may be seen from what Beatrice says of the Seraphim, who circle nearest round the Deity. She describes them beautifully as “Il cerchio que più ama e que più sape.” *Ama* first and *sape* next, for love is more than knowledge, and, further, love, in their case, is cause and knowledge is effect. The Seraphim can endure the Divine effulgence more readily than the next circle of the Cherubim, for the Seraphim know because they love, the Cherubim love because they know. “The relation of the Seraphim to the Cherubim, as their names imply, is that of fire to light: the first subsist by their fire of love, the second by their light of knowledge.” In every soul, therefore, that is wafted to Purgatory and thence proceeds to Paradise, love, in Dante’s sense, must somehow abound. Clogged and

hampered, more or less, by short-sighted preference for unworthy delights and pursuits, it yet must gain the mastery at last, and, even in the worst of those who enter into Purgatory, must exhibit itself in repentance, or the supreme rejection of that wickedness which is perfect folly, before death.

And what of the evil angel—Pride? As Love is the intellectual abnegation, so Pride is the intellectual assertion, of Self. It results from an exaggerated sense of the importance of the individual man, his wishes and his ideas, and resents the shaping of itself to the universal; it directly leads to wrong ideas of the cosmic relations of man, and they, in their turn, to wrong actions. Dante held that Lucifer—Il Primo Superbo—fell, with his rebel angels, within a few seconds of his creation, through the pride which made him unwilling to await the time prefixed by his Maker for enlightening him with perfect knowledge—"Per non aspettar lume, cadde acerbo"; "Through not *awaiting* light, fell immature." Adam, as we have heard, tells Dante that it was pride, rather than disobedience, that lost him the Earthly Paradise. He wanted to be as God, instead of accepting and realising his place as appointed in the universal scheme. Dante knew how potent with *him* were the suggestions of this evil angel. He had gone astray, after he had lost Beatrice, substituting Human Science for Divine in his studies, his intellect yielding itself to the guidance of pride, and was perilously near to missing wholly "Il Ben del Intelletto." He says, in the "Purgatorio," to Sapia da Siena, on the Terrace of Envy, that his dread is that he will be detained after death far longer on the lower Terrace, of Pride, than on that where he is speaking. When the mark of Pride is removed from the brow of the penitent in Purgatory, all

the marks of the other six deadly sins, you will remember, become fainter. Pride, dominant through life and in death, excludes Love and for ever debars the soul from Purgatory and from Paradise.

You may say that, though stated in abstract fashion, Dante's theory of salvation is plausible; what he really meant by Divine Science guiding the intellect was the subjection of private judgment to the authority and dogmas of the Roman Church, and that, therefore, the value of his teaching under this head is for many of us little or none. I would answer that, even if we allow this (as I think we have no right to do), great minds always *convey* much beyond what they *express*; that their utterances rise superior in their applications to the limitations attaching to the individualities of those who utter them. We can, without any manipulation of Dante's language, apply his teaching far more widely than he himself may have intended. For us, Divine Science, guiding the intellect through love, may mean and does mean a reverent recognition of the Infinite above us and beyond the ken of Human Science, yet reached through it and by it. Our Beatrice may be and *is* the flashing from the beacon-lights that point us onwards to the "one far-off divine Event to which the whole creation moves"; our St. Bernard may be and *is* whatever helps us, however little, toward an intuition into the very nature of the Infinite. In claiming for Dante comprehensiveness of view in full measure I claim *breadth* and *intensity*—both.

It follows from Dante's view of Intellect that he identifies *Mind* and *Soul*, thus clearing away the clumsy and false distinction which an uneducated theology is fond of making between the two. The average modern Christian, if I am not caricaturing him, has a vague

notion that the *mind*, the intellectual self, is dissolved at death, and that the *soul*—a separate entity in which is enwrought the *moral* self—survives and goes through various phases of activity after the body's death, or awaits in a state of suspended existence its final resuscitation. Dante's study of Aristotle saved him from this unscientific doctrine. Pure culture, incarnate in him, was unable to endure the crude and undigested ideas which dominate many of the Churches and lead them to set head and heart in a false opposition to each other, with heart triumphant in the contest. His study of Aristotle, again, saved him from all the puerile tendency to anthropomorphism in religion, to anthropomorphism which finds its easiest expression in terms of the emotions—in similes and metaphors drawn from emotional relations, and therefore the less scientific, the less a reflection of the Divine Thought which is Wisdom and perfect Truth.

"His Will is our Peace"—the words stand out glowing from the text of the great poem, for they are the lightning-flash illuminating all its deepest meaning. They are spoken by a spirit in Heaven, and could not be spoken in all sincerity in any lower place. In the Bible we read: "This is the condemnation, that the light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light, because their deeds were evil." Dante puts the doctrine differently—"and men's deeds were evil because they loved the darkness rather than the light." Chief stress is laid by him on this aspect of the truth, which brings out the cause of the state which led to this wicked preference; but always remember that, with all his insistence on mind, intellect, reason, science, as the faculty by which the full intuition of Deity—perfect celestial happiness—can ultimately be attained, he

never ceases to hold forth that it is love, and only love, that can *guide* the mind aright. The Holy Spirit is for him "il primo Amore," the Primal *Love*; and the very last lines of the whole "Commedia," following immediately on the statement of his intuition of Deity, and already quoted to you, are, as you will remember,

My Will rolled onward, like a wheel
In even motion, by the *love* impelled
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.

In hell, Love is vanquished by Pride; in Purgatory, sorely bruised and wounded, it is yet victor, struggling upwards towards perfect purification and healing; in Paradise it is triumphant in the final great intuition. But Dante's main teaching, which marks him off from the author of our lowlier English "Commedia" and others if I read him aright, is that Mind is the Pilgrim to the Celestial City, Love the guide and guardian of Mind. Love and knowledge are inseparable, but Dante tells us:

Dèi saper che tutti hanno diletto
Quanto la sua *veduta* sì profonda
Nel Vero, *in che si queta ogn' intelletto*.
Quinci si può veder come si fonda
L'esser beato nell' atto che vede,
Non in quel ch' ama.

All

Are blessed, even as their sight descends
Deeper into the truth, wherein is rest
For every mind. Thus happiness hath *root*
In *seeing*, not in *loving*.

PREFACE TO LECTURES III, IV & V.

OUR subject this evening is Dante's "Inferno," but before I deal with that, the first Section of the three into which the "Commedia" is divided, it will be well that I should point out certain facts in connection with the framework of the whole poem which will strike us again and again as we proceed with Dante along his momentous journey.

Dante was a child of his age, though he stood out above it. He was fascinated by the ancient and mediæval lore that hovered around numbers. He saw in certain numbers special values and excellences. At the beginning of his earliest work, "the New Life," we discover this when he speaks of Beatrice as a child. The numbers which for him had special significance, for various reasons, were three, seven, nine, ten and one hundred. Three is the symbol of the Holy Trinity. Three multiplied by itself is nine. Three in the ten's column followed by three in the units column makes thirty-three, the same follows with nine. The hierarchy of the Angelic Bodies was composed of nine grades. Seven was the number of the days of Creation, with the rest-day, or Sabbath, added. Seven was the number of the heavenly bodies, other than the fixed stars, known to his time. Seven was the number of the deadly sins

in the catalogue of the Church. Ten was the perfect number, whether as containing within itself all the unit numbers, or for some other reason. A hundred is ten multiplied by itself.

In the structure of "the *Commedia*" these special numbers are emphasized. It is composed of exactly one hundred Cantos. Each *Cantica*, or Section, is composed of thirty-three Cantos, with an Introductory Canto preceding the first. Each *Cantica* is built up on a scheme of three main divisions, sub-divided into seven, with two of a special character added, making nine, and yet one more of another special character, making ten. That this is so we will point out, in proper place, as we proceed.

Again, the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy (which was Dante's) made this little Earth of ours the centre of the visible Universe. Within the sphere of Air which enwraps our Earth everything tends downwards towards that centre. Dante's Hell was inside our Earth. The base of Hell was the centre of our Earth. There Satan himself was eternally fixed. In proportion to the heinousness of their wickedness the unrepentant lost descended towards that centre. All drop nearer to Satan, in their degree, from the surface of Earth, after death. Purgatory, for Dante, was a mountain, with its base on the sea level of Earth, and within the sphere of atmospheric air up to the Gate of St. Peter, where Purgatory proper begins, and towering upwards from that point through the sphere of ether or of fire to the Terrestrial Paradise, near the summit of that sphere. Gravitation towards the centre of Earth, therefore, operates throughout Ante-Purgatory ; in plain language, there is the possibility of relapse there, though the grace of God, it seems, prevents relapse ; but so soon as a soul

has passed into the true Purgatory terrestrial gravitation is at an end for it. It is saved finally, and, in the absence of such gravitation, its natural tendency is upwards towards a new and more powerful centre of gravitation—the Empyrean abode of God and the Saints. Dante beautifully exemplifies this doctrine by showing us the Spirits in Purgatory in love with their chastisement, impatient of aught that delays their purgation. Their thoughts are fixed ever upwards—upwards, as they mount, slowly or quickly, from terrace to terrace, till they are finally cleansed from the stain of earthly sin. But they *have* to climb, and the ascent is painful, for they carry the burden of their sin upon them. From the Summit of Purgatory, the Earthly Paradise, they mount, without effort, without consciousness of mounting, save such as is derived from the greater brightness of each higher heaven, to the final seats of the Blessed. In Hell, therefore, there is always *descent*. In Purgatory always there is *climbing upwards*—slow and painful and uncertain in Ante-Purgatory; painful, yet with enjoyment of pain—slow often, yet always certain, in the true Purgatory. In Paradise there is nought but *mounting*, rapid and certain for the newly Blessed, mounting and descending at will, within the limits of Paradise, for all the Blessed who have once attained the summit. Rarely have Spirits, other than the Son of God, come down to Earth from there, and descended into Hell. We shall hear of two who did so, in the Inferno, Beatrice—Dante's beloved—and an Angel-Messenger, unnamed, each for some very special end.

It is worthy of notice, as giving indirect evidence of the states of mind of the Spirits in the three places, that in Hell Dante persuades them to answer him by the

promise of fame on Earth ; in Purgatory by the promise of prayers for the shortening of their pains ; while in Paradise there is no need of persuasion, because, first, all the blessed read his thoughts in God, who is their mirror, and next, each spirit is replete with charity, which, while knowing our wants before we ask, takes delight in anticipating our asking.

Lastly, though to me this is of no deep meaning, each Section of the Poem ends on the same word—"Stelle," "Stars." Of course this fact emphasises the idea that aspiration upwards should ever be present on our earthly journey, but it has a different force in each of the three Sections.

I have thought it well to make these introductory remarks here, as they apply to Hell, Purgatory and Paradise by way of resemblance or of contrast, and it will increase our interest in the whole Poem to have the facts in our minds before we embark on the first Section of it.

THE "INFERNO"

THOUGH it is no business of mine to defend Dante's conception of Hell, but only to set before you what it was, yet I feel a desire, at the outset, to put you straight with him, as far as possible, lest any resentment against his "Inferno," overcoming all admiration for the masterly manner in which he has treated it, should deter you from reading the rest of the "Commedia."

Bear in mind, therefore, the following facts :—

(i.) If you experience a shock of horror on passing from the pure beauty of "the New Life," with its holy joy and its holy sorrow, to the "Inferno," and wonder how one and the same man can have written both, remember that the Dante of "the New Life" was still under the *full* influence of his love for Beatrice, in life or but just dead, while the Dante of the "Inferno," more than ten years later, had not only been driven out from his native city homeless and penniless, but—and this is more important—had wandered away from Beatrice in most heinous fashion, as his later self considered—had been unfaithful to her memory, literally, as I believe, and allegorically, in so far as he had followed the philosophy of the world in preference to the philosophy of Heaven. Self-horror showed him a fate terrible in proportion to his own self-reproach. We must never forget that in his passage through Hell he is gazing at

what he himself has been permitted to view that he might be saved from it. The hideousness of the place is the measure of the strength of his own recoil from his recent spiritual life, if not from his recent life in all its aspects.

(ii.) Dante's Hell is of but *limited* area compared with his Heaven, and it is *progressively smaller* as it increases in quality of wickedness. The whole of his Hell occupies but a moderate extent in the interior of this little world, and Nether Hell, in the tenth ditch of the eighth circle, is but eleven miles round. We have no indication of the girth of the upper circles of Hell, but the highest of them could not be of greater diameter than the space between India and Spain, and was probably not nearly so broad. The Rose of the Blessed, the true Heaven, on the other hand, has a centre of larger circumference than the Sun, and its petals from the inmost outwards are filled with, or ready for, the spirits of the blessed. "And if," says Dante, "the lowest row collect within it So great a light, how vast the amplitude Is of this Rose in its extremest leaves!"

(iii.) Again, there is scarcely a woman in the "Inferno." This, to some of us, is a source of comfort. "The woman-soul leadeth us *upwards and on*." We find but one Christian woman there and in Upper Hell—Francesca da Rimini—and but three of classic times. As a man I have sufficient "leggiadria" to rejoice at this, but as an observant man I recognise that through the ages hitherto men have had greater temptations to the sins of the Nether Hell than women. Dante is merciful to the men in his Hell, when he puts so few women there. This may be understood in two ways. I intend it in the right way.

(iv.) Lastly, though we have outgrown the mould of thought that produced Dante's Hell, he himself was, as I have said, a child of his age. In his day the horror of such scenes was not so distressing as it is to us. Say what some may, the World *is* progressing, and part of the progress is shown in our conceptions of the true punishment of sin.

Night, Dawn, Noon, these three monosyllables describe, compactly and accurately, the three divisions of the "Commedia." The "Inferno" stands for night, literally, for "the sun is silent there," to use Dante's striking expression—for night, figuratively, for the Sun of Righteousness is for ever hidden from its inmates, who have the night of despair with no hope of dawn, and whose blackness of sin unrepented finds its counterpart in their eternal surroundings. Gloom, horror, and terror, the awful and the grotesque, are the main characteristics of the place, and such light as there is is the light not of the Sun but the light that suffices to make the darkness visible. "He descended into Hell." These words must have been in Dante's mind as he embarked on the first Cantic of his great poem. Others have attempted the same journey in verse, but none but he have trodden Hell with foot so firm as his, none but he have maintained so excellent a balance between details and main idea. We descend with him, awestruck at what he sees and shows, wondering at the master-mind that can see straight in such a wreck of humanity and can "justify the ways of God to man," in so far as man subordinates sentimentality to reason, pity for pain to indignation at wickedness. Let us attend on our poet's footsteps through this the first section of his great pilgrimage.

"I said, 'In the noontide of my days I shall go into the gates of the grave.'"

It is Thursday evening in Passion week in the year of grace 1300, and Dante, "in the middle of the way of our life" (he was within a few weeks of 35 years old, his birthday being in the latter half of May, 1265), finds himself in a gloomy Wood, the Wood of Error, as Bunyan would have called it—wandering from the true track ; (we shall see at the end of the Purgatory in what way he wandered). He spends the whole succeeding night in the tangled mazes of the wood, lost, and in despair. The dawn of Good Friday at length shows him the Holy Hill, at the margin of the wood, the Hill of Felicity or Righteousness, a hill because it needs the toil of climbing, being also the Hill of Difficulty. Its shoulders are just touched by the first rays of the rising sun, *blood red*, one may fancy, on that day, if on any. We may think of that sun as representing Right Reason, in Dante's sense of the term. Dante essays to climb the hill, but is foiled by three successive obstacles in the form of three wild beasts, a lynx, a lion, and a wolf, which block his path so that he is fain to retrace his steps and plunge back into the wood from which he has just escaped. The lynx is luxury, in the mediæval sense, sensuality or wantonness ; the lion is pride ; and the wolf avarice. In another aspect we may think of them as being respectively Florence, France, and the secular power of the Papacy ; and a whole set of Lectures could be devoted to an explanation of the *political* allegory running through the poem. In four Lectures I have no room for this, however interesting it might prove to be ; but, for the purposes of a general understanding of the *moral* allegory of the poem, which is my special theme in this course, they may best be conceived as representing the predominating vices of mediæval Italy, as explaining to Dante the anarchy and dissensions of his

time. Human power is baffled, supernatural aid alone can save him, and suddenly there appears before him the phantom-form of one "who when he spake through long silence husky seemed." It is Vergil, the great Poet of Imperial Rome, or Human Wisdom at its highest, sent by "a Noble Lady in Heaven"—the Virgin Mary is meant, but her name, like the name of Christ, must not be mentioned in Hell. She bade St. Lucia, Dante's patron saint, tell Beatrice, his glorified heart-mistress, to descend to Limbo and summon Vergil to save Dante from the wood, whence, unaided, he cannot escape, by leading him by "another way" through Hell and Purgatory to the very threshold of Paradise, whence Beatrice herself will lift him up to the edge of the highest heaven and of the intuition of God Himself. She tells her errand thus:—

"Oh Mantuan Spirit, thou of courteous mind,
Whose fame doth still in yonder world endure,
And while the world last still its place shall find,
My friend, not Fortune's, on the slope obscure
And desolate, is so entangled there,
That he through dread turns back from progress sure,
And much I fear lest he already bear
A doom that makes my succour all too late,
From that which I in Heaven of him did hear.
Now rouse thyself, and, with thy speech ornate,
And with what skill to free him thou may'st know,
Help him, nor leave me thus disconsolate.
I Beatrice am, who bid thee go;
I come from clime which to regain I yearn:
Love moved me, and from love my speech did flow.
When to my Lord's high presence I return,
By me thy praise shall oftentimes be shown."

Allegorically regarded, this gracious act means that Divine Mercy calls on Illuminating Grace to send Heavenly wisdom to bid Human wisdom lead Dante to the point where Heavenly wisdom can take him in

charge for the last and highest stage of his great journey. It also means that the awful warnings to be got from the sight of the doom of the lost were needed in Dante's case to turn him from his way of error. With these grand credentials added to the boundless veneration which Dante felt for Vergil, courage is forthcoming to enable him to undertake his pilgrimage, awful though it is, and late in the evening of Good Friday the two poets enter the dread portal of Hell.

You are probably all familiar with Milton's Hell, situated nowhere in particular, separated by "Chaos and old night" from earth, and in no distinct relation to it, cosmically speaking, though Milton imagines a bridge made from Hell to Earth, after the fall of man, as no devils but the Arch-fiend himself could well find their way to Earth from Hell through Chaos. Dante's Hell, unlike Milton's, is, I have said, inside Earth itself. We thus lose something, the sense of vastness and mystery; but we gain more than we lose, in preciseness and vividness. Picture to yourselves the Earth as a sphere with Jerusalem where it is and the Purgatorial Mount as its exact Antipodes, at the centre of the hemisphere of water, for the land in that hemisphere was as yet unknown. Draw a line through the Earth from Jerusalem, "the City of expiation and redemption, where sin was blotted out and the curse removed," to Purgatory, the path of fallen man to Heaven, and at the exact centre of the sphere is the apex or lowest point of Hell, where Lucifer himself is fixed. From the apex upwards, on the side on which Jerusalem lies, picture an inverted cone or funnel, spreading in ever-widening circles till the top of Hell is reached, under the surface of the Earth. The circle of the topmost Hell has, of course, for its centre the line connecting Jerusalem with Purgatory, and for its

diameter an uncertain number of miles, not very great to judge from indications of the size of some of the lower circles which the poem supplies. How the journey is made from the foot of the hill to the entrance to Hell we are not told. Somewhere the poets had to descend from the surface of the earth, somewhere between the Ganges and Cadiz, which Dante makes the bounds, eastwards and westwards, of the hemisphere of which Jerusalem is the centre.

It is, perhaps, natural that there should be vagueness as to the starting-point of the descent, but Dante is marvellously precise from thence onwards in his convincing details, reminding us of Defoe more than of any other writer. We can easily draw an accurate diagram of Dante's Hell, for the vague, so fascinating to many of us, had no charm for his mind or for his age. As we descend with him we shall see, again and again, how true this is.

"Milton's effort in all that he tells us of his *Inferno* is to make it indefinite; Dante's to make it definite. Within the gates all is wild and fenceless with Milton, but Dante's *Inferno* is accurately separated into circles drawn with well-pointed compasses; mapped and properly surveyed in every direction, trenched in a thoroughly good style of engineering from depth to depth, and divided in the 'dritto mezzo' (accurate middle) of its deepest abyss into a concentric series of moats and embankments, like those about a castle. Now whether this be in what we moderns call 'good taste' or not, I do not mean just now to inquire—Dante having nothing to do with taste but with *the facts which he had seen*; only so far as the imaginative faculty of the two poets is concerned, note that Milton's vagueness is *not* the sign of imagination, but of its absence, so far as it is significative in this matter . . . Imagination is always the seeing and asserting faculty; that which obscures or conceals may be judgment or feeling, but *not* invention. The invention, whether good or bad, is in the accurate engineering, not in the fog or uncertainty."—Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, iii, pt. iv, chap. xiv.

Many who have not read the poem have heard of the inscription over the portal of Dante's Hell. In the original Italian it has a solemn note running through it which cannot be reproduced fully in a translation. "Per me si va nella città dolente; Per me si va nell' eterno dolore; Per me si va tra la perduta gente" and so on. It is, as it were, the tolling of a mighty minster-bell or the bourdon or drone-stop of a cathedral organ; it is plangent, solemn, terrible. "Through me men pass to the city of great woe; Through me men pass to endless misery; Through me men pass to where the lost ones go"; and again "Before me nothing was of things that be, Save the eterne, and I eterne endure: Ye that pass in, all hope abandon ye!" Vergil laid his hand on Dante's, bade him forgo all cowardice and fix his attention on those who have lost "Il ben dell' Intelletto," the possibility of beholding God. And here I will apply to the "Inferno" the number scheme mentioned in my Introduction of this evening—3, 7, 9, 10. The main divisions of the true Hell are three. They are: (1) *The Hell of the Incontinent*, that is of the lost souls that fell through lack of self-restraint, which turned them away from the things of God and from repentance; (2) *The Hell of the Heresiarchs*, those who, by deliberately adopting wrong views as to God and immortality, led others astray and went astray themselves, thus qualifying themselves and those who followed them for the (3) Lower Hell, the *Hell of the Deliberately Wicked*. This nether Hell contains the Violent and the Fraudulent, in Dante's sense of these words. The Hell of the Incontinent is subdivided into four circles, whose occupants we shall find as we descend, the Nether Hell into three circles, and these we must also visit. These are the seven sub-divisions. The two added members of the 9 are (1), the Hell of the

Heresiarchs, on a different basis from the other seven, as not representing sinners in deed, but only in thought, and (2) the Limbo, or Hell of the unbaptized and the heathen. The tenth member is the circle of the Trimmers or Cowards, or Ante-Hell, the first circle inside the Entrance Gate. So soon as Dante, with Vergil, has entered through the gateway he is among this class, the neutral crowd of those "who lived without infamy and without praise," mixed with the worthless crew of Angels who neither rebelled against God nor were faithful to God, but were, in Dante's language, "for themselves," and watched the outcome of the great celestial struggle which resulted in the fall of Lucifer, with intent to join themselves to the Victor, whoever He might be. Justice will not condemn these to actual torment, they are not bad enough for that. Mercy will not spare them for Purgatory and Heaven. They are too meanly contemptible; they are "displeasing to God and to God's enemies." Throughout eternity they will be busy about nothing, as in life they were not busy about anything; they will run round and round a whirling ensign, insect-stung and weeping. Among these was he "who, through poorness of spirit, made the great refusal." Of him you may have heard speak. We are usually told that he was a certain worthy old man who was elected Pope and resigned his office through excess of self-depreciation. There is evidence to support this, but another and a more striking claim to this sad post may be made for the young man in St. Matthew's Gospel, who went away sorrowful from the presence of Jesus, after asking the way to Eternal life, "for he had great possessions."

"Talk not of them; one glance, and then pass on," is the scornful advice of Vergil to Dante when he inquires about them. Let us follow it here.

As a result of Dante's theory of the Roman Empire and the Church, referred to in his work on Monarchy, by which theory he makes both equally of Divine origin and independent each of the other, he constantly reminds us, in his strange indirect way, of his doctrine under this head, and matches Christian with classical personages throughout his poem. And so now, in the Hell of the Church's teaching, we encounter Charon, the classical ferryman of Hades, conveying the condemned across the Joyless River—Acheron—on the way to their several dooms. Charon would reject Dante. He is alive; he has weight, as the settling of the boat shows; he, also, is not condemned and may be saved. The grim ferryman is rebuked and bidden to obey the Will of Heaven. "So is it willed, where Will and Power are one," says Vergil to him. Dante and Vergil accordingly traverse the River along with a crowd of Shades, who hasten like falling leaves in autumn to their doom, for man is so constituted that he cannot help recognising what is just. "Eager they are to pass across the tide; For God's stern justice so doth urge them on, That fear becomes transformed into desire." We shall find this same deep doctrine emphasised in the Paradiso, under altered conditions, among the Blessed. While Dante is crossing the river there comes an earthquake, with a rushing wind and a burst of ruddy light, and he falls senseless as one whom sleep doth seize. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." Here it is, then, that Dante's Spirit-birth, which Beatrice was sent down to Vergil to secure, is initiated. When Dante awoke he was on the verge of the first dismal descent of Hell, and down into the

blind world he passed behind his guide. They enter a region of twilight and of sighs—Limbo Patrum, Limbo Infantium. There are no torments yet, only the dolorous yearning for the unattainable Heaven. It is Vergil's own eternal abode. This Limbo is the only part of the "Inferno" which contains no direct moral teaching for us. It is essentially mediæval. It has been swept away into the rubbish heap of meaningless excrescences upon Christianity. It is, of course, of curious but not of profitable interest. It is the eternal home of the great poets and the great philosophers of antiquity as well as of the unbaptized of the Christian Era. In one part of it is a Castle with ample grounds around it and a light of a kind about it where dwell these great ones. Homer is there, so is Saladin, Socrates also, and Plato. Aristotle, above all, "Il gran Maestro di color que sanno," to whom all the other philosophers do reverence. They are a courteous and dignified group, but, alas, they are on the inner, the wrong, side of the joyless river, for, being before Christianity, "in the right manner they adored not God," as did some of the ancients, even outside the chosen race. Dante asks Vergil whether any by his own merits, or another's, ever passed from Limbo and was blest. The answer is given: "I was but a new-come guest, When here I saw a Mighty One descend" (the name, you remember, must not be mentioned in this place). "And on His brow the conqueror's crown did rest; He bade our first sire's spirit with Him wend, Abel, his son, and Noah, too, did bring, Moses, law-giver, loyal to the end, Abraham, the Patriarch, David, too, the King"; and others, some of whom are named. "And thou must know," says Vergil, "that earlier than these Never were any human spirits saved."

And now we pass on to what is Hell indeed, and drop

into the Second Circle—of the unrestrained in Love. It is guarded at the entrance by Minos, the mythical King of Crete, now the Judge of Hell. He is a monster who snarls horribly, and has a long tail with which he enwraps himself as many times as make the number of the Circle to which each sinner brought before him is condemned. He, like Charon, would have stayed Dante's steps, but is checked as Charon was. The spirits in this Circle are swept around in the dusk air and buffeted by hurricanes of wind, wailing the while and shrieking. The darkness represents the blinding of reason by passion, and the hurricane the tempest of their uncontrolled desires. These are they who subjugate reason to appetite. Great ones of the past are identified, but the Circle is immortalised, for us, by a pair who, known to Dante and recognised by him, would be unknown to us without Dante—Paolo Malatesta and Francesca da Rimini. Thousands who have never studied the "Commedia" are acquainted with this episode (and of one other near the end of the "Inferno," that of Hugolino of Pisa). I have seen a man weep as he recited it. Its beauty is above words. It is one of the priceless pearls of literature. For this very reason I do not dwell on it now. Read it for yourselves, in its place, read it again by itself, and if you have hearts and imaginations you will not think that I exaggerate. There is a good deal of evidence to suggest that Dante had personal reasons for sympathy with this unhappy pair. Certainly this is one of the very few places in Hell where he shows pity—pity so deep that he swoons away and falls "even as a dead body falls." He recovers consciousness to find himself in a new Circle, lower down, the third, where are the unrestrained in pleasures of the table, the Gluttons. Cerberus, the

three-throated monster, guards this Circle, which is rained upon by "huge hail and water sombre-hued, and snow." The unhappy spirits lie there prone, howling and barking. They have disgraced their humanity by their gluttony, and are become as dogs in consequence. Being prone, their sense of taste is punished by the mud in which they lie, their sense of smell by the stench of the noisome earth, their sight by the darkness, their sense of hearing by the barking of Cerberus, and their sense of touch by the violence of the hail. One spirit, recognised by Dante, lifts itself for a while and speaks to him, then drops back until the day of final judgment, when they will resume their bodies in which they dwelt on earth, and feel the pains of Hell more acutely in consequence.

Dante's descents, from Circle to Circle, must not be pictured as being one beneath another. He does not go right round any Circle, but probably makes but one complete circuit in the whole descent, bearing ever to the left—for the left is the bad side—with two exceptions, to be mentioned later. Remember that Dante spends but four and twenty hours in Hell, that the Upper Circles are large, and that he has something to observe in all the Circles. Remember also that he is not there for punishment but for warning, and the time is mercifully limited to what is sufficient for that end.

The Fourth Circle, of the unrestrained in the use of wealth, is reached. It is guarded by Plutus, God of Money. He, like the monsters of the Upper Circles, is alarmed and enraged at Dante's visit. They know that he is descending that he may rise, that he is learning the lesson which will save him, and that Hell will have one victim the less in consequence. The sinners here are divided into two groups, the Avaricious or Misers and

the Squanderers or Spendthrifts. Each crowd passes half-way round the Circle, rolling huge boulders (their amassed wealth) with the chest, till they meet and jostle each other, and then return and meet again in the opposite direction, the one crowd howling "Why holdest thou?" the other "Why throwest thou away?" Many "clerks" are there, as their tonsures show, whose sin was avarice, a specially clerical vice in Dante's day. Nowadays the vice may be present among them in intention, but where are the materials for the boulders? In the last day, we are told, they will be restored to their bodies, the misers with closed fists, the spendthrifts hairless, for they have spent everything, even to the hair of their heads, as the Italian proverb went. "All of them were *asquint in intellect* in life." They would not see straight so as to realise the right use of wealth. The object of these sinners in their abuse of wealth was to become conspicuous above their fellows. Their fate in Hell is to be unrecognised. Not one of them is mentioned by name.

We descend to the Fifth Circle—the Circle of the Wrathful and the Sullen—by a path alongside a stream pouring down through a cleft in the rock, making at the foot of the cleft a marsh, called Styx—the water of wrath. This is the second river of Hell. Here are muddy spirits, the Wrathful; smiting each other with hands, head, chest and feet, and tearing each other with their teeth. Others are beneath the water, and their sobs are disclosed through its bubbling. These are the Sullen. "Fixed in the slime," they say, "Sullen were we in the sweet air, that is gladdened by the sun, carrying lazy smoke within our hearts; now lie we sullen here in the black mire." Admire the boldness of Dante, who could make Melancholy—the non-enjoyment

of life—a credential for Hell! Yet, perhaps, he was right. "Christian Science" may have something to say to this. At least it has shown some how depressed spirits may be raised by exercise of Will. Passing along the margin of the marsh the poets come at last to the base of a lofty tower, from whose summit they have observed two flame-signals made and answered from across the marsh by another at a great distance. The signal brings from the other side Phlegyas, the lower counter-part of Charon, who acts as ferryman to Nether Hell. Phlegyas is enraged for the same reason as the monsters of the Upper Circles, but a higher Power constrains him, and Vergil and Dante are safely borne across the marsh, not, however, without some danger from a wrathful spirit that emerges from the mud, and is recognised by Dante as a contemporary of his at Florence—Filippo Argenti, of the Adimari family. He stretches forth his hands to the boat, evidently with intent to overturn it, but is thrust off by Vergil. Dante was a terrible hater, and he shows it here especially, and again in the lowest Circle of Hell. To gratify his request the wretch is set upon and rent by other occupants of the marsh, "that even now I praise and thank God for it." What a flash of light this episode throws upon the inner life of Florence at the end of the thirteenth century, upon the passions that had play there, upon the unbridled arrogance and insolence that prevailed among its citizens! Mediæval Italians neither loved nor hated "by halves." Phlegyas brings the poets to the Portal of the City of Dis—the commencement of the Sixth Circle, of the Heresiarchs. Above the Gates were more than a thousand fallen Angels, angrily denying entrance to one "who without death goes through the kingdom of the dead." They close

the gates as they once closed the outer Gate of Hell against Christ when He descended into Hell. That gate, however, is now always unbarred. Vergil advances and parleys with the fallen Angels, but is rebuffed. His mandate had been sufficient to overcome the opposition of Charon, Plutus and Phlegyas, but here he fails. And why? Because Human Wisdom or Reason alone, and this is what Vergil stands for, is not sufficient to overcome heresy. The power of God must be added. Vergil pauses troubled and disconcerted, when from the high tower by the gate there rise up the Three Furies, threatening, and calling on the Gorgon to come, "that we may change him (Dante) into stone." Vergil bids Dante turn his back to them and close his eyes, nay, puts his own hands over them, for if he should see the Gorgon "there would be no returning up again" for him. "O ye who have sane intellects," says Dante here, "mark the doctrine which conceals itself beneath the veil of the strange verses!" We will obey him, and will interpret thus with Wicksteed: "A bad conscience (the Furies) and stern obduracy which turns the heart to stone (the Gorgon) are impediments that obstruct the path of every sinner intent on salvation"; or better, with Plumptre: "In entering the City of Dis, the special home of the infidel and the heretic, the pilgrim is brought into contact with the mystery of evil and its punishment, in its profoundest depths. The Three Furies, types of the remorse of conscience, strike terror into the Soul; he quails before them. There remains a more terrible experience, the despair and unbelief that petrify the Soul and make it callous. The higher human wisdom represented by Vergil protects Dante from that danger by hindering him from looking into the perilous depth of doubt. There is a point at which the contem-

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plation of evil becomes fatal to the Soul's life. Victory in that struggle can be obtained only by the help of the grace which comes from above." That grace is typified by one who now comes in aid—The Messenger from Heaven.

I have always wondered that the scene which follows has not inspired a great painter to give us one of the world's noblest pictures. It is magnificently graphic, worthy of the imagination of Watts and of the brush of Tintoretto. Here is Cary's rendering :—

"And now there came o'er the perturbed waves
Loud crashing, terrible, a sound that made
Either shore tremble, as if of a wind
Impetuous, from conflicting vapours sprung,
That 'gainst some forest, driving all his might,
Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and hurls
Afar ; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps
His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.

Mine eyes he loosed, and spake : 'And now direct
Thy visual nerve along that ancient foun,
There, thickest where the smoke ascends.' As frogs,
Before their foe the serpent, through the wave
Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one
Lies on a heap ; more than a thousand spirits
Destroy'd so saw I fleeing before one
Who pass'd with unwet feet the Stygian Sound.
He, from his face removing the gross air,
Oft his left hand forth stretch'd, and seemed alone
By that annoyance wearied. I perceived
That he was sent from heaven ; and to my guide
Turn'd me, who signal made, that I should stand
Quiet, and bend to him. Ah me ! how full
Of noble anger seem'd he. To the gate
He came, and with his wand touch'd it, whereto
Open without impediment it flew.

'Oustrasts of heaven ! O abject race, and scorn'd !'
Began he, on the horrid grunsel standing,
'Whence doth this wild excess of insolence
Lodge in you ? wherefore kick you 'gainst that will

Ne'er frustrate of its end, and which so oft
Hath laid on you enforcement of your pangs ?
What profits, at the fates to butt the horn ?
Your Cerberus, if ye remember, hence
Bears still, peel'd of their hair, his throat and maw.'

This said, he turned back o'er the filthy way,
And syllable to us spake none ; but wore
The semblance of a man by other care
Beset, and keenly prest, than thought of him
Who in his presence stands. Then we our steps
Toward that territory moved, secure
After the hallow'd words."

The poets now enter the City without opposition and find a wide plain, covered with burning sepulchres, with covers all raised up, the Spirits moaning within. These sepulchres contain the Arch-heretics, and the covers will not be lowered till they return with their bodies from the Last Judgment. At this point, for the first time of the twice already mentioned, the poets turn to the *right*. Anyone who has studied Dante and the symbolism in which his pregnant mind delighted must be convinced that there is some hidden meaning here ; but, in this case, it is hard to find. Perhaps it is that the first steps on the road to misbelief are not essentially sinful, their motive being usually the natural desire of knowledge. Other less plausible explanations have been given, and one dreadful person has suggested that the turn to the right results simply from the fact that the two poets had to go unusually far to the left to get to the Portal of Dis, and, therefore, had to retrace their steps. Dante, as he passes on, encounters the tomb of Farinata degli Uberti, father-in-law of his closest friend, Guido Cavalcanti, who predicts his exile and tells him that the Spirits in Hell know nothing of what is passing on earth, but only know of things distant, past, and future. At length the poets cross to the middle of the City, to

where the pit yawns beneath them, enclosing all the Nether Hell, whose stench was such that they had to halt awhile to get accustomed to endure it. During this delay Vergil takes occasion to expound to Dante what kinds of sinners are punished in the three circles which remain to be visited, and why the sinners whom they have seen are outside the City of Dis; and so they go on to the brink of the Seventh Circle.

I am now about halfway through this Lecture, and I have not got further into the poem than the end of the eleventh Canto, out of thirty-four. This is not the result of a careless mapping out of my subject. It is the outcome of a deliberate purpose. The Nether Hell and its vestibule, the Sixth Circle, occupy the whole of the "Inferno" after the middle of the eighth Canto. Cantos 12-17, inclusive, deal with the Circle of the Violent; Cantos 18-30, inclusive, with the Circle of the Fraudulent; and Canto 31 to the end, with the Circle of the Traitors and the Arch-Fiend himself. Therefore, just half of the "Inferno" is devoted to the two lowest Circles and about two-thirds to the three lowest—Nether Hell. I am, however, especially anxious to impress on you the *moral* side of the teaching of the poem, and the whole thirteen Cantos that deal with the Eighth Circle contain no more teaching than the single Cantos that show us the fate of the different classes of unrestrained carnal sinners. Moreover, you will be grateful to me if I spare you the details of the Eighth Circle as much as possible; they are always horrible, as they are meant to be; often loathsome, as they are meant to be; but every one of the ten ditches in that Circle serves only to exemplify the same lesson and its warning—that, next to treachery, fraud, *i.e.*, the abuse of *intellectual* gifts to the damage of one's neighbour, is most offensive to God.

The Treachery of the Ninth Circle is nothing different in *kind* from the Fraud of the eighth. It is a matter of *degree*. The fraudulent, in Dante, are those who practise their evil arts upon their fellow creatures generally ; on those who have no special reason to look for straight dealing from them. The traitors are they who deceive or betray those who have particular cause to expect that they will stand by them.

Remember that in Nether Hell all the *deliberately* wicked are placed ; that they are within and below the City of Dis, the Circle of Heretics ; because Dante taught that no man who holds right views about religion can become deliberately wicked. Another set of sinners, therefore, besides the Fraudulent and the Traitors, are to be found there—the Violent. Some of these much resemble at first some of the sinners of the upper Circles, but the difference lies in their *choice* of evil courses as distinguished from a mere weak yielding to impulses from without or from within.

The Circle of the Violent is subdivided into three rings, the order of descent being from violence against one's neighbour to violence against one's self and one's good ; and again to violence against Nature and against God.

From the inner rim of the City of Dis Dante and Vergil descend to the Circle of the Violent by a difficult path, a steep slope of shattered boulders. On the top of the slope lies the Minotaur, symbol of bestial violence. Vergil deals successfully with this monster, and the descent is painfully accomplished. These shattered boulders are the first evidence of the great earthquake of the Crucifixion, and no other evidence of it appears in Hell save in the sixth ditch of the Eighth Circle, of the Fraudulent—the ditch of the Hypocrites. The Com-

mentators all, of course, note this fact, but I have not been able to find in any of them, save one, an explanation of this localisation of the outward evidences of the Earthquake. It is this: The dislodged boulders of the descent to the Circle of the Violent are meant to emphasise the violence of those who cried out, "Crucify Him, Crucify Him!" "Not this man, but Barabbas!" They were Violent in every sense—Violent against "this Man," their neighbour, in whom Pilate could "find no fault," to whom they preferred a common highwayman as their amnesty-prize; violent against God and Nature—against God, obviously, against Nature, as her indignant Earthquake showed; and Violent, in the deepest sense, against themselves. Did they not shout "His blood be on us and on our children"? Did not the women who followed wailing to Calvary hear "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children"?

In the other place—the ditch of the Hypocrites—all the bridges are broken. Why there? Because it was the hypocrisy of Caiaphas that persuaded the Jews "that it was expedient that one man should die for the people," cloaking his real motive, hatred of Christ, under a specious pretext—telling a great truth which he thought was a lie. The Crucifixion earthquake shook all Hell, but its ruin was made in the dwelling-places of sinners such as those who committed the great crime of crimes.

At the foot of the rough slope Dante sees the river of blood, or Phlegethon, the red river of Hell, running round the Circle, in which are immersed or wading, according as it is deeper or shallower, all doomed sinners who have been violent against their neighbours. Round the stream on the bank move the Centaurs, shooting

their arrows at such sinners as emerge too far. Bloodshed has been nothing to these in life. By blood they are surrounded after death. The poets ford the stream where it is shallowest and enter, on its inner side, a dense wood, where the Self-destroyers dwell, being themselves the trees, stunted, with withered leaves, producing poison instead of fruit. On the trees sit the Harpies, devouring them. Dante breaks off a branch from a tree and thus learns the fate of the Suicides, for a cry comes forth, "Why dost thou rend me, hast thou no breath of pity?" It is, or was, Pier delle Vigne, "who held both keys" of the heart of the Emperor Frederick II., the key of punishment and the key of mercy, as Chancellor. The spirits of the sinners who did violence upon their goods are chased and hunted through the wood by black hounds, who rend and mangle them, even as they had squandered, spent and destroyed their substance in life.

The innermost ring of this Circle holds the violent against God, Nature and Art. They are on a burning plain and are subjected to "a slow rain of dilated flakes of fire." Here are the blasphemers, the sinners after the Cities of the Plain and the Usurers. Here is Brunetto Latini, Dante's great teacher. As Mr. E. Gardner says, "There are few things in literature more poignant than Dante's cry of recognition, 'Art thou here, Ser Brunetto?'" Nor is there, perhaps, anything that gives us a more terrible conception of Dante's claim to be the "preacher of justice," than the fearful doom he has inflicted upon "the dear, kind paternal image of the man who had taught him how to make himself eternal." On the innermost rim of this Circle, overhanging the fall to the Eighth, for their violence is akin to fraud, crouch the Usurers, who have done violence to

Nature and Art. Many of them are members of great Florentine families—they sit weeping and brushing the flames aside with their hands. Why are *they* here? Should we place them here, even if they were so-called "money-lenders," if we had never borrowed from them and never had to repay? Vergil, Human Wisdom, has already explained their position to Dante. I will quote the passage, as being curious, and on that ground only. Says Vergil, "Whoso to Wisdom high attends, Learns evermore, not here or there alone, How *Nature* takes its methods and its ends From God, whose mind in skill and art is shown; And if thou hast thy Physics well in mind, Thou'lt find, ere many pages thou hast known, Thy *Art*, as far as may be, close behind Follows, as scholars near their teacher tread; So in thy Art we may God's grandchild find. By these two powers, if thou hast rightly read The opening lore of Genesis, 'tis meet The nations should in life's true course be led; And since elsewhere the usurer turns his feet, Nature herself, and in her follower too, He scorns, since elsewhere he his hope doth seat." We are told that Calvin was the first theologian of note who defended the taking of interest. Let not the holder of Consols, with his modest two and a half per cent., hug himself here. Dante would not excuse him on that account. For *him* all fruit of capital that comes to those who sit still and take it is plunder.

In passing towards the Usurers Dante has to turn to the *right* for the second and last time in the "Inferno." The explanation of this exceptional direction in this latter case is that the poets are advancing towards Geryon, the monster who is to take them down to the Eighth Circle, far beneath their feet. Geryon is the embodiment of Fraud, the sin of the damned in the two

lowest Circles, and it is necessary to confront Fraud with directness, loyalty, and sincerity—"to turn to the right and go straight forward." Geryon has been brought up from below by a strange signal. Dante tells us that he had on him the waist-cord of the Franciscan order, with which he had once girt himself when of old he had thought to take the leopard with dappled skin. We remember the beast in the wood; he had hoped by asceticism to conquer luxury, in the mediæval meaning. Vergil takes the cord and flings it in a coil into the pit of Hell and it brings up Geryon. Why? Because the monster would think, "Here is a Franciscan, on his way to my Circle of Hypocrites, where other friars are. He has reached the Seventh Circle. He is waiting now for me!" Geryon has the face of an honest man, the body of a serpent, and a tail with a forked and envenomed sting. He is the serpent of Eden, according to mediæval art, plausible at first in appearance and in speech, then showing the serpent in his real nature, and finally stabbing his victim. Notice here, that while the descent from Circle to Circle in Upper Hell is hardly noticeable, it is different lower down. From the City of Dis to the Seventh Circle there is a long and rugged slope; from the Seventh Circle to the eighth there is a sheer deep wall, and the poets have to descend on the monster's back; from the Eighth Circle to the ninth there is another sheer drop, which also has to be made otherwise than afoot. The meaning is clear. Sins of unrestraint are akin, from one to another the descent is easy. Deliberate wickedness requires either an effort to achieve it or a deep plunge, man being naturally inclined to the good and only by stifling conscience and its calls induced to embark on the grosser kinds of wickedness.

And now we have reached the Eighth Circle—of the

Fraudulent Sinners who are next worst to the Traitors—the Circle in which Dante keeps us so long. He calls it Malebolge : Evil Ditches. It slopes all round downwards and is divided into ten ditches. Fraud is crafty and secret ; the fraudulent are therefore hidden in deep clefts, and the more crafty the deceit the deeper the cleft, dropping from first to tenth, towards the last descent. Around each ditch there runs a mole or embankment, and bridges of stone at intervals make causeways, by which to pass across the ditches. The shape of Malebolge is that of a basin, with a central hollow, and the embankments, of course, drop in level, from first to last, so that the bridges and embankments are always higher in each upper ditch than in the lower ditches, on the side nearest to the outer wall. I do not intend, as I have said, to keep you long in Malebolge, and I have given you my reasons. The different ditches contain, to quote Vergil's inventory, " the hypocrites, the flatterers, He who takes men's souls with spells, the thief, the simonist, Sin's filthiest brood, corrupters, pimps and rakes," each kind punished by a ghastly system of appropriate fitting of the punishment to the crime. Had I time I would halt awhile at the Fifth Ditch, where are punished the " Barrators " or jobbers of public offices. It is here that Dante is hardest pressed in Hell. The devil tormentors, whose grotesque and awful pranks are so powerfully described, nearly get hold of him, but not quite ; significant this of the charges of jobbery flung at Dante and at all office holders in Florence at his time ; eloquent also of his conscious innocence, for he passes on. If you read the poem remember the mediæval tendency to the grotesque in art when you reach the scenes of this portion. Ponder also what Ruskin says of the grotesque :—

"I believe that there is no test of greatness in periods, nations, or men, more sure than the development, among them, or in them, of a noble grotesque ; and no test of comparative smallness or limitation, of one kind or another, more sure than the absence of grotesque invention or incapability of understanding it. I think that the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties, all at their highest, is Dante ; and in him the grotesque reaches at once the most distinct and the most noble development to which it was ever brought in the human mind. . . . Of the grotesqueness in our own Shakespeare I hardly need speak, nor of its intolerableness to his French critics ; nor of that of Aeschylus and Homer, as opposed to the lower Greek writers ; and so I believe it will be found, at all periods, in all minds of the first order."—*Stones of Venice*, iii. 158.

The grotesque in Goethe's *Faust*, both parts, is so prominent that it is not necessary to point it out, and so we have it in all four of our special poetic giants of my Introductory Lecture.

Remember also the *ugliness* of sin, and specially of fraud. The devils of Dante are fallen angels and in this Fifth Ditch they appear in force. "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels." In Hell condemned man is lower than the fallen angels. They taunt and torture him ; they are his tyrants and he is their victim. The Sixth Ditch—of the Hypocrites—is, to me, the most arresting. It is the only place, besides the descent to the Seventh Circle, where the ravages of the Crucifixion earthquake are in evidence. I have already given my explanation of this. Weary and weeping, these sinners tramp their round, weighed down with monks' hoods, gilded externally but fashioned of lead. At one point in each circuit of their external course they march over a recumbent naked figure, with arms outstretched, impaled upon the ground with three stakes, reminding us of the three nails of the Cross. It is

Caiaphas, the arch-hypocrite, whose sin we all know. Annas, his father-in-law, and all the Sanhedrim of his time are near him. He has to feel through all eternity the weight of all the hypocrisy that has not been repented. Vergil starts at sight of Caiaphas. Is it because he realises here a deeper meaning than he had when in his *Aeneid* he prophesied, "Unum pro multis debitur caput"? (*Aeneid* v. 815), or merely that Caiaphas was not there when Vergil made his previous one descent to the base of Hell, mentioned by him in an earlier Canto, before the date of the Nativity? Dante's matchless power of conception and narration is shown everywhere throughout this awful region of Malebolge, and nowhere more than in the Seventh Ditch—the Ditch of Thieves. There is a wonderful passage, wonderfully horrible and fearfully grotesque, in which he gives a detailed description of the interchange of persons between two thieves; the man and serpent transformation of those who have sinned in confusing "meum and tuum." But we feel that he is working here just to show his power, and try to forget the scene even when we dwell on more sombre sights.

Many a time, in reading the "*Inferno*," we realise how rigorously just is Dante. In the Eighth Ditch—of Evil Councillors—we find Ulysses, the splendid war-mate of Diomedes in the *Iliad*, expiating with him his fraudulent acts on earth, in close neighbourhood to the meanest thieves. There is no concession to the glamour that surrounds the heroes of antiquity. He tells the poets of his last voyage out into the ocean, till he came within sight of the Isle of Purgatory, in the centre of the hemisphere of water, and was drowned by a tempest that came upon him from its shores. Tennyson's Ulysses owes much to his narration here.

In the Tenth Ditch, close to the last great descent, Sinon, the crafty Greek, is found, among many other Workers of Lies. He it was who with a plausible tale persuaded the Trojans to admit within their walls the Wooden Horse, wherein were ambushed the armed Greeks who opened the gates of the city from within. I mention him because of his being a pale anticipation of Judas Iscariot, for Dante. Troy was destined to produce the founder of the Roman Empire, the nursery of Christ's church. The Sack of Troy involved the flight of Aeneas, the father of the Roman race. It had to be, this tragedy, "but woe unto that man" by whom the plan of Heaven was unrighteously accomplished. Sinon is engaged, as the poets pass along, in an unseemly wrangle with another sinner. Dante stops to listen and becomes absorbed in their dispute. Vergil's ire is roused against Dante for this. Shame overcomes the younger poet—heavy shame. He is comforted by his Guide, who, moved by his contrition, bids him disburden himself of all sadness. "Make account," says Vergil, "that I am aye beside thee, If e'er it come to pass that fortune bring thee Where there are people in a like dispute; For a base wish it is to wish to hear it." Frequent contact with villainy and sordid crime gradually renders us callous and even curious about it. Dante had overcome his early grief and shrinking, and was at length *familiar* with vice. The check was needed here. Lower down nothing but horror and awe could be experienced.

One more sheer descent and the poets are in the nethermost Hell of all. To effect this the aid of a different kind of monster is required—the Giant Antaeus. This final Pit is girt around with the "sons of earth," or Titans who made open war against Heaven, chained

and bound—Antaeus, as less defiant, being more free than some of them above the waist, and therefore able to use his arms. The giants stand on the floor of the pit, and with half of their bodies tower above its upper rim. The passage from the last ditch of Malebolge to the place of descent was through a murky fog, for “the air was darkened by the smoke of the pit.” The Ninth Circle is subdivided into four concentric rings, sloping downwards, with no sharp interspaces, to where Satan himself is fixed for ever. The whole floor of this Circle is formed by the river, or rather marsh, Cocytus, the river of Wailing, into which the waters of Acheron, Styx and Phlegethon, which we have already encountered, pour down in stream or in cascade, according to the steepness of the descent. Acheron, Styx and Phlegethon all have their sources in the tears of humanity in all ages, except the Golden Age—but what tears? Not tears of repentance or remorse—they, one would think, would flow from the Mount of Purgatory, if from anywhere—rather tears of suffering, outraged, tortured humanity, which flow down from the poor victims to increase the horror that surrounds the tyrants, homicides and traitors. These three rivers of weepings are of water till they reach the Traitors’ Pit, where they congeal into the frozen marsh, Cocytus—dead cold for ever. The awful frost of the lowest Hell is startling to us who rather associate the idea of fire with such a place. Dante puts there the sinners whose *hearts* are dead—stony, icy cold—in a surrounding of like nature. The first ring is named *Caïna*, after Cain, and contains the Traitors against Kindred; the second holds the Traitors against Country, and is named *Antenora*, after the Trojan Antenor, a good man in Homer, but a traitor to Troy in later legend; in the third are the Traitors against Messmates and Friends.

This ring is called Prolomaea, after Prolomaeus, son of Abubus, who invited Simon the Maccabee and his two sons, Mattathias and Judas, to a banquet, and killed them all "in their cups." "In which doing," says the author of the First Book of Maccabees, "he committed a great treachery and recompensed evil for good." The fourth and lowest ring is the Judecca, named after Judas Iscariot, and is the place of Traitors against their Lords and Benefactors. Then, where, in the case of all the upper Circles, the pit yawns, in this Circle Lucifer himself is fixed, at the Earth's very centre.

The sinners in the Ninth Circle are all imbedded in the ice of Cocytus, in all attitudes, prone, supine, upright, and in the upper rings they have their heads free, but frozen. They weep, but their frost-clamped eyelids cannot let their tears pass.

Dante finds many of his Florentine acquaintance in these upper rings, both Guelfs—or partisans of the Popes, and Ghibellines—or supporters of the Empire. In the second ring he meets the spirit of a certain Bocca degli Abbati, and again, as in the case of Filippo Argenti, in Styx, his fierce hate breaks out. Bocca's head was above the ice. Dante coils his hair round his hand and would unscalp him when he refuses his name to him, but another wretch just then calls out, "What ails thee, Bocca ; is it not enough for thee to chatter with thy jaws, but thou must bark, too ? What Devil is upon thee ?" Dante has thus got what he wanted and lets go his hold. He has learnt well his harsh lesson which Vergil taught him in Malebolge, when he showed compassion for a Diviner. "*Qui vive la pietà quand è ben morta.*" A play upon the word *pietà*," which in Italian means either "pity" or "piety." "Pity towards such as these is impious." Observe that

Vergil does not condemn pity in the case of the sinners *above* the City of Dis, such as Francesca and Ciacco.

We come to the lower edge of Antenora against the upper rim of Ptolomaea, and here we find the two sinners, Count Ugolino of Pisa, in Antenora, gnawing the head of Archbishop Ruggieri of Pisa, in Ptolomaea. Ugolino had been a Traitor to his *country*, Pisa, Ruggieri to his *friend*, Ugolino. The episode is, along with the Francesca da Rimini episode, the best known in the whole "Inferno," horrible, as the other is not, and yet more pathetic inasmuch as children are involved. Again I ask you to read it in its place. It must not be hurried over if it is to be—I will not say enjoyed—but realised in all its masterly poetic force. Chaucer has told it well and vividly, though with inaccuracies, in his Monk's tale:—

" Of the Erl Hugelyn of Pyzè the languor
There may no tonge telle for pitee ;
But litel out of Pizè stant a tour,
In whichè tour in prison put was he,
And with him been his litel children three ;
The eldeste scarsly fyf yeer was of age.
Allas, Fortúne ! it was greet crueltee
Swich briddes for to putte in swiche a cage !"

Five more such stanzas give, in terms of exquisite pathos, the heart-breaking story of their doom, and Chaucer ends the episode thus : " Whoso wol here it in a lenger wise, Redeth the gretè poete of Ytaille That hightè Dant, for he can all devyse Fro point to point—not o word wol he faille." With this advice and with the panegyric that accompanies it I heartily agree, and urge you to take it home to yourselves. In Ptolomaea, as they pass on, Dante is not only savage again but even treacherous. Clearly he means to tell us that you cannot touch pitch without being defiled. He himself

deteriorates to the level of those around him for a space, through contact with them. A sinner begs him to remove the ice from his face that his tears may be set free to run and Dante promises to do so, if he will tell his name. The Friar Alberigo—for it is he—grants the request and tells Dante in grim language that it is “the privilege of Ptolomaea” to receive its inmates, that is, the Souls of Traitors to their friends and messmates, before their bodies die—another piece of evidence in support of my statement that repentance seems to be denied by Dante to such sinners as these. This doctrine must be based upon the words of the Fourth Gospel: “And after the sop, then entered Satan into Judas.” The Soul of Judas, when Satan took its place on earth, went down to Hell, to Ptolomaea, for Judas was a traitor to his friend and messmate, and, we must suppose, found its last place a little later, when the same traitor came to the Garden with the soldiers and officers. Alas! I grieve to say that Dante, after all, is perjured. “Reach hither thy hand; open my eyes,” says Alberigo. Dante tells us, “And I opened them not for him; and to be rude to him was courtesy.”

And now at last Dante’s dread pilgrimage, the descent which was to enable him to rise, was near its end. The sinners now, in Judecca, are all imbedded in the ice, “and shine through like straw in glass”; some are lying, some stand upright, this on its head and that upon its soles; another, like a bow, bends face to feet. Dante, in the murky gloom, perceives what seems to him at first like a windmill turning in the night; coming nearer he sees more clearly the outline of “the Creature who was once so fair,” Satan himself, in all the grotesque majesty of horror. The Emperor of the realm of Sorrow appeared from his breast upwards issuing from

the ice, huge, three-headed ; the central head fiery red ; the right-hand head of a yellowish-white hue ; and the left-hand head black. Two wings—bat-wings, not wings of an angel now—were fitted beneath each head, and as he fanned them to and fro the chill blasts from them kept Cocytus frozen. He weeps from all his eyes. A victim, too evil even to be permitted to be buried in the ice, is in each pair of jaws. In those on the right is Cassius, in those on the left is Brutus ; in the central pair is Iscariot. Brutus and Cassius are gnawed in their lower limbs, the head of Judas is in the central mouth. These are, for Dante, the three Arch-Traitors of the world. Brutus and Cassius, chief conspirators against Julius Caesar, the Master of the Empire which Dante considered to be the special creation of God, destined to be the nurse of His future Church ; Judas Iscariot, betrayer of the Lord of Light Himself. Satan, with his three visages, presents an infernal caricature of the Heavenly Trinity, a face for supreme rage or hate, red ; a face for supreme envy, yellow-white ; a face for supreme ignorance, black.

I wish that we could think that the tears of Satan were tears of remorse, of remorse for all those other tears, and for the shed blood, that flow down ever to Cocytus through the rivers of Hell, and for which he is responsible ; but if the complexions of the three faces of Satan mean anything, "the Emperor of the realm of Sorrow" is still as hardened as ever and his eyes weep tears of chagrin and baffled rage suitable to those faces. We must think of him as still defiant, as ever struggling to get free to do more mischief by thwarting the Will of God. In that struggle he fans his wings unceasingly, but by that very Act congeals the ice which binds him firm to greater hardness, just as, in Shakspeare's "Macbeth,"

"the Norwegian banners flout the sky and fan our people cold." We must not import any of our modern softness into our interpretations of a fourteenth century writer.

"Now must we depart," says Vergil abruptly, "for we have seen the whole." Dante is spared the pain of retracing his steps through Hell. He clings to Vergil as a babe to its mother—for man submits as a babe to the guidance of human wisdom when once he has realised fully what sin is and how sin is punished. Vergil grasps Satan's shaggy thigh, and "grapples on the hair, as one who mounts." They turn half-a-circle in passing down, and emerge face upwards on the other side of the dead centre of earth (signifying conversion from sin), and now Satan's feet are before them, pointing upwards. Through the rough and narrow cleft which remained behind the great archangel when he fell through the earth they climb and climb, while Vergil explains, "On this side 'twas that he from high Heaven fell, And all the land that here was prominent, Through fear of him beneath the ocean's swell Took refuge, and beneath our half-sphere went; And that which here is seen, perchance forsook Its place to flee, up-gathering its extent."

Dante had spent some four-and-twenty hours in hell—from Good Friday evening till six o'clock on Easter Eve. The ascent from the Centre of the Earth to the Antipodes of Jerusalem, where Purgatory stands, took another four-and-twenty hours, and he reached the surface again at six o'clock on Easter Morn—"On the first day in the week, very early in the morning." I am not guilty of a slip here with my *twenty-four hours* from the evening of Easter Eve till the morning of Easter Day. It took the sun twelve hours to get round from

Jerusalem to Purgatory. Six in the evening of Easter Eve at Jerusalem was six in the morning *of the same day* in Purgatory.

The climbing has ended. At length Dante can see, through a round opening, "the beauteous things which Heaven bears"; "and thence," says he, "we issued out, again to see the stars."

"To see the stars." Yes, but not yet is Dante to visit Heaven. For, like Faust, "Alas! still with earthly taint Is he encumbered, Not yet with the pure, a saint, May he be numbered. When spirit-force strong Hath the earthly attracted, And this with itself has Inwov'n and compacted, No Angels can part what Is two-fold, yet one, By love everlasting This alone may be done."

Thomas Carlyle has said of the "Commedia":—"A true inward symmetry, what one calls an architectural harmony, reigns in it, proportionates it all: architectural; which also partakes of the character of music. The three kingdoms, Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso, look out on one another like compartments of a great edifice; a great supernatural world-cathedral, piled up there, stern, solemn, awful; Dante's World of Souls!" In the spirit of this grand comparison a modern poet has written a series of sonnets, which I will quote in their fit places, ending here with the two first:—

" Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
 A labourer, pausing in the dust and heat,
 Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
 Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
 Kneel, to repeat his paternoster o'er;
 Far off the noises of the world retreat;
 The loud vociferations of the street
 Become an undistinguishable roar.
 So, as I enter *here* from day to day,
 And leave my burden at *this* minster gate,

Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

“ How strange the sculptures that adorn *these* towers !
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests ; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers !
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers !
Ah ! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediaeval miracle of song ! ”

THE "PURGATORIO"

LAST week, when we parted, we had just brought our two poets from the base of Hell through the rough dark passage which led them at length to where they re-emerged on the surface of the Earth, dead opposite to Jerusalem, and saw the stars again. The realm of Night—Despair—is left behind, the realm of Dawn—Hope—is reached. In Dante's time white was the colour of Faith, red of Love or Charity, and blue of Hope. Purgatory is the Kingdom of Hope, as Hell is that of Despair, and Dante finds the heavens, which were awaiting that Easter dawn, suffused with the sweet hue of the eastern sapphire.

Of Dante's "*Commedia*," the "Purgatory" is the section which usually appeals most to the beginner in Dante study, and the reasons are not difficult to find. It is true that, taken in the literal sense, as representing some of the experiences of souls after death, it obviously comes home more to those who are of the Roman obedience than to others; but on its moral side, with which I am chiefly concerned, and which, after all, is for most of us of immediate importance, it deals with the conscious struggle to live aright. The subject of the "*Inferno*" is, for the most part, the punishment of the unrepentant great sinners, largely the criminals in our

earthly sense. It appals, but does not come *home*, let us hope, to the consciousness of most of us. The "Paradise," on the other hand, displays to us Dante's vision of the final state of the Blessed; their *struggle* has been accomplished. They are where they would be for ever. Ethical teaching is there, as in the Hell, but not to the same extent as in the middle section of the Poem. Again, in the "Purgatory" Dante gives us more self-revelation than elsewhere in the "Commedia," and this autobiographical element imparts added interest to it; and, yet again, the atmosphere of this Cantica, in the first twenty-seven cantos, is a *human* atmosphere to a great extent, the conditions are those that surround our life on Earth, it speaks of birds and flowers, of cheering sunshine by day and soothing shade by night. We live in ourselves *here*, in the "Inferno" and in the "Paradise" we move outside ourselves in other worlds. Hell is below Earth, Paradise is above Earth, Purgatory is *on* Earth.

As we go on, of course, we grasp more clearly the interdependence of all three sections, and think of the Poem more as a whole, perfect or nearly perfect throughout; but I have ere now recommended beginners to read the "Purgatorio" first, and then the "Paradiso," and *then* the three parts in their natural order, and I am inclined to repeat that recommendation here, if your memories of my last lecture are of a deterrent kind.

When you have studied the "Commedia" closely you will find, among many other evidences of Dante's marvellous adjustment of his framework to his subject, this: That while in Hell the dominating note is the philosophy of the great heathens—Aristotle and Cicero—in the "Purgatory" it is the teaching of the Church on earth, and in the "Paradise" it is the intuition of the

doctors, fathers and saints, whom Dante makes members of the Church in Heaven. The Church of Christ is the guardian and mother of all who struggle upwards towards "Il Ben del Intelletto"; the offices of that Church are their constant prop and stay. Hence, throughout the "Purgatory," we meet with quotations from the Roman Missal, Breviary, and Pontifical, many which of course are familiar to Anglicans, through the Book of Common Prayer and otherwise, and some to other Christians. We also have frequent references to the Hours of the old Church—Matins, Midnight, Lauds, Prime, Tierce, Sext, None, Vespers, Compline. The Angels whom we encounter there utter the chief benedictions of the Sermon on the Mount, each in its fitting place, and in the earthly Paradise we have, to crown all, a revelation of the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant. Though those who are "of the Roman obedience" can enter most fully into the spirit of this Section, other Christians can, if they study the "Purgatory" broadly, with special reference to its *moral* teaching, find in the life of man struggling upwards, as there portrayed, another "Pilgrim's Progress," with no more inspiration or earnestness in it, perhaps, than the tinker of Elstow showed, but with the added touch of *culture* in the best sense of the word. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is, in fact, an earthly Purgatory, and only at the very beginning and at the very end are there hints of what Dante so fully developed in his Hell and in his Paradise.

The number scheme which I have explained at the beginning of my last Lecture works out thus in the case of the "Purgatory":—

There are seven terraces, linked by stairs, through which every penitent has to mount. These are grouped

in three classes, according to Dante's theory of Love—the three lowest terraces are allotted to those who are being cleansed from perverted love, the middle terrace to those who suffer from defective love, and the uppermost three to those whose failing is excessive love. More about this in its place. To these three main divisions, sub-divided into seven, are added two of a different kind, the divisions of Ante-Purgatory, below the gate of Purgatory proper; and yet one more, to make up ten, the Earthly Paradise, on the summit of the Mountain.

The reader of the "Commedia," on the first perusal, is apt to find in these careful numerical sub-divisions running through the three sections of the Poem nothing more than a curious mediaeval hobby, exercising itself and performing a Procrustean experiment of more or less painful stretching or lopping to make things fit to a pre-imagined framework. The wonder is that this is not so at all. I have read the "Commedia" right through many times, and I cannot find that Dante has omitted anything that could not be fitted in, or added anything for the sake of filling up his scheme. What he justified to himself before he wrote he justifies to us as we study. *All* classes of evil effects of sin are covered by the scheme of the "Inferno"—some that seem strangely grouped at first, showing on closer study the deeper bases of affinity that conjoin them. *All* states of mind that lead to sin are covered by the scheme of the "Purgatory." *All* degrees of intuition of Deity are set out in the framework of the "Paradise." Were this not so, I would ask you to dismiss this number-arrangement from your minds as curious rather than profitable. As it is, I do not ask you to accept it as having any inner value, but only to note that Dante has not sacrificed truth to a

fancy. If "Zadkiel" or "Old Moore" had the genius of Dante, perhaps statesmen would consult *them* before initiating any important legislation or any new departure in foreign policy.

I have spoken of the word "Dawn" as describing what the Purgatory is. Dante and Vergil reached the Purgatorial Mount at early dawn, ere yet the stars were extinguished. At *Dawn* he appears before the Warden of Purgatory. At *Dawn* he enters the Earthly Paradise. Dawn is the Season of Hope; the sky was of a sweet sapphire hue when the poets emerged from earth, and blue is the hope colour. Hope is the mainstay of the penitents in Purgatory. The spirit of the Dawn pervades morning, noon, evening and night in Purgatory. The night of Despair is behind the pilgrims, the noon of fruition is not yet attained. Wonderfully original is Dante in thus depicting Purgatory as an open-air region. His own contemporaries, in painting, showed Penitents in flames little different from those of Hell; they put them somewhere below, it seems. Dante builds up his Mountain from the materials displaced by Lucifer, when he fell from Heaven to his own place, *thus, with marvellous depth of meaning, making the arch-enemy of man the unwilling architect of the means of man's redemption.* Where he is fixed his head is turned towards the abode of man, the inhabited hemisphere of earth, but his heels, with which he can do no hurt, are turned towards Purgatory, where those who have escaped him dwell, till they pass on to Heaven.

The cleft through which Dante and Vergil climbed up to Purgatory from the base of Hell had never been so used before—has never been so used since, in Dante's *literal* sense. In the moral sense it represents the dreary and almost despairing interval between the

conviction of wickedness and the yearning for cleansing. In this sense the passage was well-known. To Cato, however, the Warden of Purgatory, and the type of supreme *human* excellence, who is at the base of the Mountain, the appearance of the poets as they emerge is startling. "Are the laws of Hell broken?" he asks. "How come ye by this way?" Cato knew only one way (the water way), during the thirteen centuries of his Wardenship, by which Penitents came to Purgatory; the way which Ulysses took, as described by him in the "Inferno." The Mount was there in Ulysses' time, untenanted, since the first fall of Man, sealed up and sacred for the purpose pre-ordained to take effect hundreds of years later.

Picture to yourselves the scene in the first Canto of the "Purgatorio"! Dante had been in the Dark Wood and in Hell, with all its horrors, from a Thursday evening till the succeeding Saturday evening. He had then spent another twenty-four hours in the dreary scramble upwards to the antipodes of Jerusalem, and at length came out, begrimed, oppressed by terrible memories of disgust and tragedy on Easter morn, to see the stars of the southern sky. The planet Venus, as Phospor, or morning star (symbol of Divine Love in this place), is there to welcome him; also the Southern Cross, typical of the four Cardinal Virtues. The faintest glimmer of dawn is paling the stars to eastward, but such light as there is shows him nothing but a grassy stretch of land, with the ocean *lapping* (this is a region of holy *calm*, the storms of life are over) against the rushes that fringe it, and the great dusky outline of the Mountain on the west, towering above the plain on which he stands. The Southern Cross strangely lights up the face of the venerable old man who appears before him—of Cato.

Vergil bids Dante do him reverence, and describes how it is that they have come by their strange path to where they are. He tells Cato that Dante had been "so near to his last hour," to *spiritual* death, by his madness, that very short time there was for him to turn. He seeketh freedom, "*Libertà va cercando*," says Vergil, freedom in the deepest moral and spiritual sense. Cato knows what freedom is, if anyone, for he died for it. We have broken no eternal laws, for Dante is not dead or finally condemned. "*Inferna tetigit, possit ut supera assequi*." The poets pass on and, stooping, Vergil spreads out his hands on the dewy grass. Dante raises his tear-stained cheeks and Vergil restores to his face, by such a washing, "the hue which Hell had hidden." Cleansed thus from the grime of wickedness, Dante, with Vergil, moves on to the shore, and Vergil plucks a rush to gird Dante's waist—emblem of humility, to replace the cord of the Franciscan, which had been thrown to Geryon in Hell, after proving ineffectual to capture the Leopard—luxury or lust. That cord was too often a badge of spiritual pride; the rush is necessary for one who is to find ere long how Pride is at the bottom of all causes of sin, as being the gravest of them.

The sun has now reached the horizon and over the ocean Dante perceives a red glow like that of Mars when he sets, the love-colour, swiftly coming nearer and growing brighter. As it draws close he sees a boat bearing more than a hundred spirits of the saved. On the stern stands an Angel whose white wings are its sails. The spirits chant in unison "*In exitu Israel de Aegypto*," the psalm which Dante quotes as an example of his four possible meanings—literal, allegorical, moral, and anagogical or mystical—of a poem. Here the last meaning is intended, "the exit of the sanctified soul

from the slavery of this corruption to the liberty of eternal glory." The Angel makes the sign of the Cross to them, and they all fling themselves on the strand, and he speeds away as quickly as he had arrived. They have come from the mouth of the Tiber, where saved spirits await their passage to Purgatory; for the Church keeps them in its guard till they are summoned elsewhere. Rome is the Church's capital city. The spirits find the place strange and ask Vergil their way. He tells them that it is as little known to him as to them, and then they notice Dante and marvel that he is alive, as his breathing shows. One of the spirits specially recognises him. It is "his Casella, whom he wooed to sing, Met in the milder shades of Purgatory." Dante embraces him thrice, but thrice his hands come back to his own breast, for Casella is but a spirit. But no delay in purification is allowed. Cato is angry and bids the spirits speed on. Dante and Vergil speed also, and bearing always *to the right*, begin the long and difficult spiral circuit of Ante-Purgatory, which does not end until the Gate of the true Purgatory is reached. About the lower part of Ante-Purgatory are the spirits of those penitents whom the Church has excommunicated, and for thirty times as long as their contumacy has lasted must they linger there. They marvel to see Dante's body casting a shadow on the rock. Vergil explains that Dante is there by Heaven's will, and they pass on till the difficulty of the ascent exhausts Dante and they rest awhile. Vergil comforts him with the assurance that the task becomes less painful as they mount higher—the moral here is obvious—and when they start forward again they come among other spirits also detained in Ante-Purgatory, the Tardy Penitents,

late repentant through mere sloth. Again Dante's shadow arouses wonder, and so they pass on to the Late-Repentant, who were overtaken by sudden death. One of these, Buonconte da Montefeltro, who was killed in battle, called on the Virgin Mary with his last breath and "the angel of God took" him. Then "one from Hell" cried: "O thou from Heaven, wherefore robbest thou me? Thou bearest hence the eternal part of this man, *for one little tear—'per una lagrimetta'*—that snatches him from me; but with the other will we deal in other fashion." The devil took vengeance on the poor body by submerging it in a river and rolling it along its bed and burying it beneath its stones. Dante had noticed that the Spirits had begged for his prayers when he should return to earth, to shorten their time of purgation, and was puzzled, as Vergil had written, "Cease to hope that by prayer the decrees of Heaven can be bent." Vergil answers him:—

" My text is clearly taught ;
 And yet that hope of theirs leads not astray,
 If to discernment reason sound be brought.
 For height of justice doth not fall away
 Because love's fire doth in an hour complete
 The debt which he who dwells here needs must pay.
 And there, where I of this same point did treat,
 Default was not amended aught by prayer,
 Because the prayer no grace from God did meet :
 But in a question rousing such deep care,
 Decide not till she tells it all to thee,
 Who light 'twixt truth and intellect shall bear.
 I know not if thou understandest me ;
 I speak of *Beatrice* ; her o' the height
 Above, all blest and smiling, thou shalt see."

Listen to Dante's reply, and remember the lover of the Vita Nuova:—

“And I : ‘Good Leader, speed we on our flight,
For I am now not tired as heretofore.’”

Upwards they pass till they see a solitary soul watching them after the fashion of a couching lion, the soul of Sordello, the poet of Mantua, who inspired our Robert Browning to sing of him, but so that few, if any, can follow him. Vergil asks Sordello the way, and is asked in return, who he is. So soon as he began “Mantua was my birthplace,” the Shade leapt towards him and announced his name and embraced him as a fellow-citizen ; this time Shade embraces Shade, and presumably the unsubstantial pleasure brings no shock. Taking his cue from this spontaneity which welcomed Vergil, unknown as yet save as a *Mantuan*, so affectionately, merely because he was of the same city as himself, Dante inveighs against Italy and its internal discords, its Montagues, and its Capulets, “two households both alike in dignity,” which “From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean” ; and against the Emperor, who neglects his duty as Head of the World Empire ; and, finally, with bitter sarcasm, against the Florence which had banished him. When Sordello does learn that it is Vergil to whom he is speaking, he kneels to embrace his knees. Vergil tells him of Limbo, his eternal home, and says :—

“Not what I did, but did not, brought the doom
To lose the sight of that bright sun on high
Thou seekest, which too late did me illumine.”

Sordello tells Vergil that he and the other spirits in Ante-Purgatory are free to move to and fro as they will within its limits. In its moral sense this means that even those who desire to enter on their purification in this life know not how to begin without the guidance of

authority and experience. This guidance is provided when the true Purgatory is attained. He also calls attention to the approach of night, and adds that there is no upward going in the night (without the help of the Sun—the grace of God—there is no safe walking), and leads the poets to a valley hollowed out on the side of the Mountain, the Valley of Princes, of those who had neglected their higher duties for earthly ambitions and earthly cares. Many of the great of the Earth are there. Nature smiles upon them with her fairest beauties, but they are yearning for the pains of Purgatory, which are above them and long withheld from them. They are singing “*Salve Regina*,” the Compline hymn. Among them is our King Henry III:—

“ Alone 'mid all the host,
Henry of simple life, with England's crown ;
He in his branches happier is than most.”

A tribute this to our best king, of those past, Edward I, and to his brother, Richard of Cornwall.

There follows here a passage of exquisite beauty in the Italian, which I must quote :—

“ The hour was come which brings back yearning new
To those far out at sea, and melts their hearts,
The day that they have bid sweet friends adieu ;
Whereat the pilgrim fresh with strong love starts,
If he perchance hear bells, far off yet clear,
Which seem to mourn the day's life that departs ;
When I, unheeding sounds that met mine ear,
On one that then rose up began to gaze,
Who bade us, with his hands, to stand and hear.”

Thereupon he began the second Compline hymn, “*Te lucis ante terminum*,” the evening hymn of prayer for freedom from evil thoughts and dreams and the other spirits joined in with him, all facing eastwards. Dante

bids us here to sharpen our eyes to the truth lying behind this incident, and then, as often, leaves us. Surely the meaning is that the prayers of the saved in Purgatory join with the prayers of men on earth for blessing or relief, though they have no needs like ours. This is a part of the poetry of his faith. As night falls two angels come down in answer to the prayer to guard the valley. Their swords are flaming, as those which guarded Eden against the return of man, but this time they are to be used for man's protection. They are broken short, for, as Plumptre explains, "even the terrors of the Word of God are abated by the mercy and the love revealed in Christ." The angels are clad in green raiment, of the hue of hope. The bright stars of the Southern Cross, the morning stars typical of the *active* life, are now hidden behind the Mountain, but other three appear, the Celestial Virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, announcing the evening and the life *contemplative*. The Serpent of Eden enters the Valley through the grass, but is driven off by the angels, and peace and sleep prevail.

This incident of the valley is meant to show that even the souls of those who seek purification, while on earth, may lapse through temptation unless protected by the grace of God.

There is much of the human still clinging to all the souls that are in Ante-Purgatory; they are not consciously progressing Heavenwards, they are not undergoing any specific chastisement, welcome, however painful it may be; they are just not condemned, and for some of them the upward path is almost indefinitely delayed. But—

"All's well that ends well, still the fine's the crown,
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."

The case is different with those who are in the higher regions of the Mountain, where the earnest desire of bliss makes all hindrances to the endurance of the pains of the penitent more distressing than any temptation, however alluring, can be pleasant. The ninth Canto of the "Purgatory" is the preface to the remainder of the *Cantica* to the end of Canto 27th, *i.e.*, to the true Purgatory Section. It is highly poetical, and thinking back to it later we are better enabled to endure the chastening scenes of sorrow that follow. It serves the same purpose as the bright middle comedy of Shakspeare to those who study him in chronological development and proceed from it to his great tragedies. It nerves us with the sunny glow of genial retrospect amid the pains and tears of cleansing from sin. Dante, Vergil, and Sordello, with two of the other spirits who are detained in the Valley of Princes, lie down to rest. Dante alone is overcome by sleep—a heavy sleep—the sleep of the spirit still encumbered by the body. We are reminded of another scene and of a sad reproachful voice saying: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." But Dante is safe. He is in the charge of three blessed ones—The Virgin Mary, St. Lucia, and Beatrice—"Das Ewigweibliche zieht' ihn heran," "The Woman-Soul leadeth him upward and on," as Goethe wonderfully puts it. In his sleep St. Lucia came down, as Vergil tells him later, and bore him up to the Gate of the true Purgatory of Penance, to "the strait Gate," which is kept shut, as distinguished from the open Gate of Hell. Dante had dreamed in his sleep—a morning dream; and such dreams "come true they say"; and it had come true, with a difference. He had dreamed that

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an eagle had descended and caught him up, like Ganymede, swooping upon him like a thunderbolt and snatching him upward "even to the fire." St. Lucia typifies Illuminating Grace which lifts the sin-wearied soul, however much it may be overcome with the drowsiness of depression, to the Penitential Realm. There were no real terrors attaching to its visit, but the sinner finds some elements of terror as well as joy in the rapture. Vergil tells Dante that, ere St. Lucia left him still asleep, she drew his sight with her beauteous eyes to the cleft in the rock-wall which led to the Gate. Her wonderful eyes which she had destroyed, on earth, as leading men too much to thoughts of love, were restored to her spirit-form. Dante, who had been puzzled and distressed, is now comforted, and bids us note how he is about to exalt his style to deal with the higher matters which now lie before him. He looks about him and descries the rift in the rock, and set in the rift he—

"Saw a portal, and three stairs beneath,
Diverse in colour, to go up to it,
And a gate-keeper, who yet spake no word.
And as I opened more and more mine eyes,"

says the poet,

"I saw him seated on the highest stair,
Such in the face that I endured it not ;
And in his hand he held a naked sword,
Which so reflected back the sunbeams tow'rds us,
That oft in vain I lifted up mine eyes."

The Angel bids him speak from where he stands and tell his wish and name his escort. Vergil answers, and tells how a Lady of Heaven had bid them seek the portal.

" 'And may she speed your footsteps in all good,'
Again began the courteous janitor ;
 'Come forward then unto these stairs of ours.' "

Thus invited Dante approaches, and sees that the three steps are different in character—the first white and smooth, giving him a clear reflection of himself; the second of a deep purple hue, calcined and cracked lengthwise and across; the third like blazing porphyry. The Janitor was seated on the threshold, which seemed like adamant ("Upon this rock will I build my Church"), with both feet planted on the topmost step, firmly reliant on the love of God. His vesture was of the colour of ashes, for he must be humble, remembering that he too is but man, and he carried two keys, one of silver, and one of gold. Vergil leads Dante up the steps and he prostrates himself at the Angel's feet, smites his breast three times, thus bewailing his sins of thought, word, and deed, and implores admittance through the gate. The Janitor describes on Dante's brow with his sword the seven sin-marks, using the initial letter of the Latin word "Peccatum," "Sin." The keys are duly plied upon the door, the white one first and then the yellow. The hinges open with a loud and thunderous sound. Dante is bidden enter and beware of looking backward as he goes. He passes the portal by Vergil's side. It closes behind him, and he is in the realm of Penitence, mercifully barred off from the last risk of error, and greeted from above by the "Te Deum" over the sinner that repenteth. To Dante and *his* Church this grand scene is, of course, in its special meaning, a picture of the sacrament of Penance, with its Father Confessor holding the keys transmitted to him by apostolic succession from Peter—the key of silver or priestly discernment, which is used first, and the key of gold, the Church's authority to pardon. Peter, the Confessor says, bade him "rather to ope in error than to close." Through penance only, according to the

Church's ritual, can the sinner attain pardon. In its larger sense the passage means that the spirit of obedience to God is not satisfied as to man's complete submission until he has attained full self-knowledge by self-examination, the white mirroring step ; contrition, by mounting the dark calcined step ; and yearning love, through ascending the step of porphyry, which also represents the atoning blood of Christ, and, as I interpret the dazzling sword (differently from many), *conviction* of sin. The steps and the sword have their full meaning in both cases, but the Angel of obedience, for most Christians, has taken the place of the earthly Confessor, and the keys become, for such, superfluous so long as the top-most red stone is mounted.

Through a narrow and difficult ascent the poets rise to the first Terrace of the true Purgatory, the Terrace of Pride, the underlying sinful state upon which all other sinful states are built. Being the lowest it has, of course, the largest circuit, for it detains more sinners than any other.

Dante's preciseness is fully exemplified in Purgatory, as elsewhere throughout his poem. The seven Terraces or Cornices of Purgatory—the Terraces of Pride, Envy, Anger, Sloth, Avarice, or, better, Misuse of wealth, Gluttony, and Lust—have each what Dante calls its *scourge* and its *curb*. The *scourge*, which hastens the Penitents towards their cleansing, is made of examples depicted seen or heard in fancy, or uttered, of the virtue opposed to their own sinful states ; the *curb*, of examples of vice, such as results from such states. The first scourge on each Terrace is a quotation of some saying of the Virgin Mary. The other examples of virtue and of vice, on each Terrace, are selected impartially from Christian and from Pagan History.

The Church and the Empire are ever present side by side in Dante's thoughts. As the pilgrims pass from any Terrace to the next they encounter an Angel, who utters words of beatitude for those who are cleansed from the stain of each lower Terrace, all taken from the Sermon on the Mount. These Sons of Light are among the fairest creations of Dante's fancy, and bring down Heaven to earth, joy to the realms of sorrow. We are to think of these Cornices as being eighteen feet broad, open on the outer side to the sheer edge of the Mountain, and with the upper regions of it against the other. We must also bear in mind that, *as*, in the "Inferno," Dante makes in his whole descent but one complete circuit of the Pit, *so*, in the "Purgatory," he makes only one half-circuit in his whole ascent, emerging from earth in the east and rising to Paradise in the west, passing round, meanwhile, with the antipodean sun by the north. This will help us, when we read, to understand the references to his shadow, and the limitations of his view from time to time. According to his position at any moment the sun is either visible or obscured by the Mountain, even in daytime. We must also remember that all progression is *to the right hand* in Purgatory.

The first object that meets Dante's sight on the first Cornice is a series of marble bas-reliefs on the wall on the inner side of the path, depicting with more than human perfection scenes representing examples of Humility, the virtue opposed to Pride. These are the scourge of the penitents here. First of all is seen the representation of the Annunciation, and the Virgin in the act of saying, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Incidents in the lives of David and the Emperor Trajan follow. Looking about after full meditation on these,

Vergil sees a troop of the weary penitents of this Circle advancing, and hopes to learn from them the position of the stairway to the next Cornice. As they come nearer they are seen to be slowly crawling, almost, if not quite, on all fours, under the weight of heavy loads, like corbels in architecture, knees to breast. "Whoso exalteth himself shall be abased." There are many great ones of earth here. They are chanting the Lord's Prayer.

They have to become as little children and to learn their Paternoster again in all the fullness of its meaning" (Plumptre). There is no more beautiful passage in the whole "Commedia." I will read it, in Cary's translation :

"O thou Almighty Father ! who dost make
The heavens thy dwelling, not in bounds confined,
But that, with love intenser, there thou view'st
Thy primal effluence ; hallow'd be thy name :
Join, each created being, to extol
Thy might ; for worthy humblest thanks and praise
Is thy blest Spirit. May thy kingdom's peace
Come unto us ; for we, unless it come,
With all our striving, thither tend in vain.
As, of their will, the angels unto thee
Tender meet sacrifice, circling thy throne
With loud hosannas ; so of theirs be done
By saintly men on earth. Grant us, this day,
Our daily manna, without which he roams
Through this rough desert retrograde, who most
Toils to advance his steps. As we to each
Pardon the evil done us, pardon thou
Benign, and of our merit take no count
'Gainst the old adversary, prove thou not
Our virtue, easily subdued ; but free
From his incitements, and defeat his wiles.
This last petition, dearest Lord ! is made
Not for ourselves, since that were needless now,
But for their sakes who after us remain."

Note the last lines, supporting what was said of the

Compline hymn in the Valley of Princes, that, in Dante's religion, the spirits in Purgatory (and in Paradise also) pray with the penitents on earth, though to themselves their prayers are often not applicable. Some of the spirits talk with Dante and emphasise the fickleness of earthly fame, and Dante treads along with one of them, bent down in a sympathetic attitude of humility, symbolical of the fact that he himself was proud and needed the cleansing punishment of this Cornice, till Vergil bids him press on and notice beneath his feet examples of pride depicted on the pavement; these are "the curb" of this set of penitents. Their position where they are constantly trampled under foot is significant when contrasted with the mural sculptures of examples of humility. "Whoso exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." As always, the examples are taken impartially from Scripture and from Classical History. And so they come at last to the Angel-Guardian of the Cornice, against the place of ascent to the next ring—the Angel of Humility, "in his countenance such as a tremulous star at morn appears." He bids them to the steps and beats his wings on Dante's forehead. There comes to Dante's ears the sound of sweet voices singing, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," and he notices that, though mounting steep stairs, he is lighter than when walking on the level below. Why is this? Vergil explains that one of the seven Sin-marks on Dante's brow has been erased by the Angel's wings, the Pride-mark, and that all the remaining six have, at the same time, become much fainter than before; a beautiful indication this of the doctrine that Pride is the deadliest foe of human salvation. When the last Sin-mark is removed Dante will experience not merely no difficulty in mounting but

actual delight. Dante feels his brow on hearing this and finds that only six of the marks remain, and Vergil smiles at this. True humility is not even conscious of being humble. Smiling is common in the "Purgatory" and in the "Paradise," as frowning and grimaces are in the "Inferno"; and is there anything more beautiful in nature than a smile, whether playful or serious?

The Cornice of Envy is reached next, dreary, desolate, at first apparently untenanted, the stone all of a livid hue. There is no one to show the way. Vergil therefore turns to the Sun—Divine Illumination—for guidance. He is to the northward or right hand, thitherward therefore they tend. Spirits, not of the penitent, fly past them, uttering examples of fraternal love—this is the *scourge* of the Envious. The Virgin Mary's words at Cana of Galilee are heard in the air overhead, "They have no wine." Another voice cries out, "I am Orestes," recalling an incident in the story of the mighty love of Orestes and Pylades. Gradually Dante's eyes, as they become accustomed to the gloom, discern figures seated against the wall of the Mountain, with cloaks of coarse hair-cloth, of the hue of the stone, leaning their heads on their neighbours' shoulders, as blind mendicants do. They are learning neighbourliness here. Heaven's light avails them not, for their eyelids are stitched together with wire, as are the eyes of wild hawks when being tamed. With exquisite delicacy of feeling, shown in other places also, Dante says: "I seemed to do them wrong, walking my way and gazing on them thus, myself unseen." He gets permission from Vergil to speak to them, and asks if any of them may be Italians.

"O brother mine, we all are citizens
Of one true City. 'Who of ye has stayed
In Italy awhile?' your question means."

Some one speaks, and a little further on a spirit sits with chin uplifted after the manner of the blind, expectantly. Dante speaks to it: "Spirit," says he, "who stoop'st that thou may'st rise, If thou art he who answered my request, Make thyself known to me, by home or name." It is Sapia da Siena, one whose envious conduct had placed him here. The spirit asks Dante who he may be. "My sight," says Dante, "shall yet be taken from me here, But not for long, for little has it sinned In envious glancing at the fortunate. Far graver is the fear wherewith my soul Trembles before the penance down below; E'en now I bear the burden of the Proud." This is one of the many self-revelations of Dante in the "Purgatory." The memory of the Confessor at the Gate is still upon him. Still passing on, the poets hear fresh voices, this time as of the thunder-storm, uttering examples of envy—Cain from Scripture, Aglauros from classic myth—the *curb* of this circle; and so they pass along to another Son of Light, the Angel of Fraternal Love. He comes to invite them to ascend—to *invite*, for courtesy is everywhere in Purgatory. "Beati misericordes" is sung as the poets mount—"Blessed are the compassionate," not "merciful," for "mercy" has not the full meaning of the Latin "misericordia," which Cicero describes as "sorrow of soul at another's ill-fortune, while envy is sorrow of soul at another's welfare."

Dante has been brooding over something said by a spirit in the circle he has just left, and tells Vergil his difficulty, which is this: "How can it be that a good, when shared, shall make the greater number of possessors richer in it than if it be possessed by a few?"

This paradox, to earthly Political Economy, is explained by Vergil in a little sermon, so short that it can

hardly deserve the name, but *still a sermon*, in which he shows that in the Political Economy of "the true City" the Highest Good gives as much of ardour as it finds :

"The sempiternal effluence streams abroad,
Spreading wherever charity extends,
So that the more aspirants to that bliss
Are multiplied, more good is there to love,
And more is loved : as mirrors, that reflect,
Each unto other, propagated light."

The modesty of Human Wisdom—which is Vergil—doubts whether the explanation has been sufficient. Dante is told that further enlightenment, if needed, will come anon from Beatrice, Heavenly Wisdom, and is urged onward that he may speedily be free of the five remaining sin-marks, "that, when they pain thee worst, then kindest heal." (It must be borne in mind that the marks disappear *one by one* as the Cornices are mounted.) And now Examples of Meekness present themselves to Dante, who this time perceives them in "a sort of ecstasy" as scenes drawn on the air. There is Mary the Mother of Jesus, in the Temple, saying : "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." No hasty reproach of impatient anger here. Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens, is seen, reproaching his wife for undue anger. St. Stephen is seen, praying for his persecutors, "with that look that unlocks pity." Did not that look haunt one Saul of Tarsus? We like to think so. The Penitents for Wrath are enveloped in a gross fog, for anger obscures the vision and prevents us from seeing aright ; bitter too is the fog, making the eyes smart. They chant the "Agnus Dei." "O Lamb of God, grant us thy *peace*." Fancy again presents to Dante *the curb* of this Cornice—mental pictures of Angry Scenes. The Angel of Meekness is at

hand. His wings fan away the third sin-mark from Dante's brow. His voice proclaims, "Blessed are the peacemakers." The ascent to the Fourth Cornice is made, the poets rest awhile, and Vergil discourses of Love.

I have always considered it a great "tour de force" on Dante's part to fit in the seven deadly sin-states of the Church to his theory of Love. It is one of those cases, at which I have already hinted, where at first one is suspicious of artificiality and even pedantry, and where yet afterwards all appears to be as it should be, and the poet justifies himself, in my opinion, completely. Clinging, as usual, to the thought of the great Aquinas, Dante, through Vergil, shows that Love towards God cannot be destroyed, as God is the Universal Cause; nor is self-hate possible. It remains, therefore, that distorted love shows its effects in our relations to our neighbours. The sin-states of the three Cornices which have just been traversed are the instances of distorted love. Pride, you will remember, is the state of those who desire the humiliation of others in order that their own pre-eminence may be secured; envy, of those who are vexed that their neighbour should be on a higher level than themselves; vindictive anger, of those who are incensed at acts that impair their self-love. The evil in all these cases is chosen, not as such, but as seeming good, for the time, to the distorted sense of love. "Do I not well to be angry?" In the Fourth Terrace, on which we have just entered, Love Defective is illustrated. Love here is not distorted, but it is insufficiently active in the direction of what is good. The sin-state of this Terrace is called in the Italian "*accidia*," a Greek word, meaning "unconcern" or "sulky and gloomy indolence," the spirit of the expression, "What's the good of it all?"—the

spirit that mocks at the enthusiast and the quixotic hero, and errs little because it does little. The sin-state of the three upper cornices is Love Excessive directed towards things good in themselves if moderately enjoyed, but good on a lower plane than "good essential." They are all sins of appetite directed towards wealth or pleasures of sense. Dante's thirst for yet further and deeper knowledge of the inner nature of Love, in the broadest sense, is slaked by a learned scholastic disputation from Vergil, into which I have no time to enter here, but only stay to add that he is again referred to Beatrice, Heavenly Wisdom, to explain to him, in all its esoteric bearings, the relation of free-will to inherent natural tendency. Dante appears dazed by the difficulties of the exposition, till he is roused to consciousness of his surroundings by the sight of a swift-moving troop, led by two who cry out, as they weep, examples from Scripture and Roman history of active Energy, as the *scourge* of this Terrace. In the rear come other two crying the examples of "accidia"—the *curb*. Apart from the digression on Love, very little space is given by Dante to this Terrace, less than to any one of the other six. How could it be otherwise? No one had time to speak to him here. All were busy in removing the stain of their past lives, slothful unconcern.

Dante has three dreams in his walk through Purgatory, marking different stages of his pilgrimage, and each just before early dawn. The first is in the Valley of Princes, already recounted; the second here, on the Cornice of Sloth, just before he mounts towards the upper three Cornices; and the third at the foot of the steps that lead to the Earthly Paradise. In this second dream he seems to encounter a Siren, all hideous, but with a bewitching voice. A lady comes, type of preventive

grace, perhaps, and reproaches Vergil for not guarding Dante from her; Vergil thereupon diverts Dante's notice from her singing to her true hideousness, and Dante awakes. This episode, unattractive in itself, serves as a preface to the rest of the Purgatorial journey. The Siren is typical of all the seductions of the flesh. The Angel of the fourth Cornice is reached. He fans the poets with his wings, yet one more sin-mark is effaced from Dante's brow, and the heavenly messenger cries out: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall have their souls rich in consolation." The unconcerned neither laugh nor mourn; they shrink from the pain of effort, are never deeply stirred. They mourn not, because they feel not, their own weight of sin; they never say, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "Neighbour Obstinate," in the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a fit person for doing long penance in this Circle, with his "Who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? I will be no companion of such misled, fantastical fellows." The penitents of the Fifth Terrace, those who have misused wealth, storing or squandering, lie prone on the ground. Their thought had been fixed on the lower things while on earth; here they must expiate their sin appropriately. We are reminded of the man with the muck-rake. "Now whereas it was also showed thee that the man could look no way but downwards, it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God." The cry of the penitents here is: "My soul cleaveth unto the dust." Pope Adrian V. is among them. Dante would show him reverence, but is checked by him. Again we have voices quoting examples of Poverty and Liberality, and, on the other hand, examples

of Avarice are mentioned; and then—a marvellous thing happens; the whole Mountain suddenly quakes, and Dante is greatly alarmed, but the cry of numberless voices: "Glory to God in the highest," follows, and the Mountain is still again. Anon a spirit-form appears coming on behind the poets, as the risen Christ appeared to the two on the way to Emmaus, gazing down on the prostrate forms at his feet. It greets them with: "My brothers, God give you peace." Vergil returns the salute, and, in answer to a question of the spirit, explains his errand and its reason. He proceeds to ask the cause of the trembling of the Mountain. He learns that the trembling is a thrill of joy, corresponding to the shout of the penitents, and that such a thrill is experienced whenever a spirit is conscious that its cleansing is complete. This spirit had lain prostrate more than five hundred years on this Cornice, and only now felt "free-will for a better threshold." Man's spirit in Purgatory is ever eager for Heaven, but divine justice ordains another will (the will to be fit for Heaven) to predominate until consciousness of perfect cleansing is attained. It makes one a little sad to think that in the nearly four days spent by Dante on the Mountain, the tremor is recorded but once, especially if one remembers that even in Dante's day, and for many centuries earlier, millions of human beings died yearly; but he tells us that "souls leave the gate of Purgatory little used, through evil love."

Vergil next asks the spirit for its name. It tells him that it was Statius, the Roman poet of the time of the Emperors Titus and Domitian, and author of the "Thebais," the "Achilleid," and the "Sylvae" (a poet once celebrated, now little read). Not knowing whom he is addressing, he expresses his reverence for his pre-

decessor—Vergil. The "Aeneid" was his poetic nurse ; to have lived with Vergil he would have endured another year of Purgatory. A charmingly playful scene follows. Vergil looks towards Dante with a look that said, "Hush," but Dante could not but smile, and Statius noticed him, and inquired the meaning of the smile. What was poor Dante to do? In his strait Vergil gives him permission to speak and he tells Statius that Vergil is his companion. Statius would at once kneel to Vergil, but is forbidden. Shade does not show earthly reverence to Shade. As the three poets mount to the Sixth Cornice Statius explains that he had used wealth wrongly, in extravagance of living. He had become a Christian, though, through fear, a secret one, by studying Vergil's great fourth Eclogue, "the Pollio," which many think derives much of its prophetic tone from some acquaintance with Messianic literature. For pretending to be a Pagan after his secret baptism Statius had spent more than four hundred years on the Cornice of the unconcerned or lukewarm. He asks after several of the great writers of Rome, and learns from Vergil that their eternal home is with him, in Limbo. While thus conversing the three poets had passed the Angel of the Fifth Terrace, the Angel of Justice or Liberality, the righteous use of one's possessions, who removed the fifth sin-mark from Dante with the words, "Blessed are they that thirst after righteousness." They are now on the Sixth Terrace, of the Gluttonous. To make this terrace more real to us, I always think that we, with our national disgrace, should regard it as the Terrace of Drunkenness rather than of Gluttony. It appears that the Italy of Dante as the Italy of to-day, was not given to this vice, and that it was given, among its well-to-do classes at least,

to the kindred vice of gluttony, towards which, as we have evidence, Dante felt a special abhorrence. We talk of gluttony occasionally when we describe a City banquet, but I do not think that in framing a Purgatory for ourselves we should put this fault in so prominent a place as did the mediaeval Church. Times change. I read an address of the Bishop of Stepney the other day, in which he spoke of the four great sins of the age in England. First he put unbelief, if I remember aright ; that is a fault which, unrepented, would prevent any from entering Dante's Purgatory at all. Then he mentioned gambling, clearly a sin to be purged on the Terrace that we have just left ; then drunkenness, a sin of *this* Terrace, as I maintain ; and lastly the sin of the Seventh Terrace, to which we are coming soon. I have frequently read lately that it is the non-committal attitude, that it is indifference, that the Churches find their greatest foe. That is the Sin-state of the Fourth Terrace. It has often struck me that, whereas the sins of these four higher Terraces are thus stigmatised, pride, envy, and wrath are, comparatively speaking, left alone by our prophets of to-day. Ethically, they are worse than the others, and therefore are put lower in Purgatory. In their effects on the human race, however, they are not, apparently, so disastrous as the highest three in Purgatory, and this fact leads to the curious reflection that the effects of sin are inversely related to their moral gravity. I wish that I could pursue this thought further. It would be a valuable subject for a debate. The Terrace of the Gluttons showed Dante two trees, at different points of his progress, the scourge and the curb. The trees grow in such a way that their foliage and fruit are out of reach. Examples of temperance are recited from the first, examples of gluttony from the

second. On this Terrace Dante with difficulty recognises his friend Forese Donati, brother of Piccarda, whom we shall meet in Paradise, and holds long converse with him. The difficulty of recognition results from the extreme emaciation of Forese, the result of the penance of this Terrace. The conversation is of value, as showing that the reproaches which Dante will have to endure when he reaches the earthly Paradise have to do with something more than mere intellectual aberration.

The poets pass on in silent contemplation till a voice arouses them :—

“ ‘ Why, pensive, journey thus ye three alone ?
If ye desire to mount here must ye turn ;
This way he goes who goes in quest of peace ! ’ ”

It is the Angel of Temperance, dazzling and glowing red in hue, more than glass or metal in a furnace ; such a Holy One we have described to us in Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Apocalypse. “ Then,” says Dante :—

“ As when, to harbingers the dawn, springs up
On freshened wing the air of May, and breathes
Of fragrance, all impregnated with herb and flowers ;
E’en such a wind I felt upon my front
Blow gently, and the moving of a wing
Perceived, that, moving, shed ambrosial smell ;
And then a voice : ‘ Blessed are they whom grace
Doth so illumine, that appetite in them
Exhaleth no inordinate desire,
Still hungering as the rule of temperance wills. ’ ”

Only one sin-mark now remains on Dante’s brow, but it is the one which it will cost him most dearly to have erased. While Statius expounds learnedly the relations of body and soul, and how the soul can preserve its bodily likeness apart from the body, they move on to the final Terrace—of the Unchaste. This Terrace is filled with flames, except along its outermost margin,

and in the flames the spirits travel reciting examples of chastity and its opposite. The new fire must burn out the old. The spirits must be "cleansed as by fire." A hymn, appropriate to their stain, arises from the fire: "Summae Deus Clementiae"—"Lord of all mercy." Plumptre translates two verses of it which explain why it is chosen here.

"We pray thee, Lord, accept the bitter tears
Which we, with holy songs, pour full and free,
That, with a heart where nothing foul appears,
We share the joy of those who gaze on thee.
Oh burn thou up with well-tempered fires
The heart diseased, the passions base within,
That, with loins girt and purified desires,
We stand on guard against each lustful sin."

Dante converses here with the well-known love-poets, Guido Guinicelli and Arnould Daniel. The Angel of this Terrace is encountered on the outside of the flame-ring. He sings: "Blessed are the pure in heart," and bids the poets enter the flame. Statius is released from all pains of Purgatory from the time of the earthquake. Vergil, as an inmate of Limbo, is not subject to them, but Dante—for him the fire has terrors. Twice before he has *shared* the pains of Purgatory—on the Terrace of the Proud, where he has walked round *stooped* with a bowed-down Penitent, and on the Terrace of the Wrathful, where he has had to move through the biting fog; and now for the last time he has to endure the cleansing pain of the Fire. Surely we may understand him to mean that his three great sin-stains, in so far as he knew himself, were these. Death by Fire was a punishment well-known in Dante's day; very likely he had witnessed its victims' sufferings. In his own Florence and close to his loved Baptistery, hard on two hundred years after the date of his Vision, Savonarola was burned

alive. Vergil cheers Dante and comforts him, as Hopeful comforts Christian in the River of Death with his "Brother, I see the Gate, and a man standing by to receive us." Dante's last pilgrimage is not yet, and other cheer is offered him here. He says:—

"I still, though conscience urged, no step advanced.

When still he saw me fix'd and obstinate,
Somewhat disturb'd he cried : ' Mark now, my son,
From Beatrice thou art by this wall
Divided.' As at Thisbe's name the eye
Of Pyramus was open'd (when life ebb'd
Fast from his veins) and took one parting glance,
While vermeil dyed the mulberry ; thus I turn'd
To my sage guide, relenting, when I heard
The name that springs for ever in my breast.

He shook his forehead ; and, ' How long,' he said,
' Linger we now ? ' then smiled, as one would smile
Upon a child that eyes the fruit and yields.
Into the fire before me then he walk'd ;
And Statius, who erewhile no little space
Had parted us, he pray'd to come behind.

I would have cast me into molten glass
To cool me, when I enter'd, so intense
Raged the conflagrant mass. The sire beloved,
To comfort me, as he preceded, still
Of Beatrice talk'd. ' Her eyes,' saith he,
' E'en now I seem to view.' From the other side
A voice, that sang, did guide us ; and the voice
Following, with heedful ear, we issued forth,
There where the path led upward. ' Come,' we heard,
' Come, blessed of my Father.' Such the sounds
That hail'd us from within a light, which shone
So radiant, I could not endure the view.
' The sun,' it added, ' hastes : and evening comes.
Delay not : ere the western sky is hung
With blackness, strive ye for the pass.' Our way
Upright within the rock arose, and faced
Such part of heaven that from before my steps
The beams were shrouded of the sinking sun."

And now Dante dreams again his third and last dream

in "Purgatory," as he sleeps on the highest stairway. It is a dream of Leah and Rachel, of the contrast of the active and the contemplative life, anticipatory of the contrast which he is to realise again in the "Earthly Paradise" and in heaven, the contemplative being ever put higher in mediaeval thought. He awakes, and Vergil tells him of the joy that is now near and utters his last farewell words, for though he accompanies Dante into the "Earthly Paradise" he speaks no more—he only observes and wonders.

“ ‘ Both fires, my son,
The temporal and eternal, thou hast seen ;
And art arrived, where of itself my ken
No further reaches. I, with skill and art,
Thus far have drawn thee. Now thy pleasure take
For guide. Thou hast o’ercome the steeper way,
O’ercome the straiter. Lo ! the sun, that darts
His beam upon thy forehead : lo ! the herb,
The arborets and flowers, which of itself
This land pours forth profuse. Till those bright eyes
With gladness come, which, weeping, made me haste
To succour thee, thou mayst or seat thee down,
Or wander where thou wilt. Expect no more
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me,
Free of thy own arbitrament to chuse,
Discreet, judicious. To distrust thy sense
Were henceforth error. I invest thee then
With crown and mitre, sovereign o’er thyself.’ ”

“ With crown and mitre, sovereign o’er thyself.” Dante has become “ a King, a Priest unto God.” Man, when he has recovered “ Eden,” is in his primal state, God-governed, communing with God, needing no crowned Emperor to guide his earthly life, no mitred pontiff to direct his spiritual progress. Empire and Church are both of God, ordained for living men, but the “ Earthly Paradise” when regained by man is the threshold of

Death and of the passing to "that Rome where Christ is a Roman," "that cloister where Christ is abbot."

"I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine !
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume ;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass ; the votive tapers shine ;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below ;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, ' Although your sins
As scarlet be,' and ends with ' as the snow.' "

We are still in the second Cantica of the "Commedia," named "Purgatorio," but we are now out of "Purgatory." From this point to the end of the Cantica there is much of the purely mystic or apocalyptic element mixed with the allegorical. What Dante saw here, mainly mystic things, we must pass over lightly ; what he underwent we must observe more closely. Close study is necessary if one is to enjoy these six Cantos. Do not be deterred by the strangeness of some of them from re-reading them.

In the wonder and the joy that Dante felt as he planted his feet on the top of the stairway that landed him in the "Earthly Paradise," he seems to have forgotten the existence of his companions and does not mention them for some time. Yet Vergil and Statius were still with him. He wanders through a delightful forest ; how different from the "obscure wood" of the opening lines of his poem ! Nature is at its loveliest with bird and breeze. Milton's "Eden" gives an idea of the scene. He comes to a River as clear as crystal,

but dark through the overshadè of trees. It is Lethe, the river of oblivion of past sins, the darkness representing the blotting out as a cloud of his transgressions, which was to come. Across the river he sees a lovely maiden cutting flowers, the counterpart of the Leah of his dream, Matilda, typical of the active life among the blessed on earth. The poetry of this "Canto" is all exquisite. Matilda arouses memories of Shakspeare's sweetest maiden, Perdita. We are in "the large air" again. "The bliss of mere being" is upon us. But Dante is not here for rest or delight. He still has his own Special Purgatory to undergo. He is near now to his Beatrice. Has he been true to her *always* since she was taken from earth? Has his "ten years' thirst" been "a thirst" throughout? No, and he must feel it and confess it.

He passes along the stream, keeping pace on his bank with Matilda on hers, she telling him of the climate and products of Eden, and explaining her happy mood as due to the spirit of the Psalm, which says, "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works: and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of Thy hands." As whiteness suggests blackness, joy pain, and innocence guilt, so this happy maiden throws our thoughts back to that other scene in the Fifth Circle of the "Inferno":

"Sad once were we

In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:
Now in these murky settlings are we sad."

She tells Dante that they who had told in poetry of the Golden Age, of yore, had perhaps dreamed of this place, on Parnassus. Dante looked round on Vergil and Statius here and saw them smiling. They had found

the reality of which before they had only dreamt ; but, as Plumptre points out, " there was infinite pathos in Vergil's smile." If only he had been able to interpret his dream in time !

And now a marvellous sight is presented before Dante's eyes, nothing less than the Apocalypse of Christ and His Church, in the form of a mystical procession which confronts him as, following a bend of the river, he faces eastward. With a grand burst of light the whole forest is illuminated ; heavenly strains are heard ; seven trees of gold, as they seem, appear first—on closer view they are seven candelabra—symbols of the seven-fold gifts of the Spirit ; the glow of their flames stretches up into the sky in seven streams of light. Amazed, Dante turns to Vergil, and finds him wondering as much as he. Earthly Wisdom is now out of its depth. Slowly the vanguard comes on, and behind it is seen a procession of four and twenty elders, robed in purest white—the books of the Old Testament in the Vulgate. Passing on a little, Dante is in a position to see the streams of light in profile, bent backwards, shedding their colours on the sky behind them, like rainbow or lunar halo. There follow the four living creatures of Ezekiel, the four Evangelists, or Gospels, and amongst them a two-wheeled car drawn by a Gryphon—the Church of God, led by Christ—the wheels symbolical, the Gryphon symbolical ; then six other elders, also robed in white—the Epistolists of the New Testament ; and behind all an aged man, alone, asleep—the Seer of Patmos. By the right wheel of the car dance three maidens, the Theological Virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity ; by the left other four, the Cardinal Virtues, Prudence, Courage, Temperance and Justice ; and Beatrice, crowned with olive-wreath, with white veil,

green mantle and crimson robe (all of which colours have their special meanings), Beatrice, the loved maiden of Florence, Beatrice, the wife of another on earth, but spiritually inseparable from Dante, now stands in the holy chariot, the centre of the triumph of Christ and his Church. This wonderful procession, through all its details, may be seen, on a bird's eye view, to take the Latin form of the Cross of Calvary. Dante has, in very truth, grandly redeemed his promise in the "Vita Nuova": "Wherefore if it be His pleasure, through whom is the life of all things, that my life continue with me a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman."

Here I must say a little on the subject of Beatrice, as I promised in my first Lecture that I would in proper place, the Earthly Paradise. I then said that I cared not whether she existed at all; and it has been more than hinted by some Dantists that she did not. What I meant was that, if a Poet, of supreme imaginative power, can create absolutely out of his own brain a motive force, an influence, which can lead him to compose such a poem as the "Commedia," it matters little to us whether there was any living being behind that force. But it is difficult to read the "Vita Nuova" and not to believe that Beatrice lived. There is the stamp of reality about Dante's statements concerning her. The meeting of the two children, the description of her dress, the second meeting when both were some nine years older, the incident of the laughter of the ladies and of Beatrice at Dante, and the marriage of Beatrice also, are all very real. They are just what we should *not* expect in the case of a purely imagined love and an imagined woman. All that was beautiful, rare, and

holy in the conceptions of Dante the Poet was attributed to her, and, no doubt, as Poet, he made her what she was not, something more than human. We are not told of any special qualities which earned such a pedestal for her as that on which Dante placed her, but we will not quarrel with him because, using this gracious creature as his starting point, he found her worthy of being his goal in the Earthly Paradise and almost his goal in the Heavenly Paradise. The greatness of Dante in the relation to the Beatrice of his experience and of his retrospect lay in the fact that he suffered no disillusionment. He carried the boy's ardour throughout his life, though he allowed the ten years or so between her death and his new sight of her in the Earthly Paradise to cloud his life with "false images of good." Present pursuits of a dangerous kind in that turbulent period of his life turned him away from his ideal, though we cannot believe that he for one moment forgot her who had so deeply graven her image on his heart. Let us be sane, then, and hold that Beatrice Portinari was a Florentine girl, a few months younger than Dante, beautiful beyond the beauty of all others—for him, owner of all possible graces—for him, inspirer of all highest thoughts—for him. It is the soil that determines what the flower shall be, whether it shall flourish in full beauty or grow with difficulty to a mere sickly caricature of its best self. The soil of Dante's heart was rich indeed, and in it his *Bice* grew to be his Rescuer from Hell, his Reprover in the Earthly Paradise, and his guide to the highest Heaven of Heavens, and almost to the throne of God. This was to love indeed.

Dante knows that it is Beatrice, though she is veiled. Albeit he discerned her not,

“there moved

A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within him.”

He turns to Vergil,

“panting like a babe

That flees for refuge to his mother's breast
If aught have terrified or worked him woe,”

to tell him

“’Tis she ; I know ’tis she,”

but, alas ! Vergil has vanished. Human Wisdom flees from the face of Wisdom Divine, and the pilgrim henceforth, to the very verge of the end of his journey, is to be conducted by her. Beatrice *is* as she *was* so soon as she had passed from life. Dante is as he had become between her death and “the middle of the journey of our life.” “The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together ; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.” So said one who was as great even as Dante. Our pilgrim must have felt the truth which Shakspeare so magnificently expressed, as he faced, in these new surroundings, the maiden of his “Vita Nuova.”

“Dante, perchè Virgilio se ne vada,
Non pianger anco, non piangere ancora :
Chè pianger te convien per altra spada.
Guardaci ben : ben son, ben son, Beatrice !
Come degnasti d’ accedere al monte ?
Non sapei tu che qui è l’uom felice ?”

“Dante, weep not because thy Vergil’s gone ;
Weep not as yet ; as yet weep thou no more ;
For other sword-wound must thy weeping be.
Look, look at me ! Yes, I am Beatrice !
How did’st thou deem thee fit to climb the hill ?
Did’st thou not know that here the blessed are ?”

With wonderful poetic effect these words abruptly break the narrative. The ten years' thirst is quenched, but with what bitter draught! His name is called by *her*, his name which is mentioned here only in the whole poem. Her speech begins tenderly, it would seem: it bids him dry his tears? No! It tells him to postpone his weeping for the lost Guide, and to shed his tears for himself. He is still alive in the body. He has, for his soul's good, traversed Hell and the cleansing mountain, but he has yet to make his final peace with God. The seven sin-marks, which are not mentioned as being on any of the *spirit*-penitents in Purgatory, have been put upon *his* brow, to teach him that man is liable to every kind of sin, and that their scars must be removed before he can enter Heaven; and now, as being still in the body, he has to learn from Heavenly wisdom that he has fallen away from his early promise, as he has to learn from his Beatrice that he has been false to her memory. Symbolism and autobiographical confession are here inextricably intermingled. We are startled, at first, by the sternness of Beatrice and by the bitter humiliation to which she submits Dante, but are reconciled to them when we remember that it is Dante himself who tells it all to us. Was ever such self-revelation, such self-abasement in a great poem?

Let me quote from Dean Plumptre's *Studies*:—

"Beatrice presses on him the remembrance of his early days, naming the very book, the *Vita Nuova*, which he had consecrated to his reverential love for her, and reminds him of all the promise and potency of good and all the actualities of evil which had characterised his youth. This was terrible enough. It was, as it were, Dante's anticipation of the time when the books shall be opened, and the things done in the body shall be made manifest to Christ and to His angels. But this was not all. The voice of the Judge, which is also the voice of the Beloved—for Beatrice unites both characters—must say to the accused, as Nathan said to

David, 'Thou art the man.' The sinner must confess his sin as David confessed it: 'Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight.' Question after question is pressed home upon him, till at last there comes the confession which Beatrice sought for as the condition of forgiveness:—

'The things that present were
With their false pleasure led my steps aside,
Soon as thy face was hidden from me there.'

It was the man, proud, reserved, reticent, craving for the praise of his fellows and sensitive to their censure, that thus laid bare the secrets of his soul. The reproofs of Beatrice are those of his own illumined and transfigured conscience. The *Purgatorio* takes its place, in spite of all differences of form and character, side by side with the *Confessions* of Augustine. One who has entered into its meaning will at least have learnt one lesson. He will have felt the power of Dante's intense truthfulness. The theories which see in the *Commedia*, from first to last, the symbolic cypher of a crypto-heresy, the writings of a man in a mask, veiling a pantheistic license under the garb of a scholastic theology, will seem absolutely incredible."

What had Dante done to earn his chastisement? Beatrice herself tells us, speaking at one time to her heavenly attendants, at another to him direct. The natural influence of the heavens, which give to every human being a bias good or evil, according to the virtue of his or her star, had greatly favoured him. He was born under the constellation of the Twins (all of you whose birthdays are in late May or in early June remember that your responsibility for moral lapses is greater than if you first saw life in some other month!). To this was added a large measure of divine grace. He was potentially excellent, "had a splendid start," we should say. While Beatrice lived, he lived well. When she was "risen from flesh to spirit,"

"Into ways untrue he turned his steps,
Pursuing the *false* images of good,
That never any promises fulfil."

So low he fell that naught could save him short of the appalling vision of Hell, of "the lost people." No one deadly sin is here laid to Dante's charge, as we might hastily have expected, though I am one of those who believe that in his lady's accusation there lurks a charge of laxity of life as well as of intellectual aberration. The accusation is mainly of intellectual obliquity. Dante, when her earthly presence was withdrawn, with all initial advantages predisposing to right vision, and with freewill, "saw askint," as do the sinners of the "Inferno," and was on the point of losing "Il Ben del Intelletto" altogether. His main sin, therefore, consisted in deliberately suffering his intellect to err, in relying on intellect, unaided by love, in his special deep sense of love, so that, as a result of its aberration, moral obliquity, with all its fell consequences, threatened him. Heavenly wisdom, Beatrice allegorised, condemns the original lapse, from which all other evils follow. The lady of his adoration, now a saint of God, condemns his lower self, which asserted itself when she was withdrawn. The whole scene loses much of its intensity if we forget that Beatrice is the Beatrice of the "Vita Nuova," now in Heaven, and think only of the allegory.

Dante has to make his bitter confession. Self-knowledge in its intensest depth eats into his soul, and he falls swooning through it. He is roused by the lady of the meadow, who draws him through Lethe, that he may thus wash out the memory of his sin ; and so he is enabled to obtain the full vision of the glorified Beatrice (*i.e.*, to learn what true Heavenly Wisdom is), hitherto seen as under a veil, and is permitted to behold a mystic picture of the Church and the Empire and their relations to each other in history. His former vision had presented the Church as God had meant it to be ; now he behold§

it as man, through evil exercise of freewill, had made it. The scene, in its successive unfolding, is a sad one, but it ends hopefully. Dante is bidden to tell what he has seen and all its meaning, when he returns to earth.

Dante is now led, with Statius (who has been at hand throughout, a spectator of his humiliation, though himself no participant, for he is a spirit and had already put himself right with God before death), to another river, springing from the same source as Lethe—Eunoë, remembrance of good deeds done—Dante's original invention, it seems. They drink of it, as earlier they bathed in Lethe. Dante would like to tell much about the sweet draught, but refrained from doing so,

“For in as much as filled are all the sheets
Ordained for this my second Cantica,
The curb of art no further lets me go.”

So he returned

“From the most holy wave, regenerate,
E'en as new plants, renewed with foliage new,
Pure, and made fit for mounting to the stars.”

“With snow-white veil, and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendours came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoë—the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.”

THE "PARADISO"

THE measure of a student's comprehension of the "Paradiso" is his enjoyment of it. This may sound to you at first as a platitude, but it is not so. The statement involves three assertions which, though sometimes controverted by the lazy reader, I hold to be true.

1. That the "Paradiso" is comprehensible, though difficult—and not all difficult poems are comprehensible. Who really comprehends Browning's "Sordello"?
2. That it is enjoyable. If I did not think it so I should not have the courage to ask you to listen to me talking about it for an hour.
3. That to understand it is to enjoy it. *It is difficult reading because it was difficult writing.*

Dante, in the "Inferno," utilised mainly the thoughts which he had derived from Aristotle, Cicero and Boëthius, all of them among the great minds which, as a layman, he would try to understand during the years which he devoted to philosophy. In the "Purgatorio" the offices of the Church supplied most of the side-lights. In the "Paradiso" it is the Doctors and Fathers of the Church who are his chief authorities, and he must have studied them deeply during his latter years. We, in reading the "Paradiso" without this advantage, follow in his wake, towed by him, because otherwise we could not keep pace, and running the risk of those who are

towed—that we may be submerged at any time by the wake left by the tower. Dante does not use this simile, but he does urge those who follow his ship in little boats to pause and think ere they put out into the deep sea with him and lose sight of the land. That some of the subtle scholastic discussions of the “Paradiso” are uninviting and dry to many I do not deny, but, on the other hand, a study of this “Cantica” makes us learn that the mediaeval is not always the crabbed, nor the scholastic always the pedantic. The great minds of the Middle Ages, and especially St. Thomas Aquinas, did not think ever in a slipshod way; they were severely logical and accurate in their arguments. Francis Bacon, who is responsible for much, for his own philosophy and Shakspeare’s dramas also, if some may be believed, is also, through his attitude towards mediaeval thought, responsible for the undue neglect of the great schoolmen in our day. They deserve better of us. In the realm of the *human* as distinguished from the *natural* sciences, where observation and experiment are most difficult of employment, they are deep and discerning beyond many of their successors. But it takes time and patience to throw our mind back into their medium of thought. The “Paradiso” helps us to this, but we have to pay for it by close and repeated attention—a habit not too common nowadays. I shall be satisfied if the wonderful poetry of this “Cantica” appeals to you sufficiently to make you want to traverse the dry places, as they may seem at first, also.

Before we embark on the study of the “Paradiso,” it is essential that we should have some clear idea of its structure, for Dante’s mind. His astronomical or cosmical system was, as you know, that which was called the Ptolemaic, and prevailed till the world reluctantly, under

pressure of evidence, accepted the Copernican system. Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," is in the interesting stage in which the latter was supplanting the former. He refers to both, and shows a leaning to the latter, though the earlier system, with some modifications, fitted his purpose, of expounding poetically the "Fall of Man," better. From one point of view it matters little whether we think that we are on a revolving ball, presenting to us the various aspects of a relatively stationary hollow sphere of heavenly bodies, or that we are fixed and the sphere revolves round us; but the further fruit of Copernicus' investigations, that our earth, viz., is but one of several planets, and not one of the largest, revolving round our central sun, which again is a rather poor sun compared with myriads of the star-suns that we see at night, is a source of disturbance to our thoughts and apt to lower our opinion of the importance of our planet in the universal system. Anyhow, for Dante and his contemporaries, our Earth was at the dead centre of all things, and the other solar planets went round it in the order approximately which we still hold—the Moon being treated as one of them, and, as is obvious, the nearest to us; then come Mercury, Venus, the Sun (occupying the position which we really hold), and, next, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn—that is the outermost for Dante's day—(Uranus and Neptune are, as you know, later discoveries). Dante's number system required the three, seven, nine, ten arrangement, already set out in the case of the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio." His seven is satisfied by the Moon, Sun, and the five inner planets; to build up his nine with two members of another order, he adds, outside the sphere of Saturn, first, the sphere of the Fixed Stars, all taken as being practically equidistant from us—(he had no telescope to

bring into view star on star invisible to the naked eye, no photographic plate to show star on star deeper and deeper set throughout the universe, which no telescope can detect); and secondly, the *Primum Mobile*, the First Moved, the sphere invented by the Ptolemaic system to explain the phenomenon which we call the Precession of the Equinoxes, or the slow apparent rotation of the whole heavens, which takes some 23,000 years to complete. Dante has eliminated one of the Ptolemaic spheres, the Crystalline, between the Sphere of the Fixed Stars and the *Primum Mobile*, and handed over its duties to the latter, and, to complete his number system, has added, as the tenth element of it, the *Empyrean*, where there is neither space nor time, outside the *Primum Mobile*. Milton, in the startling passage of his "*Paradise Lost*" (Book iii.), in which he locates, most originally, *his* Limbo, "since called the Paradise of Fools," where, as a good Protestant, he takes care to place, among others, such as "Embryos and Idiots," "eremites and friars, white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery," describes their journey from earth at death to their too breezy final home, and says:—

"They pass the planets seven, and pass the Fixed,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talked, and that First Moved,"

and so on. He is *not* inspired here. I wish I could spare you all this archaic lore, but it is necessary if you are to comprehend the "*Paradiso*"; it is framework, merely, but important as framework. I have mentioned *Spheres*—we must understand them also. Picture to yourselves this earth at the Centre of all things, holding Hell within it and supporting the Purgatorial Mountain. Around it build up in your fancy transparent sphere on sphere, each of the first seven containing one of

Dante's planets revolving within it, the eighth containing all the fixed stars, the ninth free of all astronomical occupants. Picture these spheres all revolving around the earth from east to west, making music as they roll—the music of the spheres—the outermost rolling most swiftly and all the others progressively more slowly, till you come to the Lunar Sphere, the slowest of all. Give them no palpable boundaries; they are rather regions within which certain bodies move or certain operations take place; the music is the result of their differential rate of movement, producing celestial harmonies, such as are best suggested by the Aeolian Harp. Remember that Dante in his heavenly journey does not encounter each planet in its sphere. They are not all ranged in the same part of their orbits for him. Some he sees, some not, but he traverses the spheres or regions of all.

But we have yet something further to learn about these Ptolemaic spheres. In the poem Beatrice gives her exposition of the Angelic Hierarchies in the Ninth Heaven. It is better for us to give it here. We have to learn that, for Dante and his time, there were nine orders of Angelic beings, divided into three groups of three. Each order has the charge of a sphere, the three nearest to Earth being under the charge, first, of the Angels, strictly so called—"Thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels"—their sphere the Lunar, their special work to guard individuals and bring tidings of God's bounty; next, working outwards, the Archangels—their sphere that of Mercury, their function to announce great messages and protect nations; next, the Principalities—their sphere that of Venus, their work to regulate Earthly principalities and induce princes to rule with love. The second or middle group is composed of the Powers, controlling the heaven of the Sun

representing Divine Power and combating powers of darkness and disease ; next, the Virtues, the controllers of the Sphere of Mars ("Virtus" in Latin means "Valour"), who imitate Divine strength and inspire endurance ; next the Dominations—image of Divine Dominion, controlling the Sphere of Jupiter. The third or highest group is composed of the Thrones, Cherubim and Seraphim, apportioned to the Sphere of Saturn, the Sphere of Fixed Stars and the Primum Mobile respectively—of which the Thrones imitate the Divine steadfastness and execute God's judgments and purify ; the Cherubim, as images of Divine Wisdom, spread the knowledge of God and illuminate ; while the Seraphim, as images of Divine Love, render perfect.—(E. G. Gardner). However unreal all this may seem to us, we must try to assimilate it, as it is a material part of Dante's scheme, and in his day was part of the general belief. Yet again, in the three lowest spheres, within the line of Earth-shadow, the three Celestial Virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity, *imperfectly attained*, are supposed to be exemplified—Faith in the Moon Sphere, Hope in that of Mercury, Charity in that of Venus ; while in the next four spheres the four cardinal virtues find their instances—Prudence or Wisdom in the Sphere of the Sun, Fortitude in that of Mars, Justice in that of Jupiter, and Temperance in "the cold planet" Saturn ; while in the eighth sphere, that of the Fixed Stars, the three Celestial Virtues again appear together in *perfect* working. In the ninth sphere we are beyond the reach of all virtues, for there *angelic*, not *saintly*, beings are made manifest, and virtue is a *human* excellence not to be predicated of the Angels or of Deity. Does not Aristotle say that "virtue implies a struggle" against vicious tendencies ? Goodness, not virtue, is the quality

of the Angel Hierarchies and of God. A grand passage in Goethe's *Faust* represents the activities of these Hierarchies, and may serve to make them more interesting and real to us. Picture each angelic order in them as singing :

“ In floods of being, in action's storm,
Up and down I wave,
To and fro I flee.
Birth and the grave,
An infinite sea,
A changeful weaving,
An ardent living ;
The ringing loom of Time is my care,
And I weave God's living garment there.”

I have tried to be succinct here, but what I have said under these heads is the very least that is necessary for anyone to realise who intends to understand the “*Paradiso*.”

I have used the word “*Noon*” as the time-note of the “*Paradiso*.” Noon was, for Dante, the most perfect hour of the twenty-four, the hour of the meridian splendour of our Sun—in a figurative sense, of the Sun of Righteousness. It was at noon, “*lo colmo del dì*,” thought Dante, quoting St. Luke for his warrant, that Christ died on the Cross, the “*It is finished*” coinciding with the perfect hour. (Had Dante consulted a “*Harmony of the Gospels*” he would have found that two of the four Evangelists show that, though the crucifixion eclipse began at noon, as the Synoptists all agree, there were yet three hours to elapse before the end ; St. Luke, moreover, says nothing to contradict them.) Noon, again, in the day is analogous to the middle of human life, thirty-five years, the culminating point of the arch of our “*three score and ten years*,”

halfway from cradle to grave, from which we begin to descend. Dante's "*Commedia*" begins with the words "*Nel mezzo del cammin del nostra vita,*" and he was thirty-five years old in the year 1300 A.D., in which he places his vision. The spirit of noon is over the whole *Cantica*—light at its brightest everywhere—"Sacred, high, eternal noon," "for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

It was noon when Dante took his draught of Eunoë in the "Earthly Paradise." As he returns from the river he sees Beatrice gazing on the sun with more than eagle intensity. Dante did likewise and could endure it, where he was, for awhile, but then he turned his gaze to her and passed beyond humanity, whether in the body or out of the body he knew not. Nor did he know that he was rising swiftly through the upper ether, above the "Earthly Paradise," towards the natural home of the soul, his spirit returning unto God who gave it. With Beatrice he floats up into the first heaven, the sphere of the moon, and "within itself the Eternal Pearl received" him. Here there are manifested to him the spirits of those among the Blessed who had been inconstant in their vows, torn from the cloister by relatives or others, and, though eager to return, not undergoing the last martyrdom rather than remain without.

To avoid making my introductory remarks tedious, I deliberately omitted certain cosmical explanations which must be made in their place. And here I must tell you that, to complete the application of Dante's number system, the seven planetary Heavens have to be grouped in three classes—the Heavens below the Solar Sphere, the Solar Sphere itself, and the Heavens above or

outside it. The first three of these spheres—those inside the sphere of the Sun—are supposed to lie within the space covered everywhere once in every twenty-four hours by the Earth's shadow projected as a cone (already mentioned), behind it in space. Figuratively this supposed fact is employed to convey the thought that the blessed spirits manifested in these spheres have all something of the earthly touch upon them. They were not saints of God on earth, nor were they mighty workers for God, *consciously*, though some of them were such without their knowledge. In the Heaven of the Moon they who had been *weak* women are found ; in the Heaven of Mercury they who had been too much immersed in purely human activities in the seeking after honour, like the spirits whom we have seen in the Valley of Princes in "Purgatory"; in the Heaven of Venus they who had been over-amorous, "had loved too well."

Paradise is the realm in which love and knowledge find their complete fulfilment, their perfect reconciliation. Perfect knowledge brings Perfect love to the Redeemed. Among the Angels there never was need of such reconciliation, and the Highest Angels are those in whom love and knowledge are absolutely equated. We have not to penetrate further into the "Paradise" than the Heaven of the Moon, which we have now reached, to find this doctrine taught in language that burns it into our inner natures. Dante meets the spirit of Piccarda, sister of his friend Forese Donati, whom we have seen in Purgatory, and puzzled by the fact that she is manifested to him in the lowest sphere, as enjoying less of the intuition of Deity than most of the Redeemed, addresses her thus :—

“But tell me, ye who in this place are happy,
Are you desirous of a higher place,
To see more or to make yourselves more friends?”

‘Brother our will is quieted by virtue
Of charity, that makes us wish alone
For what we have, nor gives us thirst for more.
If to be more exalted we aspired,
Discordant would our aspirations be
Unto the will of him who here secludes us ;
Which thou shalt see finds no place in these circles,
If being in charity is needful here,
And if thou lookest well into its nature ;
Nay, ’tis essential to this blest existence
To keep itself within the will divine,
Whereby our very wishes are made one ;
So that, as we are station above station
Throughout this realm, to all the realm ’tis pleasing,
As to the King who makes his will our will.
And his will is our peace ; this is the sea
To which is moving onward whatsoever
It doth create, and all that nature makes.’
Then it was clear to me how everywhere
In heaven is Paradise, although the grace
Of good supreme there rain not in one measure.”

“And His Will is our Peace.” This is, as I view it, the most pregnant line in all the “Commedia.” It enwraps all Dante’s teaching, and from it, with patience and with intellectual sympathy, we can unfold it all. It gives the key to the old Bible record of the Fall of Man ; and to that other story of the Fall of Lucifer. The Nether Hell is filled with those to whom His Will was their unrest, Purgatory with those who are striving to bring their will into accord with His, Heaven with those who had found peace in His will, through “sweet reasonableness.” (This phrase, though we connect it with Matthew Arnold, was first used by one of

the old Schoolmen.) The words are spoken by one who is in bliss and at length knows fully the secret of final bliss. She realises that there is nothing of slavery in such obedience, in the absolute submission of the lesser to the greater, of the part to the whole, of the created to the Creator—nay, more, she sees that “it is *essential* to this blest existence to keep itself within the Will Divine,” that the fruit of disobedience, if general, must be anarchy, whence Chaos, destroying Cosmos. Piccarda’s bliss is perfect—perfect as that of the very Seraphim above her, because she sees that she is where the eternal fitness of things has placed her in the realms of final bliss. It is a far cry from where Piccarda spoke to Birmingham, but I find in a speech of the Principal of Birmingham University a passage which expresses admirably Piccarda’s teaching:—“We thus, even now, can exhibit some approximation to the highest state—*that conscious unison with the entire scheme of existence which is identical with perfect freedom.*” You will remember that Vergil told Cato, at the foot of Purgatory, that Dante “Libertà va cercando,” “Is on his way to seek for *freedom.*”

You must bear in mind that, though through the different spheres of Heaven, as Dante passes upwards, different spirits greet him, they are none of them confined to those spheres. The home of all is in the highest Heaven, the Empyrean, but Dante is in the flesh still, and has to learn his transcendent lesson step by step. To help his human understanding the manifestations are made to him sphere by sphere, to teach him that the Redeemed have not all the same power of intuition into “Il Ben del Intelletto,” though all are equally blessed.

The questions put by Dante and solved by Beatrice—

Heavenly Wisdom—in this sphere “relate to the salvation and guidance of individual souls and to the great gift of Liberty of Will, whereby God’s bounty is specially shown.” This is the Angels’ sphere, and this it is the Angels’ province to teach.

The eyes of Beatrice, which ever reflect the Godhead, flash brighter at every time of passing to a higher sphere. It is through watching her eyes that Dante becomes aware that he has moved up a further stage. There is no treading of the foot in Paradise. Heavenly Wisdom shows brighter and more beautiful as man approaches nearer to God. Such signal now shows Dante that he has mounted to the sphere of Mercury, where are manifested those spirits which did great things on Earth, but with too much of earthly motive, such as desire of fame. Justinian, the great Emperor of the Eastern Empire of Rome, is the spirit who speaks with Dante here. He gives him a noble account of the growth of the Roman Empire from its first beginning, the lesson implied in his story being that of Dante’s “*De Monarchia*,” that the Empire and the Church are equally derived from God and intended to exist side by side, each with its special functions. As this is the sphere moved by the Archangels, messages of special import and sacredness are announced in it. It was an Archangel who made the Annunciation to the Virgin; “so Beatrice here explains to Dante the mystery of man’s redemption by the Incarnation and Crucifixion,” and speaks of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body.

I do not feel qualified, either personally or by the occasion, to discuss here Dante’s doctrine of the Crucifixion and the part taken in it and in avenging it by the Roman Empire. I ask you, when you read

the poem, to study it for yourselves in the sixth Canto of the "Paradiso," as it shows how thoroughly our poet was imbued with the belief in what he has set out so fully in his treatise on "The Monarchy," viz., that the Empire was pre-ordained of God as the companion of the Church in the regulation of the world. The gist of it is that the legality of the circumstances of the Crucifixion and of the punishment of those who were primarily responsible for it was guaranteed by the fact that in the one case the official representative of the Emperor Tiberius, in the other the Emperor Titus himself, each the agent of the world-empire approved by God, was the instrument of Heaven for executing its fore-ordained plans—that the Satisfaction of the Cross and the penalty on the murderers would not have been complete had mere mob riot been the immediate agent in either case. Dante's logic was his master, and, as Maria Rossetti says, "we probably have here the key to a perplexing problem—why Pontius Pilate is nowhere met with in Hell."

Still under the influence of the Earth's Shadow, Dante and his Lady float up to the next Heaven—of Venus—the sphere which is moved by the Principalities, whom Dante addresses in one of his most famous odes:—"Ye who with wisdom the third Heaven move." Their special office—to induce Princes to rule with love—has been mentioned, and a Prince thus moved appears to Dante in the person of Carlo Martello, king of Hungary; Rahab of Jericho also appears, and Cunizza, sister of the tyrant Erzelin, and Folco of Marseilles. There is less of beauty in Dante's description of this sphere than elsewhere, a sort of indirect revenge on the goddess whose name is given to the planet of the sphere, the goddess of beauty, but

of beauty perfectly pagan in its character. I believe that, for once, he felt that it was difficult to fit in his proper Hierarchy—the Principalities—with the leading characteristics of the spirits here manifested. The *word* "love" applies to the function of this Hierarchy and to the Spirits, but the *sense* is strained a little to suit the two at once.

It should be noted, ere we pass on, that the Redeemed souls who are shown in these three lowest spheres are not fully transfigured—the shadow of Earth being upon them. In the Heaven of the Moon Dante can detect the spirit-forms shadowy "as mirrored semblances"—but he does recognise Piccarda, after a time, when his eyes become used to her glorified personality. In the Heaven of Mercury the spirits are more disguised by their own glory of beauty and radiance, but there is some apprehension of their actual figures. In the Heaven of Venus Carlo Martello says:—

"My gladness keepeth me concealed from thee,
Which rayeth round about me, and doth hide me
Like as a creature swathed in its own silk";

and in the higher heavens the glorification is complete, the spirits are known by their utterances or by direct explanation from Beatrice. The movements of the spirits correspond. Piccarda, in the lowest Heaven, vanishes "as through deep water something heavy." In the heaven of Mercury Justinian and the other spirits, "in the manner of swift-hurrying sparks, veiled themselves from me with a sudden distance," says Dante. Cunizza, in the third Heaven, on ceasing to speak, "had the semblance of being turned elsewhither by the wheel on which it entered as it was before"—the wheel of the celestial dance is meant. Both Carlo Martello and Cunizza, in this Heaven, correct Dante's erroneous idea,

which he had hitherto held, that their sphere was moved by the Thrones. We shall see later how important this Hierarchy was and why its position was much higher. The lower Heavens, of imperfect wills, are now passed, and the Sphere of the Sun is reached. The old astronomy required that this position should be filled by our luminary, to explain the phenomena of actual vision. With a central Earth, and with Mercury and Venus apparent only as morning and evening stars, the Sun has to be placed between them and the exterior planets which are seen crossing the meridian in their due course. Yet old observers, with their Ptolemaic system, must often have wondered at the surpassing brightness of the Sun compared with all other heavenly bodies. It could not be explained by mere proximity, else what of Mercury and Venus? It remained therefore to attribute to it comparative proximity and great reduction of bulk. The true mass of our Sun is so great that, if it really were ever nearer to us than Mars at its nearest, it would make this planet a very tropical home for all of us. That the Copernican theory or something like it, with a central Sun, should have been so long delayed has always caused me wonder, when I think how he makes day and night for us while the planets are but little more prominent than the fixed stars. But taking the facts as we find them and thinking ourselves into the old theory, we see how Dante was driven to give the Solar Sphere a very special position in his "Paradiso." It was bound to stand out alone. It fills the corresponding part in this *Cantica* to the middle Terrace in the "Purgatorio" and to the City of Dis in the "Inferno." There is a difference of kind as well as of degree between what is below it and what is above it. It marks the escape from the Earth Shadow. It is the

sphere of operation of the Powers, representatives of Divine Majesty, who combat the forces of darkness or ignorance. What stouter enemy of darkness than the Sun, that stays diseases? Apollo was the Sun-god of the classic world; these last two functions were specially his, as god of oracles, and as father of Asklepius, the great physician. Higher Angel grades, in Dante's system, ruled higher spheres than that of the Sun, but the Majesty of God is spread over all the spheres. It is the Sphere of Prudence—Wisdom—of all the four cardinal virtues which are connoted by it and the three next above it the most cardinal, the hinge on which the others turn. It is the great illuminant of the intellect and the sphere which, in many ways, is the chief minister to the attainment of "*Il Ben del Intelletto*." Dante marks the transition to this sphere by a special prologue in which he calls the Sun—

"The greatest of the ministers of nature

Who with the power of heaven the world imprints."

Beatrice's living smile becomes more glorious than ever in each new sphere, and Dante sees a circle of glowing lights, singing ineffably sweetly, girding him as the moon is girded by her halo. Singing and singing they circle thrice round him and his Guide, then pause. "Ladies they seemed," says Dante, "not from the dance released, But who stop short, in silence listening Till they have gathered the new melody." Then from within one of the lights there speaks a spirit. It is St. Thomas Aquinas, the great Angelic Doctor, Dante's chief master in philosophic thought, he who brought the teaching of the mighty master of those who know—Aristotle—within the scheme of Christian Theology, one of the master-minds of the world, to many of us unknown, perhaps, except by name.

And here, in this Sphere of the Sun, where the great Schoolmen are shown and speak, I must digress awhile, to make a further reference to them ; for you will never truly enjoy the "Paradiso" unless you get yourselves into some sort of sympathy with them. I hold that the heaviest part of the price which we have had to pay for the Renaissance—and *all great advances carry with them a loss*—is the neglect, rather I should say the contempt, of the scholastic philosophy of the middle ages. The pendulum still swings away from it, we are still, as it were, inebriated with the discoveries of science ; but it will swing back again and we shall one day realise how great a place the Doctors, or Schoolmen, fill in the history of human thought and how much they did to help the human race forward towards the very discoveries which now absorb so much of its attention and interest. We kick down the ladders by which we have mounted ; the Past has done everything for the Present ; the Present has no leisure to thank the Past.

Let me quote Sir James Mackintosh, an acute thinker. He says :—

"Those who measure only by palpable results have very consistently regarded the metaphysical and theological controversies of the Schools as a mere waste of intellectual power. But the contemplation of the athletic vigour and versatile skill manifested by the European understanding, at the moment when it emerged from this tedious and rugged discipline, leads, if not to approbation, yet to more qualified censure. What might have been the result of a different combination of circumstances is an enquiry which, on a large scale, is beyond human power. We may, however, venture to say that no abstract science unconnected with religion was likely to be respected in a barbarous age, and we may be allowed to doubt whether any knowledge dependent on experience and applicable to immediate practice would have so trained the European mind as to qualify it for the series of inventions, discoveries, and institutions which begins with the

sixteenth century, and of which no end can now be foreseen but the extinction of the race of man."

In other words, the Schoolmen took up the sum of human knowledge, as possessed by the ages which had lost Hellenic culture for a while, nursed it in its tender stage, when it was not strong enough to face the rough world of fact, taught it how to use with utmost skill the weapons supplied by logic, and then, when the great expansion or revolution called the Renaissance came, sent it forth to use those weapons in an altered world with the results that we all can estimate. The thoughts of the Schoolmen moved within the limits laid down by the Church, the sole repository of learning in those days ; but they pressed hard outwards against their restraining walls, when they imported into the philosophy of mediaeval Europe the learning of the great Arabians—Avicenna (Ibn Sida), and Averrhoes (Ibn Roshd)—who had mastered Aristotle's teaching in ethics, metaphysics and natural science, the Church till then having taught only the *logic* of "the great master of those who know."

To digress no further, our last word will be : that the philosophy of the Schoolmen "produced, in Aquinas and in *Dante*, certain types of thought and feeling which could have sprung from no other system, and for the absence of which the world would have been emphatically poorer" (P. Hume Brown). I may seem extravagant, but if the whole thought of Scholasticism had produced Dante and naught else, I, for one, should think the price paid for Dante none too high.

To return to the "*Commedia*." St. Thomas Aquinas tells Dante who his companions are—Albertus Magnus, Solomon, Dionysius, the great authority on the Celestial Hierarchies, Sigier, and Boëthius. He tells, further, of St. Francis of Assisi, who made Poverty his bride,

and of his own great master St. Dominic, and shows how they were raised up by Providence to serve as Champions of the Church in her time of need—Francis the Seraphic, Dominic the Cherubic, love preponderating in the one, wisdom in the other. As a Dominican, St. Thomas, with refined courtesy, tells the praise of St. Francis, and is answered with like courtesy by another spirit speaking from a second garland of blessed flames, which enrings the first and revolves joyously with it. It is St. Bonaventura, the Franciscan, the Seraphical Doctor, who sings the praises of St. Dominic. With him, in the outer ring, are Chrysostom, Anselm, Hugh of St. Victor, and others. They sing the mysteries of the Trinity and of the Incarnation, which can be clearly comprehended now that the regions of Earth-Shadow have been surmounted. The spirits are now asked by Beatrice to answer a doubt which she foresees about to grow in Dante's mind, as to how it can be that the resurrection of the body will not make the intensity of the brilliance which enwraps them actually painful to the eyes of the redeemed. Solomon replies that greater completeness will follow the reunion of soul and body, and accordingly still greater brightness, but the organs of sense will be incapable of pain—their grasp will be unlimited. At the mention of the resurrection of the dead,

“So quick and eager in their burst of song,
With loud ‘Amen,’ seemed each ring of the choirs,
They seemed for their dead bodies much to long ;
Not for themselves alone were their desires,
Perchance, but mothers, fathers, others, dear
Ere yet they shone among the eternal fires.”

And now there is seen a sight, which through its element of mystery tempts fancy to interpret where perception fails. Behold! outside the two circles of

spirit-lights a new circle growing into view, in fashion of a brightening horizon, or as stars come out in the sky at evenfall. We are told no more, for at this point the eyes of Beatrice grow in radiance, sure sign of the entrance on another sphere. What does this new appearance signify? Is it meant to complete the symbol of the Trinity? Very probably. But does it not mean more? *Dante seldom means but one thing at a time.* My fancy sees in that outmost ring, just dawning on Dante's sky, the spirits of Great Doctors *yet to be*. I can see Newton there, I can see Laplace ; even Dante, if prophetically endowed, might have seen *them*. I can see Darwin also, and other mighty ones of an emancipated realm of thought, for Truth is divine, along whatever road one travels in quest of it ; but then I feel that I have to pay the penalty of losing the guidance of Dante's Beatrice.

We mount with the poet and his Lady to the next sphere—of Mars—loth to lose sight of the splendours of the Solar Sphere ; but find, in compensation, what is yet more beautiful. More beautiful ! I have read the "Paradiso" many a time, and I can find no picture in it, or in the whole "Commedia," so beautiful as is the scene that bursts on us as we enter the Sphere of Mars. It may be a matter of individual temperament, or it may not. Judge ye !

"As, marked by less and greater starry signs,
The Galaxy, the world's great poles between,
Perplexing sages, in its whiteness shines,
Thus, constellate in depths of Mar's bright sheen,
Those rays the venerable sign did make,
Which, where four quadrants intersect, is seen.
Here skill and power 'neath memory's burden break,
For on that cross, all flashing, shone the Christ,
So that I know not what fit type to take ;

But whoso takes his cross and follows Christ
Will pardon me for what I leave unsaid,
Seeing in that sheen the levin-flash of Christ.
From arm to arm, and from the foot to head,
Moved to and fro bright lights, and, as they went,
Meeting and crossing, sparkling rays they shed.
So see we oft, in straight line now, now bent,
Now swift, now slow, in ever-changing mode,
The atoms small, of more or less extent,
Move in the ray which makes a shining road
Through shadows thick, where men on screen or fence
Their skill, and art, and labour have bestowed.
And as the lyre and harp, when duly tense
Their many strings, make pleasant harmony
For him who of each note has little sense,
So then the lights that there appeared to me
Around the cross melodious song did raise,
Which rapt me, though their hymn mine ears did flee.
Well did I know it was of loftiest praise,
For unto me 'Arise and conquer' came,
As, understanding not, one hears a phrase.
So much therewith enamoured I became,
That until then had not been anything
That with such pleasant bonds my strength o'ercame."

Picture to yourselves a glowing opalescent Cross, stretched over the ruddy Planet's face, as the Cross on the breast of a Crusader, the figure of the Crucified mysteriously disclosed upon it, as by a lightning-flash, fashioned out of the spirits scintillating and sparkling along its arms or down its length, glowing crimson, and thick as motes in a sunbeam—the martial melody throbbing and pulsing through the once accursed, now glorified, Tree, with its majestic refrain, "Risurgi e vince"—and tell me of a painter who can or ever could reproduce it on panel or on canvas!

Fancy takes flight here too, as in the next sphere below. One places now among these martial bright ones the nineteenth-century soldier-saints — Henry

Havelock and Charles George Gordon, and others like them—when they are found.

We are in the sphere of Heaven which is moved by the Virtues—"Valours" they should be more strictly called—and it is peopled, for Dante's perception, with the stout warriors for the Cross. Sturdy old Cacciaguida, father of Dante's great-grandfather, who is still expiating his pride on the lowest terrace in Purgatory, is among the sparkles on the Cross, and, as all the blessed spirits are wont to do, does not wait to be addressed, but, recognising his descendant, quits his place in the right arm to greet him, as Anchises greeted his son Aeneas among the shades in the Elysian Fields.

"Nor strayed the gem beyond its radiant bar,
But sped along the central column's way
As fire is seen through alabaster spar."

Through three whole cantos and part of a fourth this spirit holds converse with Dante. He tells him of old Florence, the Florence of his own day, ere yet the feuds of Guelph and Ghibelline, of Bianchi and Neri had rent her vitals, ere France and Rome had made her a centre of intrigue. His were "the good old times" of frugal simplicity. In Florence he was born, baptised and married. He followed the Emperor Conrad on his crusade, was knighted and killed in battle, presumably, and "came from martyrdom unto this peace."

Dante has had more than one dark hint given to him during his unearthly pilgrimage of the earthly lot that awaits him, and appeals to his ancestor to interpret them. Cacciaguida removes the veil that covers most of his remaining years on earth and shows how he will be banished from Florence, at the instigation of the Pope. "Thou shalt abandon everything beloved most dearly; this is the arrow which the bow of exile shall first shoot.

Thou shalt make trial of how salt doth taste another's bread, and how hard the path to descend and mount upon another's stair." The Lord of Verona, Bartolomeo della Scala, will give him his first asylum; in his Court he will see his son Can Grande, the greyhound of the prophecy in the "Inferno,"

"On whom this star did make
Such impress, when his birth was nigh at hand,
That his great deeds shall soon men's wonder wake."

Wonderful things to be are told to Dante, in connection with Can Grande and his future deeds, but he is charged not to divulge them.

He asks his ancestor whether he should reveal all that he has seen so far on his pilgrimage. If he tells it it will be bitter to many, if he conceals it he fears that his name will perish unremembered. To old Cacciaguida's advice hereupon we owe much of the poem which we are now examining. Stoutly, as behoves a spirit in this Heaven, he answers:—

"Conscience, dimmed or by its own
Or other's shame, will feel thy saying sharp
Thou, notwithstanding, all deceit removed,
See the whole vision be made manifest,
And let them wince, who have their withers wrung."

The prophecy of his ancestor as to Dante's future sets him brooding, part angry and part sad, till Beatrice rouses him from his reverie. "That Lady, who was leading me to God, said: 'Change thy thought: think that I am nigh to Him who every wrong unloadeth.'" Dante turned to her. Love ineffable was in her eyes. He was transfixed. "Turn thee and hearken," said she, "not only in my eyes is Paradise." He turns and Cacciaguida speaks once more, pointing out on the Cross conspicuous warriors of God—Joshua, Judas Maccabeus,

Charlemagne, Roland and others. They flash brighter as they are named. Then he rejoins the sacred host, singing his soldier-song with them.

The light changes from ruddy to silvery white. It marks the ascent to the sixth sphere—of Jupiter—moved by the Dominations. Here are the spirits of just Rulers, and the special virtue of this sphere is Justice. They wheel and fly like rooks fresh risen from their pasture, and as they sing form the text across the planet's face, in golden letters on a silvery background, "*Diligite justitiam qui judicatis terram,*" "Love justice ye who rule the earth"—the opening words of the Book of Wisdom. About the last Latin letter M other spirits gather, till out of it they form an eagle's head and neck. The beak of the bird thus formed speaks the collective wisdom of the spirits that compose the sign, the voice of all just rulers being the one voice of Justice. In answer to Dante's doubt as to the fate of the righteous heathen, it sings, in rapture, of the divine justice. The redeemed souls know not yet who shall be the saved, and rejoice in this very limitation of their knowledge, for God's will is their Peace. David, Trajan, Hezekiah, Constantine, and others are mentioned as among the chief spirits here. To my mind, Dante's wing droops a little in this Heaven, through exhaustion after his magnificent flight through the sphere next below. Still, to students of the "*De Monarchia*" it is of great interest.

The eyes of Dante are again fixed on Beatrice. This time she smiles not—in mercy—for the splendour of her eyes at this point would burn him up to ashes. The Heavens themselves are silent, for their music in this sphere would overcome his hearing. This is the Heaven of mystic rapture—of the Hermits and all blessed ones who followed the life of contemplation rather than the

life of action. Aristotle himself put the life of contemplation on a higher level than the life of action, and the mediaeval Church taught that only in the rigorous seclusion of the cloister, cut off from all cares of the world, can human thought attain to any approach to the intuition of the Godhead. Visible only in this sphere, and ascending to the very Empyrean, is the golden ladder which Israel saw in his dream. It is the stairway by which the prayers of such spirits as are found here ascended, in life, to God, and by which angels and saints came down to visit them; but, though seen only here, (*i.e.*, by the contemplatives, who alone can realise its full meaning,) the ladder stretches through all the spheres from that of the Sun to the highest heaven. In its chief aspect it is the ladder of the seven virtues—the four cardinal: wisdom, fortitude, justice and temperance; and the three celestial: faith, hope and charity—with wisdom at the base, as being the basal cardinal virtue, the gardener, as it were, who prepares the soil for the other three (for fortitude, justice and temperance must be reached by the way of wisdom to be real virtues of intellectual man) and with charity or love at the summit, as holding the cord which lifts up faith and hope, and with them the four cardinal virtues, to heaven (for faith and hope without love are, if not impossible, at least but sickly and ineffectual things). The foot of the ladder rests where first heaven is free from Earth's Shadow; its summit is held by the Seraphim in the "*Primum Mobile*," the heaven of perfect charity. When we reach the Seraphim we are as near to God as can be; no ladder now is necessary, the intuition of Godhead is automatic. Allegorically the roots of the cardinal virtues are in Earth, the plants aspire and ascend—the roots of the celestial virtues are in heaven,

the plants descend, or *condescend*, and wrap their tendrils around us. This is another way in which we may interpret the ascent of prayer and the descent of angels and saints along this heavenly stairway.

This is the heaven of the Mystic Ecstasy, moved by the Thrones of God. Dante and some of those from whom he drew his learning had given the charge of a lower heaven to the Thrones. Beatrice corrects him, for it is on the Thrones that God himself sits. They are therefore above the guardians of all other planetary spheres. The Sphere of Saturn is the Sphere of Temperance, and it is among the offices of the Thrones to purify. Saturn was the cold planet—the planet of asceticism—but when Dante entered its sphere Saturn was in the warm constellation of the Lion, for coldness towards things earthly must be conjoined with warmth of feeling towards God to produce the true temper of the contemplative, the mystic intuitionist. Had we Dante's framework of the heavens as a living belief among us we should put in the heaven of Saturn, in modern times, the idealists; but the word and the conception which it conveys were not formulated in the fourteenth century. Deep as it was, the mediaeval conception was less broad than ours. The age of the god Saturn, ere yet he had been deposed by Jupiter, was the fabled Age of Gold, when all was well with the world. The Golden Age of the Contemplatives had passed when Dante lived. The sainted souls which meet him bewail the degeneracy of the monks of later days. A throng of pearly splendours, each enwrapping a pure contemplative spirit, come down to a certain step of the ladder to greet Dante; they are pearly because so pure. With two of them he holds discourse on deep questions which he is told are far beyond his power of grasp. One of these, St. Peter

Damiani, denounces the modern pastors and their luxurious sloth, and, at his words, Dante says : " I saw more flames begin To leap down step by step and whirl around, And as they whirled more beauty did they win ; Then round that soul they came, and kept their ground, And raised a cry that rang so deep a knell, That for it no similitude is found, Nor could I, thunderstruck, its meaning tell." To explain this indignant cry, in this place, we must remember that we are in the Sphere of the Thrones of God. " The Lord's *Throne* is in heaven ; his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men "—(Ps. xi. 4). It is from here that " the Lord looked down upon the children of men "—(Ps. xiv. 2).

In the end the whole host are swept back whirling to the Empyrean. Dante with Beatrice is swiftly caught up along the ladder to the sphere of the Fixed Stars, which he enters in the sign of the Twins—his nativity-sign, under which he 'first felt the air of Tuscany'—and now he is bidden by Beatrice look down to Earth, that he may have his eyes clear and keen for the more exalted sights that are to follow, through gaining a full sense of proportion. He sees all the heavens through which he has been passing, and the planets that move in each, and lowest of all, in clearest significance, he beholds our Earth, "the threshing floor which maketh us wax so proud." Then he looks back to Beatrice. She is standing, erect and eager, gazing towards the region beneath which the sun showeth least speed, the meridian ; for Dante is to see the splendour of the Sun of Righteousness soon. He tells us that—

" As bird, within the leafy home it loves,
Upon the nest its sweet young nestlings share,
Resting, while night hides all that lives and moves,
Who, to behold the objects of her care,

And find the food that may their hunger stay,—
Task in which all hard labours grateful are,—
Prevents the dawn, and, on an open spray,
With keen desire awaits the sun's bright rays
And wistful look, till gleams the new-born day ;”

so, then, stood his lady.

We have now arrived in a new and higher realm of mysticism, of apocalyptic character, the counterpart, in this respect, of the “Earthly Paradise” in the second *Cantica*. Dante, in passing through the Planetary Spheres, has acquired in partial or in full measure, according to their characteristic qualities, the virtues which belong to them, and is, to that extent, made fit for the final intuition. In the lowest three he has acquired, partially, the three celestial virtues—faith, hope, and charity ; partially because those spheres are within the shadow of earth. In the next four he has acquired, fully, the four cardinal virtues—prudence (or wisdom), fortitude, justice, and temperance. He has now to be made perfect, or shown perfect, in the other three. As preface to the test that is to be applied, he is shown the Triumph of Christ and His Church in the inspired Canto No. xxiii. Over-shining all the celestial pageant is the Christ Himself, swathed in glorious light which overcomes Dante's senses and then is mercifully withdrawn. Regaining his powers after a while he beholds what he cannot fully describe, for it is ineffable ; but Beatrice points out to him the Virgin Mary, “the Rose Wherein the word Eterne was clothed in flesh,” and the Apostles, “the lilies Through whose sweet scent the way of life we learn.” A light, in the form of a circle or crown (it is the Angel Gabriel who visited her on earth), descends and wheels around the Virgin and sings of her glorification ; then all the other spirits chant her name. She rises with the archangel-garland to the Empyrean, by a

new Assumption. The spirits shoot up flames of love towards her, and sing "Regina Coeli, laetare, alleluia, Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia, Resurrexit, sicut dixit, alleluia." And then follows the test, of which I have spoken. Dante is now filled with Faith, Hope, and Charity, for he is in the sphere moved by the Cherubim, the images of divine *wisdom*, who spread knowledge and illuminate, and, though still only through symbolism, has learnt much of the deep things of God. He has, in the next Sphere, to get one stage nearer to the final intuition, but *love* can do all the rest now. He is examined by the three great Apostles, who, in succession, move forth from the heavenly throng—by St. Peter on Faith, by St. James (son of Zebedee) on Hope, and by St. John on Charity. The scene is strange to us, because essentially mediaeval, based on the *vivâ voce* Examinations of the Schools for the Doctorate of Divinity.

Dante has already beheld the Second Adam—"The Man by whom came the Resurrection from the Dead," in this Sphere, though but in a flash. He is now to hold converse with him by whom "came Death," the first Adam. By him he is told that the Sin which led to the great forfeit was the desire of spiritual good beyond due measure, which implied pride and rebellion against God. The whole scene ends with the "Gloria Patri," chanted by all Paradise. "It was," says Dante, "as though a smile did meet mine eyes From all creation." And then St. Peter, growing brighter than before, but glowing red the while with indignation, denounces the Pope himself as a false Vicar of Christ and an unworthy Successor of himself. All Heaven blushes dark red, the red of a solar eclipse, with him, and Beatrice's cheek grows scarlet. Dante is bidden

to report what he has seen and heard when he returns to earth. Higher authority than that of Cacciaguida, his ancestor, is needed to justify him in attacking the very Vicar of Christ. And now the spirits sweep up to the highest heaven, and Beatrice bids Dante again look down Earthwards. He has moved a full quarter of a revolution of the Sphere since his last glance downwards. Gazing back on the still further enhanced glory of Beatrice, he is caught up into the Ninth Heaven—"the First-Moved"—the sphere of operation of the Seraphim, last and grandest of the nine. These are the Image of Divine Love and make perfect. Beatrice explains how this sphere is the starting-point of all the heavenly revolutions. "Around it Love and Light encircling flow, As it around the rest, and this bright sphere He only knows who it encircleth so." Time and space take their beginnings hence; in the Empyrean which is beyond it every space is *here* and every time is *now*.

Dante now has his second vision of the three final visions, which are to culminate in the intuition of "Il Ben del Intelletto." He is now one stage nearer to God than when he saw the Triumph of Christ and His Church. He can now see more clearly what *is* through a thinner veil than before. Gazing at Beatrice he sees, reflected in her eyes, what makes him lift his own towards a point of light, of intensest brightness, enringed with nine circles of fire, of which the innermost is the most burning and the swiftest, and the others are less burning and less swift progressively as they lie further from the Point. It is a metaphoric vision, as it were, of the Godhead and the nine hierarchies of angels. The human form and attributes are absent now, there is nothing but Light and Love. Intensity of Love is shown by intensity of light and speed around

the Light of Lights, the Seraphim forming the inmost ring, the Angels the outermost. It is in this canto that we have the important teaching that :

"All
Are blessed, even as their sight descends
Deeper into the truth, wherein is rest
For every mind. Thus happiness hath root
In *seeing*, not in *loving*, which of sight
Is aftergrowth."

I do not know how it is with you, but I myself am almost overcome with a sense of helplessness as with stammering lips I seek to describe the ineffable, and with dazzled mind I try to pierce the transcendent. Dante himself is overcome again and again in these regions of the superhuman, and we may take comfort for ourselves from his helplessness. We should have to be real contemplatives, of the sphere of Saturn, to grapple adequately with such surroundings. We can see, however, that the effort here is to teach us that Deity cannot be fully felt and known under the conditions of time and space ; that the categories of the understanding, as Aristotle and Kant would call them, contain no mould of thought into which these things unspeakable can be fitted. God is the point from which all nature hangs. His celestial ministers ever encircle Him. Yet God is everywhere, not limited by bounds of space. At times we must think of Him as being in heaven,

"not in bounds confined,
But that, with love intenser, there
He views his primal effluence,"

as the penitents for pride chant, in their Lord's Prayer, in Purgatory. At other times he must be thought of as pervading all things and always as existing from eternity to eternity, as the Great "I Am"—"Subsisto." We may think as Milton spoke in a magnificent sonnet,

"His state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest."

He works through ministers, His angel hosts. But these themselves may be thought of as imagery put forth to express a deeper truth to our imperfect apprehension. The whole of the *Primum Mobile* is ever revolving in all directions with incredible swiftness, for each part of it is moved by the Seraphim, "the circle which most loves and which most knows," and yearns to be in contact with the Godhead. God is uncircumscribed and circumscribes all things ; though omnipresent He is said to dwell in the *Empyrean* because there He manifests Himself in the flames of divine love. We are now in the region of thought where paradox is consistency and contradiction is statement of highest truth—beyond ourselves, in fact. If anyone has got nearer to the expression of these superhuman relations than Dante, I want to learn his name. Had Dante expressed them more definitely, I, for one, should assert that to that extent he was uninspired. Just as the heaven of heavens is infinite, whereas hell is limited in area, so Godhead is as indescribable as the Emperor of the Realm of Sorrow is clear cut and minutely pictured. The limited and the definite are one and the same. The unlimited cannot be defined. Aristotle himself has said, centuries before Christianity, "The Divine Being hath not magnitude, but is without parts and indivisible."

In the xxviiith canto, at the end, there is a pretty touch, where Beatrice, after explaining to Dante the order of the celestial hierarchies, tells him that Pope Gregory the Great, as distinguished from Dionysius, went somewhat wrong on earth in his arrangement of

them ; and so when he in heaven had opened his eyes, he smiled at his error.

As at dawn of day star after star fades from the sky, so now the circles that surround the Central Point grow fainter to the view and with the Point itself slowly vanish. The beauty of Beatrice has become so great that only He who made it can now enjoy it completely. Dante, like any other artist, has reached and passed his limit. This increase of beauty marks the Ascent to the Empyrean itself, beyond and above all spheres—" Essential Light, Essential Love, possessing all things and in very contentment motionless." Says Beatrice to Dante :

" Forth from the sphere that's vastest are we come,
Into the heaven that is unbodied light ;
Light intellectual, replete with love ;
Love of true happiness, replete with joy ;
Joy, that transcends all sweetness of delight."

A blindness for a moment, caused by fresh intensity of light, is followed by new-given sight, able to bear the new splendour of the highest heavens. Dante now beholds his last symbolic vision on this side of the veil. In wonderful poetry he describes the River of Light which meets his view. It is the counterpart of the rivers of the Earthly Paradise of which he must needs drink ere he can slake his thirst for yet deeper insight. Dante drinks, and lo ! it changes to round, from river to lake, the lake of Light which glows, reflected from the surface of the Primum Mobile, back to the God Who rays it down there. Film after film falls from the poet's eyes, and he now *sees* more and more—*sees* that the lake of light is but the centre of a blossom which, like a wild White Rose, spreads its petals upwards and outwards, embracing the love which is shed upon it, and

sending up a "perfume of praise unto the Sun that maketh Spring for ever" there—*sees* among the petals, tier on tier, the blessed spirits of the saints, all of them, both those who have been manifested to Dante in the various spheres and those who have not—*sees* one-half of the blossoms, vertically divided, filled with the blessed who look forward to the Christ to be, the other half partly filled with those who look back to the Incarnated Christ. Half-way from the outmost petals to the centre, all round the Rose, a horizontal line divides the children from the others. The children are among the lower petals, but they are nearer to the central lake of light. Love has placed them there, and perhaps knowledge too, if Wordsworth's Great Ode is right in its teaching. The infants *after* Christ are all baptised ones. The dividing line of the Rose, vertically, is on one side marked by a chain of holy women—the Virgin Mary, Eve, Rachel, and others. The opposite dividing line contains St. John the Baptist, St. Francis, St. Benedict, and others. Up and down, in unwearying flight, angels move like swarms of bees, which at one time plunge into the flowers, and at another wend back to where their toil is changed to sweetness; their faces are all of loving flame, their wings of gold, and the rest so white that no snow reacheth such whiteness. They impede no ray of light while they are ministering to the blessed, who all gaze at one mark—

"The threefold light which in a single star
Flashing upon their sight contenteth them."

Dante turned for a moment from this enrapturing sight to question Beatrice on points which were not clear to him, but she had gone. In her place was an old man, clad in glory like the other occupants of the Rose. It

was St. Bernard, type of contemplation and immediate intuition. He is sent to help Dante to his final intuition, for he, through his special favour with the Virgin Mary and his own contemplativeness, can do this better even than Heavenly Wisdom. He shows Dante his Lady in her seat, high in the Rose. Dante prays to her as one—

“Who for his salvation did endure
To pass to hell and leave her footprints there,
To keep for him her great munificence,
So that his soul, which owes its health to her,
May please her, freed from each corporeal sense.”

Then comes her last smile (of how many the last!) from her distant seat, and she “turns to the fount that flows eternally.” We are told in the poem that none descend from Heaven save to re-ascend. Let us hope that the faithful Dante, when he re-ascended, was assigned his place not far from her whom he had glorified as no other woman has been glorified in poetry.

For the grand final intuition of Godhead to be granted it is necessary that prayer be made to the Virgin Mary by her special votary, St. Bernard. He bids Dante to follow his words with such affection that his heart shall go along with the prayer, and prays. There is nothing more wonderful in the whole “*Commedia*” than this prayer, which has been called the counterpart in literature of the *Madonna di San Sisto* in painting.

“O virgin mother, daughter of thy Son!
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the eternal counsel pre-ordain'd;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn
To make himself his own creation;
For in thy womb rekindling shone the love

Reveal'd, whose genial influence makes now
 This flower to germin in eternal peace :
 Here thou to us, of charity and love,
 Art as the noon-day torch ; and art, beneath,
 To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
 So mighty art thou, lady, and so great,
 That he, who grace desireth, and comes not
 To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
 Fly without wings. Not only him who asks
 Thy bounty succours ; but doth freely oft
 Forerun the asking. Whatsoe'er may be
 Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
 Relenting mercy, large munificence,
 Are all combined in thee. Here kneeleth one,
 Who of all spirits hath review'd the state,
 From the world's lowest gap unto this height.
 Suppliant to thee he kneels, imploring grace
 For virtue yet more high, to lift his ken
 Toward the bliss supreme. And I, who ne'er
 Coveted sight, more fondly, for myself,
 Than now for him, my prayers to thee prefer,
 (And pray they be not scant) that thou wouldst drive
 Each cloud of his mortality away,
 Through thine own prayers, that on the sovran joy
 Unveil'd he gaze. This yet, I pray thee, Queen,
 Who canst do what thou wilt ; that in him thou
 Wouldst, after all he hath beheld, preserve
 Affection sound, and human passions quell.
 Lo ! where, with Beatrice, many a saint
 Stretch their clasp'd hands, in furtherance of my suit.' "

Mary fixes her eyes on her suppliant, then turns them to
 "the Eternal Light." Dante, encouraged thereto by a
 smile from St. Bernard, looks up and finds his sight
 purged so as to enable him to gaze on what is beyond
 words, for now "more and more it was entering through
 the ray of the deep light which in itself is true." Within
 the depths of the Eternal Light he "saw ingathered,
 bound by love in one volume, the scattered leaves of
 all the Universe ; substance and accidents and their

relations, as though together fused, after such fashion that it was one simple flame." Gazing on, intent and rapt, Dante is permitted to behold the mystery of the Holy Trinity itself:—

"In the profound bright substance seen on high
Of that clear light three circles seemed to glow
Of threefold colour, knit in unity :
And as one rainbow by another, so
This was by that reflected, while the third
As fire appeared that from them both did flow."

These rainbows are completely circular—"on the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round." He also beholds the mystery of the incarnation, for the second circle, of the Trinity of Circles,

"Within itself, in its own radiance bright,
Seemed to me to present our image clear,
Wherefore upon it full fixed was my sight."

In vain he strives to comprehend the mystery of that union of the two natures, Perfect God and Perfect man, in that second circle. He cannot, till a flash of light comes and illuminates him. He sees it all then, but for an instant ; and so, with a sudden drop back to earth, the vision ends.

"But now, as whirls a wheel with nought to jar,
Desire and will were swayed in order due
By love, that moves the sun and every star."

This is the proper end and perfection, for his mind is now perfectly swayed by love ; the harmony is complete between desire and possession, mind and heart, soul and body, *love and knowledge*. That he might be so swayed was the end and motive of his whole transcendent pilgrimage.

"So let *us* love, dear Love, like as we ought ;
Love is the lesson which the Lord *us* taught."

There are many paths through the "Commedia" of Dante, as I have hinted. I have tried, however imperfectly, to lead you along one of them—the moral or spiritual path—because, to my mind, it is the one which is most beautiful. In doing so I have passed by much of its literary charm, many of its most interesting historical and political allusions, and much of its theological teaching in the stricter sense, but I have not added anything that is not to be found in the poem, for that would be a breach of faith with you. On a first or even on a second reading you will not find all that can be found in the poem. Trust, then, those who, by patience or by enthusiasm, have really *studied* it. I close with the last two of the sonnets which I have been quoting in their appropriate places :—

" I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
 With forms of saints and holy men who died,
 Here martyred and hereafter glorified ;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
 With splendour upon splendour multiplied ;
 And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
 Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
 And benedictions of the Holy Ghost ;
And the melodious bells among the spires
 O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above
 Proclaim the elevation of the Host !

O star of morning and of liberty !
 O bringer of the light, whose splendour shines
 Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Fore-runner of the day that is to be !
The voices of the city and the sea,
 The voices of the mountains and the pines,
 Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy !

Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
In their own language hear thy wondrous word,
And many are amazed, and many doubt."

GOETHE'S "FAUST"—THE DRAMA OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF A SOUL

THERE are certain stories or legends among the many which have won the favour of the human race which appear to contain in themselves an indefinitely great vitality and to be the mines whence succeeding ages may dig fresh outputs of precious ore. Such legends win their popularity not so much through the genius of the first tellers as through some element in them which is capable of the broadest application to human circumstances and of the deepest intensive development. They are tragical in character, as is natural, if not in their events, for tales of sin, sorrow, and struggle have, on the whole, a more clinging fascination in them than any joyous or comic product of invention. Among such legends there may be mentioned here, as examples of what is in my mind, "The Tale of Troy"; "The Tale of the Pelopidae"; "The Tale of Arthur."

"The Tale of Troy"! What a gap would be made in all literature were all traces of it to be removed. "The Tale of Pelops' line"! It was the basis of much that was grandest in Hellenic drama. "The Tale of Arthur" has saturated much of our poetic thought whether expressed in prose or verse, from the middle ages downwards. There is another such legend which has a direct bearing on our present subject—"The Faust

Legend"—embodied for English readers, till the nineteenth century, in Marlowe's Drama.

Extension students have had many opportunities, in various centres, of learning about this Faust legend. Dryasdust has worked hard at it, and genial moderns have coated the results of his labour with the sugar of their popularising art and made it interesting to all. It has formed the text of many interesting disquisitions on the astrological and magical beliefs of the pre-renascence and even post-renascence days, which have sent us away feeling happy that we were born later, in an age when inquiry is free and all evil spirits have been finally and completely exorcised. Lectures on the "Faust" of Goethe have not been free as a rule from this treatment. They have discoursed on the old Faustbuch, on the personality of Faust, if such a person was, on the "Faust" of Marlowe and on other aspects of the legend.

I have not found that anyone has dealt, in England, with Goethe's "Faust" as I propose to deal with it, isolating the inmost meaning of the drama from its poetic surroundings. And that is why I am going to try.

My title shows how I am going to treat it. "Goethe's 'Faust,' the Drama of the Development of a Soul." I am about to attempt, however inadequately, to expound the esoteric meaning of the drama and to make clear the lesson which it conveys. Goethe, the great thaumaturge, used the Faust legend as his starting-point, brooded on it, made it his own, and having done so put it forth, shorn of most of its mediaevalism, entirely changed as to its issue, a drama of man and for man, speaking of all time and for all time. You may be Faust—I may be Faust. The accidents of the drama are German and mediaeval—its essence is of any date.

Goethe's "Faust" is not a young man's drama—of passionate revolt or idealistic enthusiasm; it is not a staid middle-aged thinker's drama—dealing with life as it appears when experience has been accumulated; it is not an elderly sage's drama—teeming with the wisdom of ripest acquaintance with life and its problems. It is not any one of these, because it is all of these. It is the product of more than sixty years of reflection by a mighty genius on "life, with its myriad hues."

It is beside my purpose here to deal with the literary qualities of Goethe's "Faust," and therefore I do not propose to show, interesting as it would be to do so, how the work has been affected artistically by the length of time it was on hand.

My task would be an easier one if I could know whether many of my audience have any acquaintance with Goethe's "Faust" as a whole, Parts I and II. As it is, I hope to arouse an interest in the drama in those to whom it is unknown, as a whole, and to be able to throw some new light upon it in the case even of some of those who have studied it throughout.

There are many who have read the First Part only. Some of them, I know, have carried away the idea—natural enough, in such case—that Faust is condemned to be the victim of Mephistopheles, and that his end is damnation. I say "natural," as the old legend ends thus, and the words "Her zu mir," addressed by Mephistopheles to Faust at the end of the first part, can bear that interpretation if one ignores what follows. Gounod's opera serves to drive in this idea, and some of us, alas! know Faust only through that work. We shall see anon how erroneous is this notion. Goethe's "Faust" opens in Heaven; in Heaven it closes. Marlowe's "Faust" and the *Faustbuch*

"Faust" open on Earth and close on Earth. Let us, therefore, except for the purposes of contrast, put away these latter altogether from our minds this evening.

I suppose that most of those who read Part I only of Goethe's "Faust," read the Prologue in Heaven also. If so, I marvel that they do not at once see that to stop reading at the end of that part is unsatisfactory. The second part is not like Homer's "Odyssey," after the Iliad, or Part II of "Don Quixote," after Part I, or "Paradise Regained," after "Paradise Lost," or, again, like the journey of Christian's wife and children after the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Whether it shows the lassitude of genius, which is supposed to characterise such continuations, is nothing to the point for *us*, as that is matter of literary criticism. What we have to realise is that the second part of Goethe's "Faust" is *intrinsically, organically, and inevitably* linked to the first part. We might take the two together and number the acts which they contain straightforward. The severance is nothing but the result of bulk. The Prologue in Part I is unmeaning without reference to the last act of Part II. Expressions and incidents in Part I find their explanation in Part II. For instance, we are told in Part I that Faust shall see the little and then the great world. He does not see the latter till Part II shows it to him. Again, in the Witches' Kitchen in Part I, he sees a beauteous vision—foretaste of the sight of Helen, or of incarnate beauty, in Part II. Ever bear in mind, therefore, that the drama is one and indivisible.

Let us look a little closely into the Prologue in Heaven. It is absolutely necessary for our purpose that we should do so. We may not admire it. We may think that its irreverence is in bad taste, though it goes

no further than some of the Mystery Plays put forward by the Church itself. It opens with a magnificent hymn chanted by the three great Archangels, Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael, and then Mephistopheles addresses the Almighty. He is recognised at once as being, as he describes himself later, "The spirit that denies." After a mocking reference to the hymn just sung, he proceeds to speak scorn of man. He allows that :

"Life somewhat better might content him
But for the gleam of light that Thou hast lent him.
He calls it reason."

He is heard with some impatience and then The Lord asks him, "Dost thou know Faust?" "The Doctor?" asks Mephistopheles. "My servant" is the answer given (*Meinen Knecht*). These two words are important. They show that Heaven claims Faust as a child of Heaven. Mephistopheles answers that he does, by describing Faust's present state of mind. "*Ihn treibt die Gährung in die Ferne*"—"Him doth his ferment drive afar," he says. These words are the key to the means for the development of Faust's soul, of which more later.

The reply comes:

"Though now he serve me stumblingly, the hour
Is nigh, when I shall lead him into light ;
When the tree buds, the gardener knows that flower
And fruit will make the coming seasons bright."

A wager is proposed by Mephistopheles, who offers to lead Faust in his own way and ruin him. The answer comes:—

"So long as on the earth he lives, you may
Your snares on him and fascinations set :
Man, while his struggle lasts, is prone to stray."

("Es irrt der Mensch, so lang' er strebt.")

Mephistopheles tenders his thanks for the concession.
The Lord continues thus:—

“Enough, 'tis granted ! From the source where he
His being had, this spirit turn aside,
And lead him, if thou'rt able, down with thee,
Along thy way, that pleasant is and wide ;
And stand abashed, when thou art forced to own,
A good man, in the darkness and dismay
Of powers that fail, and purposes o'erthrown,
May still be conscious of the proper way.”

Mephistopheles professes, nevertheless, confidence as to the result of his wager. The last words of the Lord to him are very pregnant, and explain the real motive of the concession made to him.

“Who may on *man's activity* rely ?
Into indulgent ease 'tis apt to fall,
Whatever his beginnings, soon he grows
To yearn for unconditional repose ;
And therefore am I always glad to yoke
In fellowship with him a comrade, who
Is ever ready to incite, provoke,
And must, as devil, be stirring, such as you.”

In the eyes of many it is a merit, in those of many more it is a blemish, in the dramas of Euripides that he sets out clearly in his Prologues the draft of what he is about to present on the stage, thus forestalling the suspense which otherwise would increase the interest of the development of his plot. Goethe also does this in his “Faust,” with his strangely neglected Prologue written many years before the completion of the drama, and, therefore, no afterthought but the basis of its development.

The Prologues of Euripides, though they show us what is going to happen, do not destroy our interest in the poet's way of working out his plot—the same may be said of the “Faust” Prologue. It must be that the

Prologue is seldom studied, if read, and that superficial—that is most—students begin with the well-known scene in the Gothic Chamber and its haunting opening, on a groan, “Habe nun, ach, Philosophie,” etc. Never forget that the “Faust” Prologue is an integral and organic part of the drama.

We start therefore with “a good man,” “servant” of the Almighty, concerning whom the promise is made that he shall eventually be led “into light.” It is foreseen in Heaven that he will “stray, while his struggle lasts,” but he will *struggle*. He will still “be conscious of the proper way,” however low he may fall. The devil is stupid, as still failing to recognise that his power is limited. He is told to his face that he is going to be used to serve the purposes of Heaven by “inciting,” “provoking,” and “stirring.” Faust, as we shall see, is too active for the devil, who wearies in following his paths through life—the would-be master becoming really the slave at last, as ever and anon the satisfaction of the moment is succeeded by new desires, leading on to the final choice which fits for Heaven.

What a symphony this drama is, with its Opening, its Adagio, its Scherzo, long drawn out, the mocking of the fiend pervading it, and its grand Finale of rest obtained through the service of man! We encounter this good man—potentially good—first, as you know, not as a youth entering on life’s experiences, but as an elderly or middle-aged man who has tasted freely of knowledge derived from books, and found it to be but Dead Sea apples. He is weary of it all, and, being a mediaeval man, decides to turn to magic as his consolation. Through magic he is able to summon the Earth Spirit. In his exaltations he claims affinity to it and is answered by the bitter sentence: “Thou’rt like the Spirit thou dost

comprehend, But not like me!" And so the Spirit vanishes. Feeling now his nothingness Faust contemplates self-destruction to end his futile life, but is checked at the moment when he raises the poison to his lips by the sound of the Easter Hymn, sung by Angels and Women, and borne in through his windows to him. A beautiful collocation this, foreshadowing faintly the repetition of the same collocation at the end of the second part and the last two lines of the drama. He is called "back to life again," and weeps and consents to live.

"Memories sweet,
Fraught with the feelings of my childhood's prime,
From the last step decisive stay my feet,"

he exclaims.

It is here that Goethe breaks away, thus early, from the old Faust legend and from Marlowe. The Hymn of Angels reminds us that Heaven is interested in the salvation of Faust. The lapse of time between Marlowe and Goethe made the attractions of magic seem less real, the wickedness of magic less obvious. Not any longer can the story win with a series of exhibitions of uncanny superhuman power displayed on earth; it has to take another road—the road of *human* experiences of all kinds—of "drinking life to the lees." Our Faust accordingly goes out into the world at his gates with a heart more human than it had been for many a year. Amid the Easter crowd of mechanics, citizens, soldiers, and servant-girls he wakes to a sense of life's hum and colour. "Here I am man, here such dare be," he cries.

This is the chance for Mephistopheles. Till Faust was rehumanised his power to lead him astray, as he willed to lead him, was in abeyance. He could have mastered the Faust of the Study so as to tempt him through

magic to sell his soul. But the Prologue tells us of a different plan from this. The fiend is to lead Faust, if he can, "down along the way that pleasant is and wide." He has to work, therefore, on a human being, full of young life.

The early portion of Part I of Goethe's "Faust" was written early, when Goethe was more likely to keep closely to the legend than afterwards. Faust therefore is presented to us middle-aged at least. He has to be rejuvenated to suit Goethe's scheme for his drama. Mephistopheles knows how to manage this with the magic brew to be obtained in the Witches' Kitchen.

His chance comes when Faust has retasted life ever so little after many years of seclusion from human haunts. But even so he must be wary. Faust is a "good man." He will not welcome the devil off-hand. He must be led on carefully. Supernatural arts are employed. Faust is very near to Heaven when Hell begins its work upon him. As he enters his study with the dog, which is Mephistopheles, at his heels, he says:—

"Meadow I've left, and dale and hill,
In night's deep gloom arrayed, that wakes
Within us, with a solemn thrill,
The mood which most of heaven partakes ;

The love of man now fires the breast,
The love of God is kindling now."

These last two lines represent the state of mind which Faust attained again after his mighty trial at the end of the drama. The interval is—the drama.

Ere long Mephistopheles summons his "dainty spirits" to sing Faust to sleep with an exquisite nature-lullaby, Hellenic in content, full of the expression of the "mere bliss of being" in a beauteous world. Such a sleep

is a preparation for a full and varied life. Faust revolts wildly, after waking, against the change in his outlook, but is brought round at last to consent to taste life with Mephistopheles for comrade.

And so we come to the great compact between Faust and Mephistopheles. It needs careful examination, lest we go astray later at the end of Part II. The offer of Mephistopheles is :—

“ If, in fellowship with me,
To range through life you are content,
I will most cheerfully consent
To be your own upon the spot.”

“ And, in return, what must I do for you ? ” asks Faust.
The answer is :

“ I bind myself to serve you here,—to do
Your bidding promptly, whatsoe'er it be,
And, when we come together *yonder*, you
Are then to do the same for me.”

The important passage follows a little later when Faust adds :

“ If e'er at peace on sluggard's couch I lie,
Then may my life upon the instant cease !
Cheat thou me ever by the glozing wile,
So that I cease to scorn myself, or e'er
My senses with a perfect joy beguile,
Then be that day my last ! ”

and again—

“ If to the passing moment e'er I say,
' Oh linger yet ! thou art so fair ! '
Then cast me into chains you may,
Then will I die without a care !
Then may the death-bell sound its call,
Then art thou from thy service free,
The clock may stand, the index fall,
And time and tide may cease for me ! ”

Soon after this Faust shows Mephistopheles what his programme is to be during the years of service to

which the latter is pledged, and in view of what has been said in the Prologue it is important :

“Quench we now our passions’ fires
 In sense and sensual delights,
 Unveil all hidden magic sleights,
 To minister to our desires !
 Let us plunge in the torrent of time, and range
 Through the weltering chaos of chance and change,
 Then pleasure and pain, disaster and gain,
 May course one another adown my brain.
 Change and excitement may work as they can,
Rest there is none for the spirit of man.”

(“Nur rastlos bethätigt sich der Mann.”)

This line leads me to explain an addition to the title of my lecture which I did not set out in print, lest it should seem too lengthy. It should run :—

“The Drama of the Development of a Soul, *through Restlessness.*” That is the motive force which leads to the Development and secures the ultimate salvation of the soul of Faust. The wonderful irony of the drama consists in this, that Mephistopheles, as shown in the Prologue, is destined to “incite, provoke, and be stirring,” through his very nature, yet all the while his endeavour is to lull Faust into a state of sensual repose. Of course Mephistopheles believes that he will be able to cure Faust of his restlessness, else would he never have bound himself to serve him ; yet he must have felt some uneasiness on hearing Faust excitedly say :—

“I devote myself to the whirl and roar,
 To the bliss that throbs with a pulse-like pain,
 To the hate that we dote on and fondle o’er,
 The defeat that inspirits both nerves and brain.
 Of its passion for knowledge cured, my soul
 Henceforth shall expand to all forms of woe,
 And all that is all human nature’s dole
 In my heart of hearts I shall feel and know ;
 With highest, lowest, in spirit I shall cope,
 Pile on my breast their joys, their griefs, their cares.”

In the Witches' Kitchen Faust is rejuvenated and beholds a vision of ideal feminine beauty, of which he will see the antitype later in the second part of the drama.

And so we come to the Gretchen episode, which occupies the latter half of the first part. The human interest of this, Goethe's masterly treatment of it, the poignancy of this sad tale of the wrecking of a young life, have fascinated many minds to such an extent that interest in the poet's great idea becomes exhausted long before it is fully developed. Yet the Gretchen episode is only part of "the little world" of which sight is promised to Faust, as an introduction to "the great world" that is to follow. We must pass it by with only this slight reference, for it is nothing more than one stage, and that not the most important, in the Development of the Soul of Faust. One Parthian shaft of criticism we are bound to hurl at it. Goethe evidently was himself so fascinated with it that he gave it undue prominence in the broad scheme of his drama, through loving attention to details which have conferred on it immortal interest, but which are outside his main object.

Heavenly love saves Margaret from the earthly executioner of judgment, and a voice from above calls out "She's saved" from the doom which Mephistopheles has denounced upon her. Faust is carried off by Mephistopheles, whither we know not, but we can guess not far; he remains in his own land. The shock of Gretchen's earthly fate has stunned him. Remorse has unnerved him. The second part of the drama opens with Faust, after an indefinite interval of time, "reclining in a flowery meadow, wearied, restless, trying to sleep." Ariel and a troop of elves surround him and sing to console him, for

"They are grieved by mortal's anguish,
Be the mourner good or ill."

Faust at last awakes fully, refreshed and rejoicing in the beauties of nature which the healing power of elfin song has rendered him fit to enjoy; but even now he does not swerve from his main guiding motive. Addressing the Earth, he says:

"Thou girdest me about with gladness, priming
My soul *to stern resolve and strenuous keeping,*
Onward to strive, to highest life still climbing."

So he enters on his experience of "the great world" of court and camp, of the evolution of Art and Science—the wedding of the Classics and the Romantic in Art.

There are few readers of the second part of the drama, one would think, who do not admire Goethe's handling of this last subject over his Court and Camp scenes. He had written his wonderful third act, "the Helena," some years before the rest of the second part, and later wrote the second act to lead up to it. Were I dealing with Goethe's "Faust" from the literary point of view here, I should be obliged to confess that the welding of the component portions of the second part is by no means complete. I should also have to acknowledge that throughout much of the second part Faust is little more than a spectator of a great masque-phantasmagoria. All this is beside the mark now. With regard to the philosophy of the drama, however, it should be pointed out to the objectors who comment unfavourably on the obliteration of Faust himself from much of what goes on, that the promise made to him was "*Wir sehen die kleine, dann die grosse Welt,*" and that the promise is fulfilled when Faust *sees* the great world. Referring back again, as we cannot too often refer, to the

Prologue, we must remember the words of the Almighty, "Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt!" Faust, in the scenes where he is passive, where, to take a metaphor from Hellenic drama, he has stepped down from his position as a protagonist on the stage for a while to become a member of the Chorus, sees Mankind striving and erring. He beholds the whole panorama of human life allegorically represented in the classical Walpurgis Night—the efforts, the mistakes of man striving after the true and the beautiful, ending in the revelation of ideal beauty in the Helena Act, and the purification of the romantic outgrowth of Northern barbarism by union with the refined and chaste elements of Hellenic grace, which, again, is the final outcome of a *struggle* through the ages carried on by other races and in other climes. The whole of the second and third acts of Part II are nothing more than the counterpart on the field of general human mental activity of the activity of the individual Faust. He is plunged, as he asked to be, "in Time's tempestuous flow"; he is allowed, as he asked to be, "to grasp in thought the lofty and the deep, to heap men's various fortunes on his breast, and thus *to theirs to dilate his individual mind.*"

We must, indeed, never forget that, though Faust is an individual, our drama deals with mankind in the abstract also. "Der Mensch," not merely "ein Mann," is the subject. Goethe, in his second part, shifts his ground, now giving us the one, now the other. Faust himself returns to the stage in the Helena Act as the personification of the Romantic in its perfection, but still only as a personification. In the two last acts he is the man of the earlier part of the drama again. What we have lost thus, by this shifting of Goethe, in dramatic beauty and completeness, we have gained in

breadth of philosophic conception, in universality of interest.

Faust has now experienced life under various aspects—the merry and somewhat coarse life of the university student, the life of the small provincial town which held Gretchen and witnessed her tragedy, the life, after an indefinite interval, of the imperial court, the life of man stretching through the ages, and the evolution of man from his early efforts after the beautiful and the true to the consummating union implied in the Renaissance. His next stage is the life of a military camp and of warfare. Remember that all these changes are presented to him in response to his own restless desires; that Mephistopheles would willingly restrain him, if he could, from each fresh experience. His aim is to produce content, *rest*, in Faust. His wager requires it. He cannot understand his temporary master, being himself less than human—the spirit that denies—the spirit that maligned mankind in the Prologue, saying of him—

“ he seems to me
Like any long-legged grasshopper to be,
Which ever flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass its ancient ditty sings.
Would he but always in the grass repose ! ”

That is what this man cannot be got to do. Worse than that, he “ ever flies ” not merely to and fro, but, on the whole, upwards. Mephistopheles knew already, before he encountered Faust (for he makes the statement in the Prologue), that—

“ An inward impulse hurries him afar,

From heaven claimeth he its *brightest* star,
And from the earth craves every *highest* good.”

And yet he has such proud confidence in his own power for ill that he undertakes to win Faust for himself.

"The wager will be quickly won ;
For my success no fears I entertain."

The spirit that denies cannot comprehend the idealist, who is never ready to *rest* in mere material enjoyment, however much he may be inclined to taste it.

The fourth act of the second part is the chief stumbling-block for the student of Goethe's Faust, "the last thing, and decidedly the weakest thing that Goethe wrote," says one editor, "to be judged according to the intentions of the poet, not according to their poetic realisation." It is excused as being the work of an aged and broken man who had somehow to make a bridge from the third to the last act. "Undoubtedly the leading thought of this act is the aesthetic bringing up of men and women through Beauty to Freedom," a hard saying for the careless, and perhaps also for the careful reader. This act is certainly lacking in inspiration ; but it marks the passage of the soul of Faust from the cult of self to unselfishness—the sowing of the seeds of love, in the broadest sense, within him. Just as the opening of the first part of the drama shows us Faust weary of self-culture and self-improvement, on the intellectual side, so here we are to conclude that, having gone through a full experience of "life in its many-hued, reflected splendour," he remains still unsatisfied—

"Though now he serves me with imperfect sight,
I will ere long conduct him to the light,"

says the Almighty, in the Prologue. That time is very near now. Faust has discovered at last, through the only means that could enable *him* to make the discovery

—far easier for a simple unlettered soul than for him—that man is “his brother’s keeper”; that love, leading to the service of man, is the true end of a “good man’s” life; that mere idealism, however gorgeous its intuitions may be, is as nothing compared with “the giving to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only”; that thought, to be of earthly value, must result in action. And so “the drama of the development of a soul through restlessness” has to be still more fully described by the addition of the words “and of its salvation through beneficent activity, or love.” You will see how what began in heaven is going to end in heaven, as I have said.

Act IV of Part II as we have it “is made up,” as one commentator says, “of single, unconnected pictures of the wretched condition of the old German Empire—of anarchy, war, strife between opposing emperors, of unstable, slippery misgovernment and of covetous encroachment on the part of the Church.” “It was meant to be an allegorising history of Politics, as the third act was an allegorising history of Art.” Our interest in this act lies in the fact that, after moving in an age long past and in a foreign land, Faust returns to his own age and to his own land, with his feet on the solid rock of the actual.

“We have now arrived at the third crisis of our hero’s story. The first life-period was marked by private and subjective self-satisfaction, coarse or refined—that was its end and aim. The second had been subjective-objective, *i.e.*, Faust had recognised a something above and beyond himself as the goal of endeavour, enjoyment being envisaged rather as means than end. At the same time, this aim cannot be pronounced truly disinterested. Arcadia is not the world, contemplation of ideal is no substitute for worthy action, rather the preparation for such. The third stage has now to be entered upon. Faust must finally recognise that he is not an *independent whole*, but a *member* of a social organism. It

was no slight exercise of will that brought Faust to this jagged mountain peak. It was a necessity beyond his shaping that drove him out of his Eden of aesthetic joy and flung him down here among the crags of the bitter actual."—W. C. COUPLAND.

"Through the contemplation of ideal beauty," says Mrs. Swanwick, "Faust has won, for his guidance in actual life, the conception of moderation and self-restraint" (the *μηδὲν ἄγαν* of the Greeks). "An aimless activity, the alternate reeling from desire to enjoyment, these have become repulsive to him"; he "strives no longer after the vague and the undefined; he desires a distinct, practical aim for his activity." The first scene of this act is based on a reminiscence of the Temptation in the Gospel story. Mephistopheles takes Faust up "unto an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," and hopes to win him with the bait of earthly power and glory and unrestrained luxury. When Faust discloses what is really in his thoughts—the reclaiming of a large tract of land from the sea for the benefit of mankind, Mephistopheles conceals his chagrin, and only says "How easy"; then at once diverts the attention of Faust to the preparations for war which are going on around him, and the remainder of the act is filled with war and scheming.

Faust is not only restless as ever, but he is advancing along the road to "the light." His soul has not, for all the efforts of the fiend, been drawn "astray from its well-head." Mephistopheles will have one more chance—his last—of winning that soul, through the temptation which led Ahab to kill Naboth; then will the end come, as the Prologue predicted.

The last act shows us Faust one hundred years old. He has accomplished his purpose of land reclamation with grand success. Around him spread

“green meadows, far extending ;
Garden, village, woodland plain . . .
In the distance sails are gliding,
Nightly they to port repair ;
Bird-like, in their nests confiding,
For a haven waits them there . . .
Right and left . . .
Spreads the thickly-peopled plain.”

An aged couple who, before the reclamation was taken in hand, dwelt in a hut on a small spot of high ground, an islet amid the waters, still inhabit there on what is now a hill standing above the plain. The drop of gall in Faust's cup of joy is their independent tenancy of this spot, and he shows it. He wishes to buy them out, by pressure, against their will. Mephistopheles and his comrades for the nonce seize on the wish as an excuse for violence and burn down the hut with the old people in it, as Henry II's knights killed Becket, and as Sir Piers Exton killed Richard II, on hearing an impatient and angry utterance from their king. The smoke of the smouldering home curls towards Faust and develops into four grey female figures, Want, Guilt, Care, and Need. Of these, Care only enters the palace where Faust is, but brings with her their brother Death. Faust has not murdered the old couple, but his covetousness has let loose the forces which did the deed. “*Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt.*” A dialogue ensues between Faust and Care, in which the following speech of Faust has a close bearing on our subject. He answers the question, “Hast thou not Care already known?” thus :

“Athwart the world I have but flown,
Grasped by the hair whatever I did covet,
Loosed it, had I no pleasure of it,
Did it elude me, made no moan.
I did but wish, achieve, and then again

Did wish, and thus I stormed through life amain,
First vehemently, with majestic passion,
But shrewdly now I tread, in heedful fashion.
The round of earth enough I know, and barred
Is unto man the prospect yonderward.
O fool, who thither turns his blinking glances,
And of his like above the clouds romances !
Let him stand firm, and round him gaze on earth.
Not mute the world is to the man of worth.
What need hath he to range infinitude ?
What he perceives, that may be understood.
Thus let him journey down his earthly day ;
When spectres haunt him, let him go his way ;
In onward striding find his bale, his bliss,
He that each moment uncontented is."

"Dem Tüchtigen ist diese Welt nicht stumm." This is the point of wisdom at which Faust has now arrived, after long searching. He has soared, restlessly, but, for all his soaring, has not found satisfaction. For that, he must come down to earth again—to earth, his true home while he lives, and the true field of his activity. Magic is nought, human love-passion is nought, nought is empire, statecraft, science or art, compared with unselfish love of fellowmen, spurring to work for man. This is the utterance of the "not mute world" to "the man of worth."

Personally I am always struck, on reading this portion of the drama, by the marked absence of any expression of humility in Goethe's Faust when he has learnt his lesson. This may be owing, partly, to the spiritual development of the reformed religion in Germany being different from what it has been in this country, but it is rather due, I think, to the personality of Goethe himself, the Olympian self-contained poet. The crisis seems to demand the bowed head, the bent knee, the confession of grievous error. We get none of this, only a calm

realisation of the truth, however wonderful it seems in its simplicity. Faust defies the grim spectre:—

“’Tis hard, I know from demons to get free,
The mighty spirit-bond by force untying ;
Yet, Care, I never will acknowledge thee,
Thy strong in creeping potency defying.
‘Feel it then now,’ answers Care, ‘as thou shalt find
When with a curse from thee I’ve wended :
Through their whole lives are mortals blind—
So be thou, Faust, ere life be ended !’”

She breathes on him and he becomes suddenly blind. At once he becomes conscious of an increase of inner light and of a fresh burst of enthusiasm to complete his great undertaking.

“Though physically helpless, he is morally strong, and he sees that, instead of having been master of the world-spirit, he has really been its slave, confesses that the one aim of his life, the largest measure of liberty, can only be acquired by a steady widening of the sphere of action, within the bounds of duty.”—COUPLAND.

The last words of Faust are these :—

“The marsh, that spreads hence to the mountain’s base,
Empoisons all the land already gained ;
But drain the noisome swamp off from the place,
My last, my highest aim were then attained.
To many millions space I thus should give,
Though not secure, yet free to toil and live ;
Green fields and fertile ; men, with cattle blent,
Upon the newest earth would dwell content,
Settled forthwith upon the firm-based hill,
Uplifted by a valiant people’s skill ;
Within, a land like Paradise ; outside,
E’en to the brink, roars the impetuous tide,
And as it gnaws, striving to enter there,
All haste, combined, the damage to repair.
Yea, to this thought I cling, with virtue rife
Wisdom’s last fruit, profoundly true :
*Freedom alone he earns as well as life,
Who day by day must conquer them anew.*

So girt by danger, childhood bravely here,
 Youth, manhood, age, shall dwell from year to year ;
 Such busy crowds I fain would see,
 Upon free soil stand with a people free ;
Then to the moment might I say :
Linger awhile, so fair thou art !
 Nor can the traces of my earthly day
 Through ages from the world depart !
 In the presentiment of such high bliss,
 The highest moment I enjoy—'tis this."

The enjoyment is too much for the old man's strength.
 He sinks back and dies.

The voice of Mephistopheles is heard—an epitaph of triumph:—

" Him could no pleasure sate, no joys appease,
 So wooed he ever changeful phantasies ;
 The last worst empty moment to retain,
 E'en to the last, the sorry wretch was fain.
 Me, who so stoutly did withstand,
 Time conquers,—lies the old man on the sand !
 The clock stands still—

Chorus.

Stands still, no sound is heard ;

The index falls—

Mephistopheles.

It falls, 'tis finished now."

My quotations lead us back to the wager between Faust and Mephistopheles in the First Part of the Drama. There has been much confusion over this subject. Let us try to remove it for ourselves.

We must begin by remembering that there have been two wagers, one in the Prologue, the other in the body of the First Part. The wager of the Prologue is in a challenge rather, though called "a wager" by Mephistopheles. He tells the Almighty that He will lose His "servant" Faust if He will give him leave to

lead him as he chooses. He is permitted to do this *while Faust lives*, but he is told that he will stand abashed when compelled to own that

“A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,
His consciousness of right retaineth still.”

Mephistopheles remains, nevertheless, confident of his power to ruin Faust's soul. We know, from the outset, that he will be foiled.

Now for the wager between Faust and Mephistopheles—a real wager this. Mephistopheles binds himself to serve Faust for a term of years and to obey his behests, on condition that, should Faust, at any point of time during that term, sink into indolent enjoyment and seek to *rest* in the pleasure of the moment, he shall become the property of the Powers of Hell, to be taken as their own. The wager is precise. The very words which are to prove fatal are set out:—

“When to the moment I shall say
‘*Linger awhile, so fair thou art!*’
Then mayst thou fetter me straightway,
Then to the abyss will I depart;
Then may the solemn death-bell sound,
Then from thy service thou art free,
The index then may cease its round,
And time be never more for me!”

What really happens at the end? Faust foresees with his inner vision, made clearer by his loss of earthly sight, the teeming multitude of happy active beings enjoying life on the reclaimed land, ever fighting against their enemy the sea, thus conquering freedom and life anew, day by day. The fair picture makes him wish that he could see the reality; *then* to the moment he *might* say: “*Linger awhile, so fair thou art!*” The words of the bond have been uttered, the conditions, however, have not been fulfilled. Faust does not speak in a

moment of indolent rapture, but of *foreseeing* bliss. Mephistopheles, however, is a pedant, and uses the text of the bond to secure its fulfilment as he would have it. Death entered Faust's Palace, along with Care. Faust could defy Care. Death in the hands of Mephistopheles was his master. But only master of his body. As I read the scene Mephistopheles is conscious of this. He knows that he has been unable, do what he could, to "divert this mortal spirit from his primal source," that Faust has still retained "his consciousness of right." He knows also that a man has no power to sell his soul against the decree of the Almighty in the opposite direction. Goethe, we are told, had at first intended to make Mephistopheles go back to Heaven to claim Faust's soul. He thought better of it. His own Prologue was against him. The claim could only be put forward to be denied outright, and that would have made but a poor scene, dramatically. He adopts, therefore, another plan and makes Mephistopheles have recourse to the powers of Hell to help him capture the soul as it leaves the body, pretending that he dreads that, though due to him, it will be stolen from him. And so we get the wonderful ending of the drama, in the fashion of a Miracle or Mystery Play, as was the Prologue also, breathing the grotesque horror and the fragrant beauty of mediaeval art, and surrounded with the glamour of an ecstatic Catholicism. The salvation of man depending on his realisation of what this man came to realise, *this* man, being mediaeval, is saved in accordance with mediaeval ideas, and thus beginning and end of the mighty drama are brought into closest correspondence. We must think of such pictures as are painted in the Campo Santo at Pisa, of "the open jaws of Hell, as they are represented in many chapels of

Catholic countries, and of the stout and lean Devils as a coarse, almost vulgar, framework for a scene which is meant to include the sharpest contrast of two principles, Heaven stooping down and Hell rising up to take hold of the Soul of Man" (Taylor).

The dead man lies stretched out on the ground beside his grave. Mephistopheles appoints their different duties, in the effort to capture the soul of Faust, to his unclean myrmidons, till there is heard from above a holy chant, though nothing as yet is seen but a "glory" of light.

This is the first of a set of short lyric passages which are the despair of translators. Interspersed between them are the comments of Mephistopheles—the devil, no longer disguised in any way—impure, blaspheming, baffled, though he knows not that at first. The second of these short choruses of holy ones scatters down roses as it sings. They light on the fiends and burn them. They are blossoms of heavenly love. Mephistopheles can endure their blistering fire better than his followers, who shrink away and gradually disappear. Nearer and nearer to earth the heavenly host descend, singing their fourth holy song, which is as follows:—

"Was euch nicht angehört
Müsst ihr meiden,
Was euch das Innre stört,
Dürft ihr nicht leiden.
Dringt es gewaltig ein,
Müssen wir tüchtig sein;
Liebe nur Liebende
Führet herein!"

"What with your nature wars,
You must abjure it;
What on your spirit jars,
Do not endure it:
If it will force its way,
Front it we must and may;
*Only the loving love
Heavenward can sway.*

I quote this in full because of its ethical import. As the angels get nearer to earth, their song is increasingly of this character. The two last lines have a special

force in relation to our drama. Faust has *loved* at last.

As the angels crowd in upon the scene they attract the unholy admiration of Mephistopheles, who is driven by their proximity into a cramped corner, his followers all dispersed. Meanwhile the soul of Faust is taken up by the angels, who ascend with it, chanting another of their rarefied hymns. Mephistopheles looks around him and realises that he has been baffled, through his own folly, as he thinks or pretends to think. I, myself, believe that he lies to the last, being the Father of Lies, and that he knows well enough the reason why he cannot get hold of the dead man's soul. He remembers the words spoken in Heaven, in the Prologue, well enough. We see no more of him henceforth.

The final scene of the drama—all evil taint removed—is laid among "Mountain Gorges, Forest, Rock and Desert, with Holy Anchorites, divided in ascending planes, posted among the ravines." The origin of the setting of this scene has been satisfactorily traced by the commentators; for us its significance lies in its being the symbol of "a continual ascending scale of being, in which Death is simply a form of transition, not a profound gulf between two different worlds"; or again, as one commentator puts it, it represents "a universal upward movement of loving natures, to whom other loving natures offer their hands, so that we have a long chain, the lowest link of which is on the Earth, the highest in the loftiest regions of Heaven; the lowest a man, still heavily burdened with the Corporeal, the highest the Deity. It is not a Heaven full of eternally inactive bliss which is exhibited to us, but one of the purest *loving activity*."

In this transcendental region we hear the Holy

Anchorites chanting their psalms of praise, one after the other, and then Angels, "bearing the immortal part of Faust," sing:—

"The noble spirit now is free,
And saved from evil scheming :
Who'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.
And if he feels the grace of Love
That from on High is given,
The Blessed Hosts that wait above,
Shall welcome him to Heaven !"

Song after song rises, as the incense of heaven, and then an anchorite, "in the highest, purest cell" of all, hymns the Heavenly Queen who "soars into the space." To Her prayers arise from a band of Penitent Women, and at last one of them, "formerly named Margaret," "stealing closer," addresses Her, her prayer ending with:—

"Vouchsafe to me that I instruct him !
Still dazzles him the Day's new glare."

The prayer is granted and Margaret, the heavenly, conducts Faust "to higher spheres." A mystic Chorus sings the grand finale of the Drama—(the best translators cannot render it adequately):—

"Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichnis ;
Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird's Ereignis ;
Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist es gethan ;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan."

"All things corruptible
Are but reflection.
Earth's insufficiency
Here finds perfection.
Here the ineffable
Wrought is with love.
The Eternal-Womanly
Draws us above."

"The Eternal-Womanly," personified in Margaret, and in higher perfection by the Mater Gloriosa, in highest perfection of all by Deity, which contains in itself

the potentiality of all divine and human love, whether exemplified in woman or in man, but most unselfish in woman.

We leave the spirit of Faust as it has been "drawn above"—

* "From Earth's old vesture freed at length,
Now clothed upon by garb of heaven,
Shines forth his pristine youthful strength."

Margaret receives him as he was years before the Drama opens, when in his first youth he made the choice which led to the situation set before us in the first scene of all. Had he encountered her then—but she was not yet born—he would probably have felt the same attraction to her then, but it would have been pure, with no Mephistopheles at hand to pervert it, and we should not have had our Drama.

Let us see whether we can summarise it as the Drama of the Development of the Soul, so that we may carry away with us a compact memory of what it means.

Let us picture to ourselves a man of good instincts—an idealist to the backbone—possessed by a thirsty craving for all knowledge, by a principle of restlessness which would be all, have, see, know, taste, feel all—living a secluded life in pursuit of the ideal of his choice, to the comparative exclusion of ordinary human interests—an anti-Philister, who would pierce through Nature if he could to the inmost secrets of Nature's Lord. Years of such seeking—artificial—unnatural—culminate in the Faust of the Laboratory on whom the curtain rises, surrounded by an atmosphere of disillusionment, disgust, almost despair. In this extremity he employs incantations and thus raises the Earth-Spirit. Ruthlessly epelled by it he realises to the full his *limitations*, though he fails to identify himself with them or to obey calmly

the law of his own nature. "I am not like the Gods" he cries, and is tempted to seek through self-destruction that separation of the spirit from its earthly encumbrance for which he longs now more than ever. He is on the point of drinking his death-potion when his hand is arrested by a Chorus of Angels, followed by another Chorus of Women, chanting the Easter Hymn. These remind him of his childhood and of his *humanity* and "The Earth takes back her child."

He next goes abroad among the burghers and peasants among whom (though not with whom) he had lived. He sees their simple enjoyment of holiday and receives their blessings for past ministrations in days of plague. "Here I am man—dare man to be," he says—this is the revival of *sympathy*.

Sense of *limitation*, sense of *humanity*, sense of *sympathy* being thus aroused, we have a Faust who is ready to make a fresh start in life and also fit for Mephistopheles to practise on, in accordance with the challenge given in Heaven. Faust is suffering from a violent reaction from the life of self-development. No new ideal has yet developed itself before him—he is simply *man* again. But he is restless and reckless, and with a light heart enters on his compact with the Evil One, whose effort will be to instigate him to self-gratification on lower planes, and to an ultimate deadening of all effort, striving, restlessness. What follows, to the very end, is an exhibition of the operations of him who is

"Part of that Power, not understood,

Which always wills the Bad, and always works the Good."

We cannot go over the ground here. The Drama must be read with this key to it at hand. Faust throughout aspires—though he scarcely knows to what; Mephisto-

pheles ever "stirs," "provokes," and prevents him by the very friction of incompatibility from attaining that indolent condition of satisfaction with the present which it is his aim to induce. If Faust is God's servant, Mephistopheles is God's slave and thrall, working his Master's will unwillingly. The restless of Faust meanwhile grows and grows into aspiration. He rises ever to higher ends, through the little to the great world, and through the great world to something still greater, loss of self. His *last* ambition is his noblest, and yet simple, as those who make it *their first* are simple—love of kind, exhibited in beneficent activity. He sought to be *αὐτάρκης* (to use a Greek adjective), self-sufficient and self-contained. He learns through long experience, bitter and disillusioning, that to become one's best self one must interact with others—that the infinite can only be attained by man through a loving intermixture with the finite—that he must climb before he can fly. He learns also that the service of man is a loftier aim than the mastery of knowledge; that the *deed* ennobles more than the *thought*; that love, in fine, is the crown of life. "Them that have loved alone Love leadeth in." In a word, his soul finds itself.

Faust and Mephistopheles may be regarded, if we will, as two spirits in one man—the spirit of restless striving on the one hand, self-deceived possibly, but by a self-deception leading to high flights. Such flights, if continued through a long life, are certain to end in good if the nature which enters on them is primarily good. On the other hand, the spirit of disparagement—of denial; making love, lust; aspiration, personal ambition; self-respect, vanity.

The clash and friction of the two spirits in one body result in the consummation of our Drama.

Take the good instincts without the friction and the resultant restlessness, and you get—the saint.

Which is the more valuable product for humanity, the saint or the Faust? One would like to think the Faust, as he has inspired so mighty a Drama. The unrest and friction seem to produce a type which *does* things for the benefit of man. The saint is valuable rather as a *pattern* of the good life, as an *angelic reflection* for those who study him to follow. The Faust type is the type that reforms the world—even against its will; it is the human counterpart of the forces of nature, as directed by the hand of a providential God.

This is the old contrast of the *contemplative* and the *active* life, restated in terms of modern thought. Mediaeval thought put the *contemplative* higher than the other. Its motto was "Ordina quest' amor, O Tu que m'ami"—"Oh, Thou who lovest me, control my love!" The motto of modern thought is undeniably "Laborare est orare"—"To work is to pray."

"Of modern thought"—Leap back in mind across the mediaeval age to pagan time, and we have it there also!

Listen to Marcus Aurelius:—

"When thou art hard to be stirred up and awakened out of thy sleep, admonish thyself, and call to mind that to perform actions tending to the common good is that which thine own proper constitution and that which the nature of men do require."

Or listen to the *slave* Epictetus, *master* of Marcus Aurelius:—

"What wouldst thou be found doing when overtaken by Death? If I might choose I would be found doing some deed of true humanity, of wide import, beneficent and noble."

Goethe and our own age have but restated this ideal with a vigour born of the long rest and hush of the

Dark Ages—with an added tinge of disinterested and unselfish beauty, nursed till the time for its new expression should come, when the Christian weft should be shot by the shuttle of the Almighty through the precious warp stretched on the loom of human life by the master minds of ancient days.

CLASSICAL CULTURE FOR NON-CLASSICAL PUPILS ¹

OF those who regret that the number of classical scholars in this country is becoming smaller, many are none the less glad that the class of pupils who are grounded more or less imperfectly in the drudgery preliminary to a standard of scholarship which they can never attain is dwindling. It is, however, a serious matter that the proportion of school pupils who receive no classical *culture* is overwhelming. It is surely the business of teachers to see to it that all pupils in secondary schools get some classical culture, even if it come to them but as the wind that passeth.

The interesting series of papers in the *Westminster Gazette*, entitled "If Youth but Knew" (September, 1905), set out very sanely what should be kept out of the wreck of our old humanistic education. Certain passages from it form the text for this article. To quote the more pertinent of these :—

We need a course of Greek and Latin literature which shall not embrace everything else, but shall itself be embraced in a comprehensive course of historical study. The prime object is to make Hellenic and Roman civilisation real and tangible to the learner,

¹ Reprinted from *The Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, March 1909.

to enable him to live in imagination in those strange and far-off days. . . . How pitifully meagre would be our racial experience if the dawn of all history had coincided with the dawn of modern history and the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome, had either never existed or had been expunged by some all-obliterating ice-age from the record of the planet ! . . . I believe and assert that a living knowledge of Greek and Latin literature could, by a wise economy of effort, be attained in about a fifth of the time which we now devote to attaining a much narrower literary knowledge, coupled with a more or less imperfect linguistic proficiency.

The business of this article is mainly to attempt to justify these statements and to try to suggest some ways of imparting classical culture, apart from knowledge of the classical languages.

We have first to consider what is meant by the expression, "classical culture." It may be defined as being a sympathetic assimilation of the ideas, religious and other, and of the life of the Hellenic and Roman peoples in their best days. The non-classical pupils with whom we have to do are those who stay at school beyond the age of fourteen years, do not study Greek or Latin with the aim of becoming scholars, and have some time to give to culture, in so far as their education, for two or three years from that age, is general and not technical.

We will define "culture" as being the education which equips for leisure from one's specific life-work (passing over the privileged few whose life-work lies along the lines of culture), and prepares men and women for their position as citizens in an enlightened and well-ordered community.

If the reader is to follow this article with any advantage he must give consent to three initial postulates: (1) that some measure of culture is desirable for all who can acquire it; (2) that a judicious training of

the *imagination* is the best avenue to culture ; (3) that some sympathetic knowledge of the great epochs in the history of human thought-development, including its outward expression through art, serves as an excellent stimulus to the imagination and is an essential adjunct to culture.

The first of these postulates is rather an axiom. Our waking hours are divided between business, meals, and leisure. The true end of business is leisure, as Aristotle asserts. Business aims at providing the means of life and leisure. Leisure should aim at culture—moreover, leisure is necessary for culture. The mere craftsman and the mere business man is of a lower type than the leisured-cultured. With regard to the second postulate, it is desirable at once to mark off imagination from fancy. Too often the one word is used as a synonym with the other. Yet the difference of meaning is marked and definite. However much of fancy underlies the thought of Hellas, it is through imagination that we reproduce and assimilate it. It is fancy that forms combinations which are outside human experience, but none the less, perhaps all the more, on that account interesting, whether they be pleasing or grim. Fancy it is that gives us

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

Imagination, on the other hand, strictly considered deals with what has been, what might have been, what is (though out of our ken), and what may be going to be. Its province is the possible, the probable, and the absent-actual. By clothing the thing imagined in its own subjectivity, it makes it palatable and easily assimilated.

As to the third postulate. What are the great thought-epochs as expressed in literature? Dealing only with Mediterranean and European civilisation, they are five in number: (1) *The Hebraic*: from the prophet Amos to the close of the Old Testament Canon. (This included the whole of the Old Testament.) (2) *The Hellenic*: from the time of Peisistratos to the establishment of the philosophical schools of Hellas. (3) *The Roman*: from Ennius to the historian Tacitus. (4) *The Medieval*: from the earliest schoolmen to Dante. (5) *The Renaissance*: from Petrarch to about the end of the sixteenth century (unless we choose to prolong it to our own day). Of these five the greatest are the first, second, and fifth. The third is subordinate, as a *thought-epoch*, to the second, and the fourth is chiefly valuable as the forerunner and herald of the fifth in its later stages. The chief characteristics of the first two epochs are excellently set forth by Mr. S. H. Butcher, in his Harvard lecture on "Greece and Israel," as follows:—

Two nations, Greece and Israel, stand out from all others in the history of the world, and form a striking contrast as representing divergent impulses and tendencies of human nature, different ideals of perfection. In this, however, they are alike, that each felt itself to be a peculiar people, marked off from the surrounding races by distinctions more ineffaceable than those of blood—by the possession of intellectual or religious truths which determined the bent and meaning of its history. That history, as it was gradually unfolded, became to each an unfailing source of inspiration. The records and famous deeds of the race were invested with ethical significance. In interpreting them, each people gained a deeper consciousness of its own ideal vocation. From the heritage of the past they drew fresh stores of spiritual energy. Exclusive, indeed, they both were, intensely national; between Greek and Barbarians, between Israel and the Heathen, there could be no intimacy, no union. For many centuries the work of the Hellenes and of Israel went forward at the same time, but in separate spheres, each nation

unconscious of the other's existence. . . . Yet this very spirit of exclusiveness was one of the conditions which enabled each to nurture and bring to maturity the life-giving germ which it bore within it. In process of time each people burst the narrow limits of its own nationality and in dying to itself lived to mankind.

And again :—

He hath set eternity in their heart : so might we sum up the spirit of Israel. But the Jewish ideal simplified life by leaving half of it untouched. It remained for Greece to make the earth a home, ordered and well equipped for the race, if not indeed for the individual. Greece supplied the lacking elements—art, science, secular poetry, philosophy, political life, social intercourse. The matchless force of the Greek mind and its success in so many fields of human activity is, as we shall see, due above all to this, that it was able harmoniously to combine diverse and even opposite qualities. Hebraism and Hellenism stand out distinct—the one in all the intensity of its religious life, the other in the wealth and diversity of its secular gifts and graces.

“Thus the sharp contrasts of the sculptor's plan
Showed the two primal paths our race has trod ;
Hellas the nurse of man complete as man,
Judaea pregnant with the living God.”

. . . Each people is at once the historical counterpart and the supplement of the other. Each element, by contributing its own portion to our common Christianity, has added to the inalienable treasure of the world.

Our first quotation spoke of “those strange and far-off days” of ancient Greece. They are not strange merely because they are far off. Their strangeness, for us, is rather to be explained on historical grounds. The Hellenic race came, at various epochs and by various paths, from the common Aryan homelands and developed its own complete civilisation, with influences from Chaldaea and from Egypt, but not from Israel. The Germanic races, on the other hand, coming from the same home to non-Mediterranean Europe and to

England, were Christianised while still in an undeveloped state of civilisation, the result being a compound of Aryan and Hebrew thought-development and a new ideal grafted on the native one, and manifesting itself outwardly in seriousness, asceticism, and ideas of duty and conscience. As concrete instances of this result, we may take Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" or Matthew Arnold's "Rugby Chapel" from a choice of hundreds. If all Hebraic—*i.e.*, neo-Hebraic or Christian—colouring were cut out from these poems, there would be left nothing but mere fleshless skeletons.

We know a good deal about the mythology and antiquities of the Germanic races. The Norse religion has been well studied. It must be allowed that these races have been made more serious than their distant cousins, the Hellenes, partly by other causes than Hebraic thought-influences. Climate and conditions of life generally have given them the graver tone; thus they were more ready to adopt the neo-Hebraic influences of Christianity in full measure than were the Athenians who listened to Paul of Tarsus mainly without conviction.

What it is sought to emphasise here is that, through the engrafting of Hebraic ideals in those early days, our thought-development has produced a growth wonderfully different from the ungrafted growth of Hellas, and that, *consequently*, we need to study Hellas and its shadow, on the culture side, Rome, in order to broaden our views of the possibilities of civilisation, to stimulate our imagination, to correct our taste—that is, our standard of the beautiful—and even to learn to the full what are the advantages which our past history has secured for us.

The fact that the second and third of our five thought-

epochs can be marked off from the others as Pagan or non-Hebraic is a negative feature which puts them much further from our own experience than the other epochs. Time, also, has put them further back than the last two, one of them—the Hellenic epoch—covering and comprised in a part of the first epoch. These facts make the study of those two—the classical epochs especially stimulating to the *imagination*—a most valuable factor in all education, and, more than in any other, in a culture education.

A further argument in favour of the study of these epochs is that, if they are neglected at school, they stand a smaller chance than the others of being studied afterwards. Their very strangeness, and sometimes their naïve childlikeness, make them repellent to most adults who approach them for the first time, as compared with the age that culminated in Dante and, still more, with the epoch of the Renaissance.

The leading differentiating characteristics of Hellenic civilisation may be expressed in few words, as devotion to Form (τὸ καλόν) and Restraint (μηδὲν ἄγαν). These were their criteria of conduct and of art, the touchstones which found out the pure gold in the ore of life, the armour that shielded them from the onslaughts of vulgarity. The mere mention of these criteria should be sufficient to show us the unspeakable value of Hellenic culture to the modern Englishman and Englishwoman. Ugliness and excess are the bugbears of our civilisation. We cannot too early instil into our youth the ideals which will fortify them against these enemies of culture and of the higher life.

On the Hebraic side, through the influences of Christianity, we are well aware of the culture value that attaches to Hebraic modes of thought and attitudes

towards ethical problems, but in this paper what it is sought to emphasise is the *difference* between the Hebraic and the Hellenic types rather than the excellence of either, because it is the difference, when studied, that leads to the mental stimulus. Contrast is a more potent brain-stirrer than resemblance. The moral strength of the Hebraic type of character lies in the effort to do the will of God, in living *now*, with a view to *then*. It works almost as strongly in those whose theology has turned into a philosophy as in the more orthodox. The love of righteousness, apart from all religious formulas, is Hebraic, not Hellenic, in its essence. The moral strength of the Hellenic type consists in the attempt to live the full life of man, here and now, and only here and now. Which is the higher it is not pertinent to discuss here, but it may be pointed out that the latter may be made a very valuable complement to the former—whether as matter of practice or merely of study.

The study of classical thought is of special value to a race such as ours, under four main heads¹ :—

(A.) Its view of *Religion*. Religion, for it, is an interpretation (1) of Nature, (2) of emotional states, or of the world around us and the world within us. Its great object is "to make man at home in the world." As an interpretation of Nature, Hellenic religion seems to have been an indigenous development among the old Pelasgian or the Achæan race. It is a thing apart from the higher religion, the interpretation of emotional states. They may be distinguished in language as the little and the great religion. The former springs from the soil and has much in common with earliest beliefs in other lands. Pan, Satyrs, Naiads, Dryads, and Nymphs are Hellenic

¹ I am much indebted to Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's book, "The Greek View of Life," in this part of my argument.

counterparts of certain Germanic and Norse creatures of fancy. The latter was brought in later, possibly by the Dorians, from the north, with Olympus for the abode of its gods, and was deftly linked on to the worship of ancestors—the founders of the different stocks of the Hellenic race, the half-gods. It became sublimated as the race developed, as any one may see who compares the gods of Homer with those of the great tragedians.

For the Hellenes the State was the Church; politics, therefore, were a part of religion. The individual existed mainly as a constituent item in the State. Personal conscience, accordingly, was not emphasised: Socrates was unique in being conscious of a demon or spirit within him which acted as a sort of conscience. Conduct for the Hellene was based almost entirely upon law.

(B.) Its view of *Art*. The key to classical art (as to classical ethics) is the identification of the beautiful with the good. "Harmony" is the expression of this. Art is the minister of religion. Its dominant principles are form, restraint, the mean (or middle course). These together make up what we call "the classical." It aimed at *the expression of the finite* rather than at *aspiration towards the infinite*, at the clear-cut rather than at the vague. As a supreme instance of the classical in literature, we may take the "Philoctetes" of Sophocles, a drama into which, as into the "Trinummus" of Plautus, woman is not introduced at all, and love of woman, the great disturbing element, the mainstay of the romantic, finds no place. We may contrast with this the romantic, full of the grotesque, the fantastic, the extravagant, the incongruous, the excessive. No better specimen can be mentioned than Shakespeare's "Lear," the mighty rival, in the romantic style, of the Aeschylean trilogy.

(C.) Its view of *Ethics*. Ethics for the Hellenic mind,

as has been already hinted, were primarily æsthetic: there was no developed sense of sin, no developed idea of duty, as among the Hebrews. Virtue did not consist in obedience to an external law, internally approved, but in a harmony in the natural man. Self-development, not self-repression, was the main aim. *Τὸ καλόν*, the beautiful, not *τὸ δέον*, the right, was the watchword.

(D.) Its view of *Politics*. The classical State was "an association of similar persons for the attainment of the best life possible" (Aristotle). The individual was not sacrificed to the whole, but realised himself, to the highest point, in the whole.

These things have been dwelt on here as illustrating the sense of *contrast* which their study must produce in the pupil, with a consequent stimulus to his imagination, and, through that stimulus, a growth of culture.

But it may be urged that, if classical culture is of such value as has been stated, it is not well that we should know nothing of the fine flower of the Hellenic mind save through translations and through its diffusion among the moderns by absorption into the literature of the world at second or at third hand. Such an argument sins against the great law of compromise, which rules all things. It were best that all should learn all in the best ways, but it is not possible. Second best is best for us, and will always be so.

It may be asserted, without hesitation, that even non-classical pupils at school can, with competent teaching, learn in three years, through some ten lessons a term, given as part of the history course, what goes to make the greatness of Hellenic culture; can get a general grasp of what distinguishes it from other civilisations, and thus become cultured, and live broader and more refined and illuminated lives in consequence.

However audacious the attempt may be, it is difficult for one who feels strongly the importance of classical culture to refrain, though he be not a teacher, from giving some hints to teachers as to the right way of imparting it to their pupils. But, as the guide through a maze directs the travellers from outside and above it, so it may be with the non-teacher. He may be able to help just because he is not a teacher; we will accordingly give our hints for what they are worth. And first, the early stages of all history teaching should be world-history with as little as possible of the history of individuals—after the age of fourteen—and as much as possible of the tracing of thought-developments and of institutions and manners as illustrations of these; Hellas and Rome, but especially Hellas, should have a generous share of this during the younger years of an advanced curriculum. The Hebraic element is well looked after, though too often unintelligently treated. For instance, the post-exile period is more valuable for culture than the time of the Kings, but is comparatively neglected. The Mediaeval and Renaissance periods require older minds to grasp their significance; they are rather college than school subjects.

The teacher must have a *sympathetic* knowledge of the subject. The thought of Hellas

will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it.
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions.

The pupils should use few books or none, except good translations from the great writers.

Translations should, of course, be freely used by the teacher; the prejudice against them, always unreason-

able, has done much to delay the kind of teaching which we are advocating. There is less ground than ever for that prejudice now that we have a body of excellent translations in prose and verse by modern scholars. A passage from the Presidential Address of the Master of Trinity to the Teachers' Guild (A.D. 1900) is well worth quoting here :—

Why is it that we have fostered so long a prejudice against translations from the two great ancient tongues? Not surely from class jealousy. Not because we have the key of knowledge and wish to retain it in our privileged hands. Not, again, because translations give so little that is worth having. Who can repeat such a shibboleth if he remembers the words of his English Bible—words translated from the Hebrew of Prophet or Psalmist, or, again, from the Greek of St. Luke or St. John? Who can fling such a taunt when he has in his ears such echoes as "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee"? or, again, "The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee, and were afraid; the depths also were troubled"? or, yet again, "Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us; to give light to them that are in darkness and the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace"? or, once again, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes"?

These are translated words. As we repeat them we scarcely believe it. They are translations from Hebrew and from Greek. In such translations generally—for I could hardly admit the charge here—much is doubtless lost. On this there is no need to enlarge; but, on the other hand, how much is retained! How much is garnered up for ever as a thing of beauty, of tender, infinite, not evanescent, beauty—nay, how much in some cases, perhaps in these, is even gained!

The knowledge to be imparted by the teacher must first be thoroughly digested and assorted. There certainly was one teacher not long ago—there may have been many others—to whom was assigned the task of

teaching a class of girls about the religion of Hellas. She had had no classical training, and was satisfied with taking Smith's "Smaller Classical Dictionary" and "getting up" its account of Zeus, Hera, and the rest, and doling them out to her pupils. It was Keats with his "Lemprière" over again; but poets are allowed to be more irresponsible than teachers.

The pupil must be made to *live* in the atmosphere of the classical world; must learn to conceive its religion, including drama and art generally; must sort the Hellenic Pantheon by values, giving Zeus and his two great children, Apollo and Athena, pre-eminent place, realising the emotional states which they represent, identifying them with power, healing, and enlightenment; must learn the deeper ideas underlying the worship of Dionysus, whether as the orgiastic Thracian deity, introduced from Asia, or as the Egyptian Dionysus Zagreus; must be introduced gracefully to the whole Arcadian "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Arcadia and Pan—the *little* mythology of Hellas, as it may be called. Oracles, amusements, the home, must be attractively presented. The notions underlying such personifications as Até and Nemesis must be made clear.

As specimen descriptions of these latter: Até is infatuation. This is held to imply guilt as its cause and evil as its consequence. Behind her go the Litai (prayers), the lame, wrinkled, squinting daughters of Zeus. They, if called upon, heal the hurts inflicted by Até, but bring fresh evil upon the stubborn. Nemesis is a personification of the moral indignation felt at all derangements of the natural equilibrium of things, whether by extraordinarily good fortune or by the arrogance usually attendant thereon. She is the goddess of *due proportion*, hating every transgression of

the bounds of moderation, restoring the normal order of things.

The teacher must not telescope his history teaching in dealing with Hellas or with Rome. He must fully realise the fact that many centuries intervened between the manners and ideas depicted in Homer and the time of Socrates. He must treat his subject on evolutionary lines. The gods of Hellas improved with time, which means that men's ideas of them improved, as much as the Hebraic conception of the Father in the New Testament was in advance of the tribal Jehovah of the Judges. On the other hand, the good old manners of men broke down as the local civilisation in its advance destroyed itself.

Above all, as Thring would have said, the teacher of Hellenic history must "think in shape" and give "pictorial teaching." Such teaching, we think, after much deliberation, could best be given through what we call "tableau lessons" scattered at intervals, in appropriate positions, throughout the classical history course. In them some special features of Hellenic or Roman life should be described graphically and actually. The lesson should contain nothing but the picture with all its salient features emphasised as dramatically as possible.

As a few instances of subjects for such tableau lessons we give the following: (*a*) a day in the theatre of Dionysus, at Athens; (*b*) a day in the Law Courts, at Athens; (*c*) a day at the games, at Olympia; (*d*) a visit to the Oracle of Apollo, at Delphi; (*e*) a day with the Senate, at Rome; (*f*) the life of the Forum, at Rome; (*g*) a Roman general's triumph; (*h*) the last day of Julius Caesar.

I have found it easy to give such a tableau lesson on (*a*), and have repeated it several times, choosing the

"Alkestis" of Euripides, as we know its exact date and have the great advantage of Browning's beautiful translation with running commentary in "Balaustion's Adventure." But there are many other dramas that might prove equally or more attractive. The play must, of course, be put in a setting of local colour, derived from knowledge and not from fancy. The *facts* of Hellenic life are interesting enough in themselves. For (*b*) the trial of Socrates might be chosen. It could be made to enthrall the class, if treated skilfully. For (*e*) the episode of Regulus pleading, as a prisoner on parole, against the acceptance of the Carthaginians' conditions and thereby making certain for himself a cruel death. Horace's great ode on this occasion would work in well. For (*h*) we have Shakespeare to help us, and he, with Plutarch behind him, is enough for all purposes.

The teacher must not improve the occasion. He must be, as much as possible, of the times which he depicts. He must not make comparisons with our own civilisation to the disparagement of the other. If he will point out its weakness, he must also emphasise its strength. Modern seriousness may be made as sour as ancient joyousness was irresponsible, and, at times, childish.

With elder pupils the teacher should take advantage of modern poems written in the classical spirit—of "Samson Agonistes" above all: that wonderful and unique fusion of the Hebraic and the Hellenic. Other such poems are Wordsworth's "Laodamia," "Dion," and parts of "The Excursion" (Book IV.), such as the celebrated and most enlightening passage beginning with—

In that fair clime the lonely herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose.

Tennyson's "Ulysses," "Oenone," and "Tithonus,"

Matthew Arnold's "Merope," and "Empedocles on Etna." Swinburne's "Atalanta"—wonderful poem as it is—has too much of the romantic tinge about it.

He should contrast these with romantic and Christian poetry, and show that classic coldness means love of *form* and *restraint*, while modern romanticism is *irregular*, *warm*, and often *extravagant*.

He should point out the reason for the development of a spiritual monotheism in Israel, showing how the first father of Israel was a dweller on the level, monotonous plain of Chaldaea, where the sky was the chief feature in the landscape and the stars and the infinite were the chief companions of the great sheikh in his long evening hours. He should then explain how, in Hellas, mountain and sea, waterfall and river, forest and cave, are everywhere: and hence arose a polytheistic Nature worship, overlaid later by the cult of the great Olympians. He should show that Sinai, with the awe of the thunderstorm, was the typical mountain of Israel; Olympus—brightness, beauty, and calm—of Hellas. He should teach that the religion of Israel was exclusive; that of Hellas, and still more that of Rome, inclusive. Carrying his contrasts further, he should show that Israel yearned for the *unseen*. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God! When shall I come and appear before God?" Hellas, on the other hand, revelled in the *seen*.

Israel ascended to the conception of a Heaven of the Blessed, with an Almighty who is also a Father. But Israel also conceived a material hell of torture for the condemned, with a personal Devil, the permitted rival of God. Hellas kept "the mean," going less far in both directions.

The watchwords of Israel were duty, obedience; of

Hellas, beauty, joy of life. Surely, in our modern life, with its huge aggregations of population in the monotonous streets of large cities, in factories, and in offices, the Hellenic watchwords are wanted, to save us from the deadening and demoralising influence of ugliness and monotony. The small hold which the Churches have got over our handworkers seems to show that the Hebraic ideal, by itself, is insufficient. There is a holiness in the true joy of earthly life.

These scattered hints to teachers—mere *disjecta membra*—are set down solely with the object of showing how it is the Hellenic way of looking at life and religion, not the memory-burdening details of the Hellenic Pantheon, and civic and domestic arrangements, that should be imparted to non-classical pupils.

Though it be not pertinent here to discuss whether the Hebraic or the Hellenic type of character be the higher, the teacher may profitably point out to his pupils who are old enough to understand him that the mystery of pain found no satisfactory explanation in the religion of the Hellenes.

Pain, æsthetically regarded, is ugly, but the sterner religion of Israel culminated in a newer religion which may bear as its motto "Through pain—gain," by which we mean *spiritual* gain. When the Aryan mind was imbued with this Semitic belief, new possibilities, on a far higher moral plane than could be attained by Hellas, lay open before it. Can we not try to give that higher belief to our pupils without sacrificing the freer joyousness of the Hellenic mind, so that the stern Israel may clasp hands with the more graceful Hellas, and the two may together advance to that wonder-time that is to be, when the at-one-ment of strength and grace may be finally accomplished?

THE TEACHERS' GUILD AND THE REGISTRATION OF TEACHERS¹

THE history of the movement for the Registration of Teachers practically resolves itself into an account of the Bills promoted by the College of Preceptors in 1879 and 1881, for nothing serious was attempted earlier. I must say, speaking for myself only, that this Bill (for the two were one in almost all respects) seems to have been a Bill for the Registration (1) of persons more or less qualified by examination to be teachers, and (2) of persons not so qualified, who could plead a University degree in extenuation of their want of qualification; who could say, in short—"Qualifications I cannot show, I confess, but look at my attainments!" Further, it was a Bill which was limited to teachers who do not teach either in Primary Schools or in those seven schools at the other end of the scale where the fees are so high and the prestige so great that no one is ridiculous enough to look for evidence of teaching-qualifications in the staff on their appointment. It was a Bill, moreover, which did not apply

¹ Read before the Brighton Branch of the Teachers' Guild, November, 1890. Leaders appended from the *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*.

to Ireland or Scotland—why, I could never make out. The Council to be appointed under this Bill was a small one, less than 20 in number. The penalty attaching to non-registration under the Bill in 1879 was inability to recover professional fees by legal process; in 1881 (and here is the one distinction between the two measures) this penalty was omitted and the worst that could happen then to a non-registered teacher, in so far as the Bill was concerned, was that he might be liable to serve on a jury or in the militia. Had this measure become law, how should we stand at the present time? We should have a profession of teachers, so-called, composed as follows:—

(1) Of *the staffs of the seven Great Public Schools* under the Public Schools Act, *unregistered*.

(2) Of all *graduates* engaged in teaching—*registered, as graduates*.

(3) Of all other Secondary School teachers—*registered mainly*, I expect, *as members of the College of Preceptors*, for Membership of the College is one of the qualifications for registration and would be likely to be a popular one.

(4) Of all Primary School teachers, *not registered* as teachers, but *rather as civil servants*.

I leave it to wiser heads to discover the common measures of these four brigades into which the Bill would gather up the Army of Light.

It is curious to note, by the way, that the qualifications of the four groups for teaching work, in so far as the Bill looks after it, is in exactly inverse ratio to the position in the social scale of the Schools where the teaching is carried on. For example, the children of the wage-earners would be left, as before, in the charge of specially-prepared teachers, trained for their work,

and certificated as trained by a Department of State. The smaller private schools, where University degrees are few and far between among the staff, would be taught by teachers possessing at least some certificate of theoretical knowledge of the Art of Education; the Schools where the professional classes most frequently send their children would be taught by men possessing some evidence of knowledge of the subject-matter to be conveyed to the pupils' minds, but no evidence of the power of communicating it; while the plutocrat and the aristocrat would send their children to Schools which the Bill would not touch at all, where there would be no need, in so far as the Bill is concerned, to possess either attainment or qualification. So true is it that there are compensations in nature! Can the framers of such a measure be said to have believed in a science of Education? If so, why did they exclude the Etonian and the Wykehamist from the benefit of being taught by trained teachers? Why did they not provide for the pupils in the smaller private schools similar advantages to those enjoyed by the children in elementary schools? The truth is that, underlying the whole measure, there lurks the old erroneous idea that Culture pure and simple is not so much an excellent ornament and added grace in the teacher as a substitute—and an adequate one—for special preparation for his work.

Such is a brief summary of the Bills of 1879 and 1881. The question of Registration has, of course, been frequently discussed both before and after those dates by teachers, and many earnest persons have done what they could as individuals to forward the good cause by implanting in teachers a desire to improve their professional status.

We now come to the Teachers' Guild. In the year

1884 the Teachers' Guild began to take shape, the first meeting of its first Council being held on March 6th, 1884. Among the List of Objects of the Guild, which were embodied eventually in its Articles of Association, were the two following :—

- (c) To encourage the training of Teachers of all grades.
- (i) To take such measures as shall lead to the Registration of duly qualified Teachers of all grades.

From the beginning onwards the Council never forgot that the Guild was pledged to these two objects, though for some time little or nothing could be done towards their realisation.

In the Autumn of 1887 the Glasgow and West of Scotland Branch proposed to the Council that this List should be summarised in such a way as to impress them more easily on the memory, and especially to bring out more clearly their relative importance. The Summary adopted by the Council, which is now printed above the List of Objects in every issue of our Annual Report in black and conspicuous type, contains the following, as the second out of its three clauses, in place of the two clauses already mentioned :—"To obtain for the whole body of Teachers the status and authority of a learned profession."

I think that the discussion of the wording of this Summary was very useful. It acted as a stimulus to the Council "to prick the sides of its intent." From the date of its adoption there was an increase of activity in the direction of Registration, which was much helped by the free distribution by Mr. Storr of 2,500 copies of his Paper on Registration, with the Bill of 1881 as an

Appendix, among all the members of all the Guild (at that date about 2,500) at the end of 1887.

With the Pamphlet there was sent out a printed sheet stating that "The Education Committee, in order to gather the opinions of the Profession *with a view to future action*, have drawn up the following List of Questions, which they will be glad to have answered:—

"(1). Should Registration be compulsory (in the sense indicated in the Paper)?

"(2). Should any but trained Teachers be admitted *eventually* to the Register?

"(3). Should Elementary Teachers in State-aided Schools be included in the Register?

"(4). Should all degrees, diplomas, etc., be mentioned in the Register?

"(5). Should the Teachers' Representatives on the Registration Council be elected (*a*) by the general vote of Registered Teachers, or (*b*) by properly constituted bodies of Teachers, such as the Universities, College of Preceptors, N. U. E. T., Teachers' Guild, etc., etc.?"

A large number of answers to this circular were received, and the result of the voting, if I may so call it, was thus summarised in the Annual Report of the Council in 1888. "The answers to the questions showed a very large preponderance of opinion in favour of Registration being made compulsory, in the sense indicated in the paper, and of the eventual exclusion of all but trained teachers from the Register; while there was an almost unanimous expression of opinion that Elementary School Teachers should be included, and that all degrees and diplomas should be mentioned in the Register. A majority less marked were in favour of the election of the teachers' representatives on the

Registration Council by properly constituted bodies of teachers rather than by the general vote of registered teachers."

The Council were thus in possession of the views of those members who were sufficiently interested in the matter of Registration to take the trouble to answer the questions asked, and felt that they could safely prepare a measure which would represent the views of the Guild ; but other work occupied the whole of the year 1888, and Irish affairs filled the whole time of the House, and it was not till the spring of last year [1889] that any further steps were taken. At that time I received a letter from the Hon. Secretary of our Hull Branch stating that, in the course of conversation with him upon the Guild and its work, Mr. A. H. Dyke Acland, Member of Parliament for Rotherham, and a member of our Taunton and West Somerset Branch, had expressed his readiness to introduce into Parliament a Bill for the Registration of Teachers prepared by the Guild. The Council saw at once that the time was ripe for definite action, and instructed our Political Committee to draft a Bill, which was to embody the following points on which the Council laid stress :

(1). That Registration should be so far obligatory that no unregistered teachers should be entitled to recover professional fees in a Court of Law.

(2). That in future a test of theoretical knowledge of the Science and Art of Education and of practical ability in teaching be required.

(3). That no mention be made in this Bill of Government certificated teachers as such—(meaning that no distinction of teachers into classes should be made).

(4). That provision should be made for the appointment of an Educational Council.

(5). That the Council should be formed on the principle of delegation and not by popular election.

And there followed a negative proviso to the effect :

(6). That no clause be inserted in the Bill providing for the appointment of a Minister of Education.

The Committee was also instructed to consider what could be done to provide for the registration of private teachers and the range over which the Bill should extend.

After receiving these instructions the Political Committee set to work to frame the Bill. They were a strong and representative Committee, composed of such persons as Sir George Young, our Hon. Treasurer, and one of the Charity Commissioners, Sir Philip Magnus, Miss Buss, Mr. George Girling, ex-president of the N. U. T., Mr. Francis Storr, and Mr. H. C. Bowen. The definite instructions received made their task less difficult than it otherwise would have been, and after several sittings and much discussion the Bill was at length ready for the parliamentary draftsman in the early part of last spring (1890). It was formally promulgated before the Guild, assembled in Annual Conference at Cheltenham in April, and won the hearty approval of that assemblage of over 400 members.

A few days before the Cheltenham Conference there was a meeting at the offices of the National Union of Teachers between selected members of the Executives of the Union and the Guild, for the purpose of examining the Bill together. The President and Vice-President of the National Union and Mr. Heller were among those who were present. The Bill received the cordial approval of the representatives of the Union—a fact which was not to be wondered at, considering that it recognised the rights of the Primary School Teacher

to the full. About the same time the Educational Institute of Scotland also declared its intention to support it. These two associations contain some 19,000 teachers.

I should have stated that at the opening of the last session of Parliament the College of Preceptors, through Sir Richard Temple and others, introduced a Bill into the House having a similar title to ours. Nine years had passed since the introduction of the measure of 1881 to which I have already referred. What had that interval of time effected by way of change in the measure? Absolutely nothing, except that the penal clause of the Bill of 1879, dropped in 1881, was reinstated! Yet professional opinion on the subject had made rapid strides since 1881. Associations like the N.U.T. and the E.I.S., whose views on the subject are necessarily very different from those of the College, had greatly increased in power, and last, but perhaps not least, the Teachers' Guild had come into existence, having for one of its pronounced objects "*To obtain for the whole body of Teachers the status and authority of a learned profession.*" We move too fast nowadays for the re-introduction of old measures, unchanged, after some ten years' interval. It is true that, by its very nature, the Bill of the College is not calculated to arouse hostile criticism in so many non-professional quarters as ours, though it has stirred up the Primary School Teachers against it; but then, if it were to pass, would it effect the desired change? No, we should still be without a united learned profession of teachers; training for all would be thrown still further into the background; we should have a faint and transparent semblance of a profession without the reality.

We should not so much object to this measure of the

College of Preceptors for giving little, if what it gave were a first instalment and an earnest of better things to follow ; but I contend that it is not this. It tends to set the seal of public approval on some of the conventional fallacies that die so hard, especially by recognising a University degree as a sufficient qualification for admission to the Register. Under this Bill a man who has recently taken a pass degree at a University, and at twenty-one years of age has begun to teach in a school of the class to which the Bill applies, will be qualified for Registration as a teacher. That is to say, he need not, after the passing of the Bill, any more than before, show any special knowledge of his profession, *i.e., of the business which he professes to understand*, as a preliminary to Registration. Surely we, in 1890 and 1891, will not be satisfied with such a timid and halting measure as this, we who are banded together and pledged to fight the battle of Education and of the Teacher ! No ! The proposals of ten years ago are ancient history now, and the arrears of lost time for which we have to make up are *huge*.

To resume the thread of my remarks after the above digression. We have gained the support of the more active and public-spirited among the Primary School Teachers of England and Scotland, and, I fancy, of Ireland, too ; by the more public-spirited I mean those who have shown their willingness to combine for the general objects which all teachers should have at heart. This surely is a great source of strength to us, and of excellent augury for our ultimate success. We could do little without their aid, and we have won their active sympathy by doing the only right thing—*viz., by acting upon the lines of our constitution, by ignoring class-distinctions absolutely and entirely, in so far as professional*

rank is concerned. As has been well said, and as the Guild believes, "Teachers are separated only by the lowest things; in the highest things they are one"; as has also been well said, by our President, Professor Laurie, "It is the difference in the subjects taught (and not in the teachers themselves) that divides teachers into castes." In a word the Guild is comprehensive in theory and in fact, and the Bill which the Council have drafted is as comprehensive as the Guild. If we are told that the objection to the College of Preceptors' Bill, that it does not deal with the Primary School Teacher, is merely a sentimental one, because he is already registered at Whitehall, we can point to the fact that he himself does not consider that to be entered apart on a list of efficient civil servants is a sufficient substitute for Registration on a Register which shall include all teachers of all grades. He belongs to the same great Army of Light as all other teachers, and can give at least as much as he can receive from a fusion of different grades.

If it is sentimentalism for brother to seek to work with brother and to break down hateful and hindering barriers, then let us all be sentimentalists from this time forth.

Let us see more closely what are the the main outlines of the Bill prepared by our own Council. They are as follows:—

(1.) The Bill provides for the establishment of one common Register for all grades of teachers.

(2.) It proposes to include the teachers of the whole United Kingdom.

(3.) It proposes to admit all actual school-teachers of twenty-one years of age to the Register in the first instance.

(4.) It provides for a Registration Council, containing a majority of representatives of teachers.

(5.) It enacts that after three years from its passing into an Act no teacher shall be allowed to come on the Register who shall not present:—

(a) Satisfactory evidence of a knowledge of the history, theory and practice of Education.

(b) Satisfactory evidence of practical efficiency and experience as a teacher for two years previous to the application for Registration.

(6.) It postpones the provisions for the Registration of private teachers, visiting and resident, till a date to be fixed at the discretion of the Registration Council to be established.

Let us examine these points separately.

(1.) *It provides a common Register for all:* I have already said a good deal under this head, but I may add that this provision has been made through the slow working of conviction within our own Council. At first there was a tendency, not to exclude any class of teachers from the Register, but to classify teachers within the Register, to group them as graduates and non-graduates, to create a vertebrate organism and then to break its back. But here we were saved from a mistake by contemplating analogically the existing learned professions. The Medical Register is not cut in two, with the M.B.'s and M.D.'s on one side of a dividing line and the non-graduates on the other. Barristers and Solicitors are all on the same professional footing, whatever their general educational attainments may have been. Why then should Teachers be split up into groups on the Register? The Register, if worth anything, would mean this and this only, that *all* who are on it possess a certain

minimum qualification to practise the profession of Teacher. Some of the registered, many of them indeed, would possess much more than this, in the way of degrees and other diplomas—evidence of proficiency in the subject-matter of education—which would be mentioned on the Register after their names, for what they are worth; but Registration in itself would mean that the registered person possesses the special mark of a Teacher, some knowledge of educational method. All the degrees in the world would not, in themselves, be evidence of teaching-power, unless the pumping-out of one's own knowledge for others to take it down in the form of notes is teaching. Many of the learned, moreover, cannot do even that. We may trust the public to grade the registered Teachers for themselves with the help which the Register will afford, but Teachers must not set the example of confusing attainments and qualifications. If *Teachers* are to cut up their own Register into sections, they are bound to put in the highest section those who are trained in some way for their work, which would mean, under present circumstances, a large body of primary school teachers of both sexes and a few women who teach in secondary schools. Where would our graduates pure and simple be then?

(2.) *Our Bill includes the Teachers of the whole United Kingdom.* Remember, we are the Teachers' Guild of *Great Britain and Ireland*. Just as, being a comprehensive body vertically, including all classes of teachers, upwards and downwards, we can without hesitation make one Register for all, so, horizontally, by our constitution, we are coterminous with the British Isles. What would our large Glasgow and West of Scotland Branch, what would our young Dublin and Central Irish Branch think of us, if we limited the application of the Bill to England and

Wales? They would, if they had any sense, dissociate themselves at once from an organisation which so little understood its duty to them, which withheld from them benefits which it secured for others. But it was not through fear of such a catastrophe that they were included. It was, rather, because we have an Imperial Parliament able to grant what we ask for to the three Kingdoms, and because we believe that to gain it will be for the great advancement both of Education and the Teacher, that we made the Bill as far-reaching as possible. If Parliament could legislate for Canada, Australia, and the Cape, we would ask it to give Registration, in our sense, to them also. Possibly, if we obtain it here, Colonial Branches, of which we have already two, in Natal and South Australia, will be stimulated to press for it also. I have had the privilege of addressing enthusiastic audiences in Glasgow, Belfast, and Dublin this year, and in all three centres I found that the desire for the Bill was as great as anywhere in England or in Wales. Eager Home-Rulers in Ireland showed no reluctance to accept such a measure at the hands of the Imperial Parliament, and Scotland was no whit behind Ireland in its desire for Registration of the kind proposed by the Council.

(3.) *The Bill admits all actual school teachers of 21 years of age, in the first instance.* This is what a member of our Council has playfully named "the general gaol-delivery proviso." It is necessary and, therefore, indisputably politic, besides being the only equitable course. It is not the fault of the individual teacher of the present day in the secondary-school that he is untrained; but, if a worthy character, he will desire that future teachers should be better qualified than himself at the start (and here, as everywhere in what I am saying,

'he' means 'she' as well). It took more than a generation to make a Medical Profession such as Parliament decided should be made. All *bonâ fide* existing practitioners were admitted on the Medical Register in the first instance. Even if it were not obviously unfair to exclude those who are not already qualified, as future teachers will have to be qualified, still we could urge that the mere fact that the existing teachers are among those who are agitating to get such a measure passed is ample justification for their being put on the Register on the easiest possible terms. They show that they have a saving grace in them, and that they have the will to be what they have not the means to become. Perhaps, however, the best argument in favour of the proviso with which we are dealing is that the Bill could not be passed without it, so great would be the opposition to it within the profession itself. If I am right in this view no more need be said on the subject.

(4.) *The Bill creates a Council for the purposes which it sets forth, composed mainly of Teachers' representatives.* When the Council of the Guild consulted the Branches on the subject of the organisation of Secondary Education by the State, it was found that though some branches wished to have teachers preponderate on an Educational Council, there were others that seemed almost to deprecate any such preponderance. This was a surprise, considering that it was the view of bodies of *Teachers*, but, perhaps, a good deal might be said in favour of a large *lay* representation on a Council charged with such important functions as the disposing of endowments, for instance. In our Bill, however, the sole function of the Council is to keep the Register properly. We had thought of giving it some powers

with respect to the organisation of Secondary Education, but were persuaded, on very good authority, that the chance of success would be much greater if we were to keep Registration and Organisation separate, and to endeavour to secure the former first. We have named the Council "the Educational Council," just as the body charged with the keeping of the Medical Register is called "the Medical Council." Very possibly if it discharges its duties satisfactorily Parliament will give it further powers from time to time, subject, however, to an increase being made in the proportion of non-professional members. In the Bill the Council is composed of 31 members in the first instance, with four additional members to be added three years later. Of these, 15 are University representatives, 12 representatives of Associations of different kinds, and four nominees of the Crown. The four to be added later are the direct representatives of the general body of registered teachers. There is a proviso in the Bill to the effect that: "the Council shall have power to reconsider the representation granted to the associations, other than Universities, which have the right to nominate members of the Council, and to add to or reduce the number which shall be entitled to elect representatives, provided that the number of such representatives shall never exceed sixteen, or be less than eight." The associations are: (1) The College of Preceptors; (2) The National Union of Teachers; (3) The Teachers' Guild; (4) The Irish National Teachers' Association; (5) The Educational Institute of Scotland; (6) The Conference of (English) Headmasters; (7) The Conference of (English) Headmistresses.

(5.) *The Bill requires that all Teachers who come on*

the Register after three years from its passing into law shall possess and show that they possess—(1) a sufficient knowledge of the history, theory and practice of Education ; (2) a practical efficiency and an experience of not less than two years as teachers.

This, the 23rd section of the Bill, is the kernel of the whole measure, on which the making of a learned profession of teachers depends. It implies the study of the Science of Education and of the ideas of great teachers of the past and of the present ; and it also implies some kind of training. It involves a definite term of apprenticeship before the full qualification can be obtained. In a word, it closes the profession below with a fence and gate, the latter not too broad. As we all know, it is absolutely open at present to the efficient and the inefficient alike.

Some time ago I addressed a meeting of teachers in a provincial town, and in the course of my remarks I dwelt on the necessity that exists for the attainment by teachers as a body of a real professional status before the community, both in the interest of education and of the teacher. I was rewarded by one comment which was communicated to me circuitously after the meeting. It came from a *parent* : " I didn't understand most of what he said, but all I know is that he will be making teachers think too much of themselves." I took this as a compliment, and was glad that such was the impression produced on an outsider. We do want to make teachers think too much of themselves, if that means " more than they think of themselves, as a body, at present," and we do intend that the community shall think more of them, as a body, than at present ; and this, as I have said, for the sake of Education as well as of the Teacher. The community have a right to decide *what*

shall be taught ; the Teaching Profession alone, if it is worthy of the name, should decide *how* that shall be taught. To get this right into their absolute control, not only must Teachers be worthy to exercise it, but the community must be able to recognise that they are worthy. They cannot recognise this so long as the Teacher possesses nothing more than a purely empirical knowledge of his art. They will recognise it soon enough after Teachers have recognised generally these three leading facts:—(1) that there is a Science of Education, (2) that there is an art of teaching, derived deductively from the major premisses or Principles of that Science, and (3) that it is necessary for them, if they are to become a learned Profession, to study that Science and to apply that art. It is difficult to get Teachers to see this, indeed in the case of the staff of our great public schools it is almost impossible, without having recourse to the proverbial surgical operation. Teachers themselves would fain interpret the expression “a learned profession” to mean, not a body of persons learned in the special principles of their Profession, but merely one endowed with a large general knowledge of the subjects to be taught. I am not sure that they ever will see the truth in this matter, as a body, until parents and the public generally see it also. There is no general demand as yet for evidences of special preparation in the Teacher for his work. “Graduates with honours, gentlemanly, and athletic if possible,” are the parents’ ideals among men-teachers. Shall the public or the Teachers themselves be foremost in adding to this description the further qualification “who have been specially prepared for their work”? If, as Dr. Fitch says, and we believe, “teaching is not an empirical profession, but a practical science based on laws and

principles, on a right knowledge of the constitution of human nature, on a true psychology and physiology, on philosophy, history, and experience"; if, as he adds, "the difference between the skilled and the unskilled practitioner in the art of Teaching depends partly on personal gifts and natural aptitude, but also largely on a knowledge of the best methods of disciplining a scholar and communicating knowledge"; if, "other things being equal, the best Teachers are those who have studied with most care the speculations, the doings, the failures and successes of the past, and the reasons by which they may be explained"; then I assert that, by hanging back and regarding with supercilious indifference or amused surprise the efforts of those whom they are pleased to call "faddists" in the direction towards which the Guild is working, Teachers are neglecting their duty towards the young generations committed to their charge, and are outraging their own better instincts. If, however, the heaven-born Teacher, of whom we hear a great deal too much, cannot be improved by earth-taught methods; if devotion to his work is a sufficient substitute for preparation for his work; if, in a word, all teaching is better teaching when it is "picked up by experience" than when it is a scientific application of principles; then the Guild is a superfluity and its doctrines mere naughtiness.

And here I would lay stress on the fact that you cannot have a dignified profession of teachers so long as not only the study of Educational Science is wanting but also the acceptance of remuneration is allowed before one has obtained even an empirical qualification. There is no learned profession anywhere which receives fees during the period of apprenticeship. Yet what are the first one or two years of the teaching-life of a

present-day teacher in a secondary school but an apprenticeship? If teaching is ever to take rank with Medicine and Law it must delay the reward till the qualification, however inadequate, is attained. Our Bill provides that before he can be registered the future teacher shall be 21 years of age and shall have taught for not less than two years in a school or schools recognised as effectual by the Council to be appointed. Unpalatable as the statement may be, it is none the less true that the teacher should pay for the opportunities of learning his craft rather than be paid during those two years.

It may naturally be asked: How is the future secondary school teacher to acquire his practical acquaintance with the laws of method so as to apply them during his two years of teaching experience preliminary to registration? I answer first: Not by residing for one year or for two years in a Training College, as the primary school teacher has to do. There is not the need for this in his case. It is well known that some two-thirds of the instruction supplied by such Colleges is instruction in fact-learning, or, to put it more simply, is a continuation of the general education of the student, taken away, as he is, too soon from the prosecution of his own studies in school to impart knowledge to others. The teachers in secondary schools are persons whose general education has been continued to a much later age than that of the primary school teacher. What they need, when they choose their future profession, is special practice in *method*, concentrated into a given period of time, during which time they should also be studying for their examination in the science, art, and history of education. Take the person of 18 years of age who aims at becoming

a secondary school teacher. Such a person should be able to obtain the full qualification for admission to the Register in three years' time, of which the first year, or the larger part of it, should be devoted to the special study of method under such opportunities as the Council for which our Bill provides would supply, by the establishment of Day Training Colleges and in other ways. If he cannot afford the time or the money for the University career and the apprenticeship to teaching, let him prepare at once for teaching, as many a lawyer and medical man and almost all primary-school teachers have to do for their respective professions. If blest with sufficient means let him or her obtain the degree first, then the teaching qualification, as many lawyers and medical men obtain the double credentials. All that has to be guarded against is the making that ornament and grace of education—a degree—stand in the place of the specific professional qualification.

(6) Let me now pass on to the last of the six points with which I am dealing.

The Bill postpones the provisions for the registration of private teachers, visiting and resident, till a date to be fixed at the discretion of the Registration Council to be created under the Bill.

This provision was the result of much discussion at a special meeting of the Council, and was insisted upon because, though it was thought that public opinion is not yet ripe for the registration of private teachers and all that it implies, yet the Teachers' Guild has no desire and no right to ignore their claims to reap whatever benefits may accrue from Registration. If the Bill were not to mention them, wrong conclusions might be drawn—that they were ignored, as of no account, and

so on. As it is we leave it to the future Council to decide when the time is, in their opinion, ripe for the registration of the private teacher.

We in England do not yet act as if we looked on the young human being born into the world as the child of the community as well as of its own parents, who hold it in trust for the community. If we did we should say that, wherever and however it might be educated, its teacher should possess in all cases the credentials of efficiency which our Bill seeks to provide. "What," asks the indignant parent, "may not I educate my own boy at home without a State-licence?" We answer, "You may, and your boy may suffer in consequence, but some of us hope for a time when even a father must be proved to be an adequate teacher before he may educate his own son, both for his son's sake and for the sake of the community." But to take a less extreme case, why should the delicate child who has tutors and governesses to control his education be further handicapped in the life-race by the fact that these are not specially prepared for their work, if preparation is valuable? It is true that knowledge of form-discipline and class-management is not of much value in such a case to the teacher, but method is necessary in the instruction and education of the individual no less than in the management of a class, and at any time the private teacher may want to become a school teacher. The Guild, or rather its Council, hopes that the time will come when the same credentials will be required from the private teacher as from the school master or mistress. That time will be, as I have said, when our jealous family feeling allows the existence of other rights over our offspring besides our own.

I have now dealt separately with the six points settled by the Council as cardinal points of the Bill to be drafted

by the Political Committee. Brief mention must be made here of one or two other features of the Bill.

The Bill does not deal with University tutors or professors. Perhaps the best justification of this is that they are rather general mentors and supervisors of youths who, when they get to the Universities, are chiefly engaged in private study and are already formed, educationally, for good or for bad, by their former teachers. But motives of policy also had some influence here.

The clause which enacts that unregistered teachers shall not be able to recover professional fees in a Court of Law follows the Medical Registration Act, for want of a better precedent. Of course teachers can contract themselves out of the Act or can arrange for the prepayment of all fees. The real compulsory clause will be the silent weight of public opinion, which is not slow to draw distinctions in such matters when once it is aroused. Perhaps also, inasmuch as the future Directory of Teachers will be based on the Register, great headmasters and others who do not care for direct educational credentials, in black and white, and generally have their status amply secured by their membership of another profession than which none ranks higher, may yet not like to be altogether unmentioned in an Educational Directory.

The Bill is merciful to Teachers of Special Subjects. It requires that they shall have taught for two years in an efficient school and shall have knowledge of method, but it is sufficient for them to satisfy the Council that they are qualified to be registered as teachers *of those subjects*. For instance a Science master, a French or German master, a teacher of Music or of Drawing will not be required to pass an examination which is

established to test knowledge of general teaching method or of ordinary School Subjects.

I have now given you the views of the Council of the Teachers' Guild on the great question of Registration which they have embodied in this Bill. They have been arrived at after much deliberation and the discussion of many difficulties which seemed to confront them. They are not like the views of a certain candidate for a seat in the U.S. Congress, who after making an impassioned speech, in which he laid down the policy which he was prepared to support, added, when he thought he saw signs of disapproval in his audience, "These, gentlemen, are my views, but they can be changed." The Council cannot change their views in this matter; at most they can accept an instalment of what they ask for as an instalment only, looking forward to the realisation of their full hopes at an early date. They have made up their minds after consulting members, and by their convictions and aspirations they will abide.

LEADING ARTICLES FROM THE *TEACHERS' GUILD QUARTERLY*

A PROFESSION OF TEACHING—AT LAST!

March, 1902

An agitation, which began in the 'seventies and has been continued with more or less energy ever since, has at length been laid to rest. We have had private members' Bills for the Registration of Teachers, inspired by the College of Preceptors and the Teachers' Guild, and again by the National Union of Teachers, the Educational Institute of Scotland, and the Teachers'

Guild acting together. We have also had a Government Registration Bill, and now, after more than thirty years from the beginning of the movement, we have our Register, by an Order in Council under the Board of Education Act of 1899. We are grateful for this late-offered boon, but it will do no harm to be somewhat critical also. Let us see what it is that has been secured. And, first, let us acknowledge that we have won the two main things for which the Guild has fought, sometimes singly against formidable opposition, sometimes with doughty allies, and these are: (1) the possession of a *professional* qualification as a *sine qua non*, and not as an alternative to an informational diploma, for the teacher applying to be registered: (2) a *comprehensive* Register including the teachers in schools of all grades, primary and secondary. If it should not insist on the professional qualification—by training and experience—the Register would be a laughing-stock; if it were to cut the profession in two, by the exclusion of the primary-school teachers, it would be a sham. The delay of years has been largely compensated by the achievement of these two results, which anywhere but in England would have been accepted as axioms by all at starting.

We have also got another boon which it seemed possible, after listening to the remarks of some of the leading members of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Teachers' Registration in 1891, might be denied, viz., easier conditions of registration for good teachers during the first three years. This is a concession to equity and to common sense, but it is more timidly made than many would wish; still in practice it may work out more fairly than on paper it promises to do. To look at the other side of the question: what do we, or some of us, miss in the Order in Council? To begin with, we

are surprised at the establishment of a Register of Teachers, in so far as secondary-school teachers are concerned, before we have any Register of Schools. Such teachers are required to have taught in *recognised* schools whether they register during the next three years or later. A recognised school, as far as we are allowed to know at present, is one which is efficient for the purposes of the Register. We seem to have got into a logical "circle" here. The answers of the Vice-President of the Committee of Council to Colonel Lockwood's questions in the House the other day do not help us out of it. Surely the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education—a body of educational experts—must have assumed in their recommendations that a list of recognised schools would be drawn up before the Registration Council should start the Register.

Again, the future of private (or independent) schools is left very uncertain. What will be the conditions of recognition for them and of registration for their teachers? If, for the purposes of recognition, over and above suitability of premises and efficiency of teaching, a scale of fees suitable to the requirements of the neighbourhood—*i.e.*, of *all classes* in the neighbourhood which require secondary education for their children—is demanded in their case, will it not go hard with many of them? Again, how can teachers of very young children in elementary subjects in secondary schools, who do not require the diplomas and certificates set out in the Appendices to the Order, get on the Register, however excellent their teaching may be? Is it safe to assume that a door is left open for them in the words "or have attained some other approved standard of general education"? Yet, again, primary-school teachers will not be fully satisfied by a general alphabetical list of approved

teachers, supplemented, as they will put it, by a repentant dichotomy into columns A and B, which pens them off in their own invidious compartment, not as a trained body, but rather as the teachers of the pupils who come from humbler homes. One further difficulty we will point out—that of the financing of the Registration Council in its early years. The 65,000 certificated teachers are to be registered gratis ; the secondary-school teachers are to pay a fee of a guinea each, with supplementary half-crowns in most instances. The fee in itself is not too high ; but, if it is to cover the cost of registering and printing the names of the certificated teachers it will raise a protest from many of the others. Sir John Gorst states that the fees to be levied will be ample for the expenses of the early years, but no one else knows how many secondary-school teachers will register during that period. The Board of Education can, of course, hasten the pace in registration by quickly forming a list of recognised schools, and making the presence of a large proportion of registered teachers on their staffs a condition precedent to school-recognition. We feel certain that, sooner or later, this will be the method of filling up Column B ; and, if the masters in the great public schools stand aloof, as they alone will be able to do—for who cares whether Eton or Rugby is “recognised” or not ?—they will only be emphasising the common impression that such schools do not exist for the purpose of teaching so much as for the training of the governing class for general life duties, and we shall have a meeting of extremes—those who are too good for the Register and those who are too bad—in the common character of educational Uitlanders, united by a negation.

Some of the chief defects of the registration scheme in the eyes of various critics spring from the com-

bination of the requirement of an informational with a purely professional minimum qualification. Had the basis of registration been laid down as ability to teach, and that only, we could have had a Register without compartments—primary and secondary—and without exclusion of any good teachers of elementary subjects in secondary schools. Such a Register would contain all its teachers in one alphabetical list without Columns A and B, and the "Qualifications" column would show with what standard of subjects the teacher could deal. The "Experience" column could also, at a glance, by some symbol (against the names of the secondary-school teachers, as the smaller number) tell us whether a teacher was an elementary-school teacher or not. Private enterprise is certain to form directories of registered teachers in secondary schools, thus giving them all necessary opportunity for standing by themselves, if they so wish; for who, outside Government offices, will inspect the bulky official Register any more than the standard yard or the standard pound weight? Such a plan, however, is too logical for British approval, and eliminates the blessed word "compromise." Moreover, the two-column plan will facilitate the arrangements for the election of the representatives of registered teachers on the second and subsequent Registration Councils, if, as is probable, the two columns will each elect an equal number. The registration of certificated teachers will be automatic, and it would be a greater anomaly to give them representation in proportion to their numerical strength on a Council whose chief work will be to sift the credentials of secondary-school teachers than to ignore their great preponderance in numbers in the apportionment of representatives. Is there not, moreover, some virtue in A over B as in 1 over 2 if regarded in ordinal relation?

But we have got a profession of teaching for England and Wales at last. Scotland and Ireland must follow as soon as possible, and the Teachers' Guild must do what it can to help them, being "of Great Britain and Ireland." The training of teachers, which has been urged by the Guild steadily from its earliest days, has received a mighty impetus; the importance of the *theory* of teaching has been definitely recognised in a *practical* country; so that within a decade we shall have a compact and more or less coherent body of educators, all possessed, at the outset of their careers, of some knowledge of the first principles of the art which is to be at once their life occupation and their corporate pride.

"REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TEACHING PROFESSION."

December 15, 1908.

"It shall be lawful for His Majesty, by Order in Council, to constitute a Registration Council representative of the teaching profession." So runs a certain clause in the Education Act of 1907. The clause was welcomed heartily by all who deplored the discontinuance of the Register which had been started, and especially welcomed by reason of the words which we have placed at the head of this page. We now see that our pleasure was premature. It is these very words which have blocked the way and wasted the current year. Two "White Papers" embody the story of the negotiations and expose their futility so far. The Board of Education has its own gloss which it has put on the wording of the Act, and, insisting on it, has thrown those who have been working for the establishment of a new Register on the defensive, constituting itself their critic, and avoiding any constructive attempt from its own side.

A careful perusal of the "White Papers" will show that the Board chooses to hold that the words "representative of the teaching profession" mean "*separately* representing all branches of work undertaken by teachers." The present deadlock is the direct result of this interpretation. Nineteen associations or bodies of teachers not specially represented in the constitution of the Council proposed by Dr. Gow's Committee have protested, more or less eagerly, that a Registration Council on which they are not specially represented will not be representative, and have thus given the Board a specious pretext for indefinite delay. We would not urge that the Council proposed by the Committee is by any means a perfect one. There are cross divisions and there is overlapping among the associations suggested as suitable for the appointment of members of the Council, which may give too much weight to certain elements in the profession; but what the protests of the non-represented serve to show is not so much that they have been overlooked as that an exhaustive representation by associations is impracticable, as making the Council too unwieldy. Why should not the Board appoint a Council of its own selection, as representative of the profession as it can make it, with the aid of the expert advice of its Consultative Committee, and add assessors, when needed, to advise on the qualifications for the admission of the teachers of so-called "special subjects" to the Register? A door should be left open for the addition, after a reasonable period, of some members of the Council to be elected by the teachers on the Register. Of course, there is no reason why some representatives of the "special subjects" should not be put on the Council on its first formation. It should be composed of the best qualified representatives of the

whole profession—in so far as they can be discovered. The personnel of such a Council should be somewhat as follows:—Taking twenty-four as the total number, six should represent University teaching, six artistic, technical, and physical education, and six each secondary- and primary-school education. Men and women should be equally eligible under all heads. Kindergarten teaching should be remembered in appointing representatives of the two latter branches. The ultimate admission of persons elected by those who are on the Register should be carried out by enlarging the Council to twenty-eight or thirty members.

Had the Act of 1907 never become law, we can see that the Board would not have had a sufficient motive, from its own point of view, for stirring in this matter. It can, without that Act, demand such qualifications as to training and general attainments for teachers in all primary and in many secondary schools as it may deem adequate. It does not seem to be enthusiastic for the organisation of a learned profession of teachers. But that is exactly what the Teachers' Guild and most of the associations are wanting. They are working for the establishment of a general professional standard of qualification, which all would-be teachers should strive to attain, whether they be destined to teach in schools State-aided or rate-aided or in schools endowed or proprietary, under independent governing bodies or in schools altogether independent—private schools—a standard which shall be regarded as a necessary qualification even for the private and visiting teacher.

The fact is that we are all suffering through the neglect by Governments, Conservative and Liberal, of the Report of the Bryce Commission. That Report, if it had been heartily adopted and acted upon, would, among many

other excellent things, have given us a statutory Professional Educational Council, the body best qualified to establish and keep a General Register for Teachers. Such a Council would have dealt with teachers throughout the whole educational field, and we believe that the public would quickly have learnt to draw a sharp line of distinction between such teachers as should have satisfied its tests and such as should not. The salaries of the former would inevitably become higher than those of the latter, while in small private schools, where salaried assistants are few, an unregistered head teacher would find the struggle to exist too hard to be maintained. The inducements to register, even with no definite sanction attached to non-registration, would, in fact, be ample.

"Union is strength"—"the proverb is something musty"; but there is little doubt that, had the teachers of the Kingdom unitedly pressed for the establishment of an Educational Council, they would have got it by now. The more immediate interests of sections of teachers have kept them apart and prevented them from working together for the main end. Their relations are such that they can be played off one against another. A special hindrance lies in the fact that five-sixths of the school children (those in primary schools) come under the charge of one huge group of teachers with more or less homogeneous aims, while the residue are broken up among many smaller groups, the result of natural differentiation in the more advanced stages. Notwithstanding these obstacles to union, however, cannot all teachers unite for this one purpose—to secure one general standard of *training* for all teachers—such a standard, namely, as is already recognised in schools under the State, and various standards of attainment for all, according to the stages of proficiency aimed at in

various types of schools? If this were done we should get a true profession of teaching, regardless of the fact that some of its members are practically Civil servants and some are not. As things are, the tendency is more and more towards the permanent establishment of a fully organised section of teachers of the Civil Service type, on the one hand, and, on the other, the permanent tolerance of a series of other smaller sections, each going its own way along lines of least resistance—strong with a certain strength, the result of freedom, weak because that freedom is unchartered and unchecked by general public opinion—while class influences, which strike our transatlantic cousin with such amazement, will be maintained in full force.

The union for which we crave must be single-hearted ; no element must predominate ; the one aim of all must be the equal good of all. If this is mere idealism and not practical politics, let us cease from working for union and wait till such conditions as the Board may choose to impose are put into force—if, indeed, it be not its policy to leave things alone. We shall deserve nothing better.

GOOD NEWS FOR TEACHERS.

June, 1911.

A great step forward towards the realisation of the hopes of professionally-minded teachers is announced. We are going to have a Teachers' Council. The Guild has all along, ever since the publication of the Report of the Bryce Commission, pressed for the establishment of such a Council as being of even more importance than the framing of a Register by the Board of Education. That the profession should obtain some control

over its own affairs is the most desirable of things. The Register will be all the better if framed by the profession.

A Council of forty-four members is rather too large, perhaps, but it is better to have the Universities added rather than Crown representatives. The three elements—primary, secondary, and technical—were provided for by the Gow Committee, with nine representatives apiece. The addition of eleven Universities has led to the increase of each of the other three sections to eleven. The Guild will have its representative among the secondary section, which must not be taken to mean that it is an association of secondary-school teachers, which it is not. It represents all sections, but no serious harm will be done by its being placed where it is in the first Council. A rearrangement must be made later. The Register, when established, will lead to this. For one thing, the registered school teachers, as such, must be represented. The representation of associations will, perhaps, be discontinued after a while.

The duty of the first Council should be to frame a satisfactory Register and to win the confidence of teachers and the respect of the Board of Education. Later, the Council should be entrusted with the work of the Consultative Committee and also form a Court of Professional Appeal.

The nation has been moving fast forward in recent years in the direction of social reforms of many sorts. Teachers must get into the main current and move with it as quickly as possible. Thus they will be able to make the Teachers' Council something better than a stiff and stereotyping body—rather a great agency for lifting our future citizens into the vanguard of the moral and intellectual efficiencies of the world. Primary-

school teachers are perforce social reformers. They are confronted daily with the grave evidences of the need for social reconstruction. The danger of the secondary-school teacher is academicism—if we may coin the word. He and she must see to it that their outlook shall extend over the whole educational field, beyond the special area within which their work lies. Thus only will our Teachers' Council obtain a full national value.

TEACHERS' REGISTRATION: A NEW START.

March, 1912.

The first start in the direction of forming an official Register of professionally qualified teachers was made just ten years ago. As we all know, it was not successful. After some five years a few thousand teachers had been put on the Register, and then the registration of teachers was discontinued. Subsequent efforts of a most earnest kind to make a new start have at length resulted in the Order in Council of February 29 in the present year, which is based, presumably, on the Report of the late Secretary of the Board of Education to its President in June last.

The new Council of Registration will differ in every way from its predecessor. It will consist of forty-five instead of twelve members. It will give full representation to the four main elements in the profession—the University, the Secondary School, the Primary School, and the Technological and Specialist Teachers—each group being allowed eleven representatives. The Chairman will be an extraordinary member.

But even more important than this difference is the new departure whereby the settlement of the conditions

of registration is left to the unfettered discretion of the Council. This we take to be the greatest step towards the recognition of the profession of teachers by the State that has as yet been made. It gives the Council a grave responsibility, but, unless it can face that responsibility with confidence and wisdom, it will not be worthy to be called a Council of the teaching profession.

The Education Act of 1907 enacted, in its 16th Section, "that it shall be lawful for His Majesty, by Order in Council, to constitute a Registration Council representative of the teaching profession, to whom shall be assigned the duty of forming and keeping a Register of such teachers as satisfy the conditions of registration established by the Council for the time being and who apply to be registered."

Let us see what has happened in the interval between the Act of 1907 and the Order of a fortnight ago. Sir Robert Morant, in his report to the President of the Board of Education (June, 1911), writes (Sections 42 and 43): "The real desires of those members or sections of the teaching profession who have in the last three years been pressing these matters upon the attention of the Government have now ceased to centre, as was originally the case, upon the production of a Teachers' Register, and have taken instead—or, at all events, in priority of urgency—the shape of a definite call for the establishment of a Teachers' Council, representative of the whole teaching profession, irrespective of and apart from all questions of the kind of Register to be produced. And this desire for a Teachers' Council seems now to be the dominating factor in the whole situation, almost to the exclusion, certainly (so far as I could gather) to the supersession, for the time being, of any keen interest in the Register or the purposes it might serve or the dif-

ficulties to be solved in framing it. . . . I am clearly of opinion that the time has come for the Government to take note of the changed situation thus created . . . and to do whatever is possible to give practical expression to so important a wish, exhibited so strongly and unanimously by such large numbers of teachers and teachers' associations of many different kinds for the establishment of a Teachers' Council truly representative of the whole teaching profession." And later he adds that "the larger and more general conception of the unification of the teaching profession should specially determine the composition of the Council."

The new order has to conform, of course, with the section of the Act of 1907, from which it has taken its origin, and to use the expression "a Registration Council." But may we not fairly conclude that, under that title, it is really intended that it should develop into a Teachers' Council, with the formation of a Register as its *first* business? The words of the Act are "a Registration Council, . . . to whom shall be assigned the duty of forming and keeping a Register"—not "whose duty shall be to form," &c. If the first Council does its work well during its three years of office, we have little doubt that its successors will, bit by bit, undertake new work for the profession, and thus we shall gradually get a permanent statutory Teachers' Council, a unified profession, and such good things as must thence result. Such a Council would be the only natural Consultative Committee of the Board of Education, and its advice should be sought by the Board in all matters which require expert professional guidance.

We of the Guild must welcome the new start with exceptional cordiality. Our prime aim from the first has

been "to obtain for the whole body of teachers the status and authority of a learned profession," and to the attainment of that great aim all our detailed efforts have been directed. With a membership drawn from all sections of the profession, we have steadily advocated, against much opposition, the single-column Register, because without it there can be no unified profession. Whoever our representative on the new Council may be, he or she must stand for the breaking down of barriers in all directions, and also for the highest possible training qualification for admission to the Register, seeing that a learned profession is one which has special knowledge of its own peculiar work, and mere culture is not such knowledge.

The new Council will be chosen by July next. In October we expect to see it at work. We must not expect results for a year from then. There will be much to do to get the forty-five to pull together. In 1915 we look to having a satisfactory Register in good working order. From the second Council—for the term of office will be triennial—we hope to get evidences of a desire to take in hand other work besides the Register, and of an effort to eliminate from its title the limiting word "Registration."

NOTE BY MR. FRANCIS STORR.

Few words are needed to supplement this section of Garrod's work and to bring it up to date.

The first meeting of the Teachers' Registration Council was held on October 4th, 1912, at the Offices of the Board of Education, and the Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland was unanimously elected Chairman. Committees were nominated and it was agreed that a Secretary be

appointed at a commencing salary of £800 a year. At the third meeting of the Council Mr. Frank Roscoe was appointed to the post of Secretary, and an arrangement was made with the College of Preceptors for the lease of temporary Offices in the College buildings, Bloomsbury Square. The alteration in the title of the Council's Chief Officer, Secretary instead of Registrar, indicates the wider sphere of duties to which the Council, in accordance with Garrod's views, looks forward. It may be noted too that the financial difficulty under which the old Registration laboured has been removed. The Board of Education has undertaken to finance the new Council for its three years of office, within a specified limit of £9,000. The thorny problem of the qualifications for Registration has still to be faced, but there is good hope that within the year it will have been solved, and solved on the lines so clearly laid down in the preceding lecture and articles. No one who peruses them can fail to be impressed by the far-sighted prevision that they show, by their consistency, and the logical force with which the policy of the Teachers' Guild, which Garrod partly shaped and partly by conviction made his own, is set forth and expounded. All teachers are now, in theory at least, converted to training, but in 1890 this was far from being the case even among members of the Guild, and Garrod had a hard struggle to keep training in the forefront of the battle. Perhaps his zeal carried him too far when he maintained that training presupposes academic knowledge and that therefore no test of the latter is required, but this is a venial mistake compared with the contrary and the prevailing superstition that for a man with a good degree any training is a superfluity.

THE IDEAL FOR THE TEACHER ¹

I EXPECT that, whatever differences of opinion may exist among us, we are all agreed as to this, that it is very easy to lose sight of our ideals in the bustle and amid the commonplace details of every-day life. I shall be surprised if you do not all agree with me that it is a good thing and a healthy thing to be brought from time to time to remember what our ideals should be. We are here this evening to consider, in the first place, the Ideal for the Teacher, what it is, and, in the second place, what practical steps may be taken, what existing agencies may be employed, to enable us to get nearer to that Ideal.

I begin with an assumption, which ought not to be thought a daring one, that you are all interested in the work for which you are preparing yourselves; nay more, that many of you are enthusiastic for your calling and for the opportunities for good which it presents to you. What then is the Ideal which presents itself to such? It may be expressed in many ways, but all have the same essence. We may say that the

¹ A Paper read before the Borough Road Training College, May, 1889. Leaders appended from *Teachers' Guild Quarterly* on Remuneration of Teachers, Examinations, and the Education Act of 1870.

Ideal for the Teacher is "To set the child on the right path to become a good citizen ; to develop mind and character in such a way as to suit him best to his future surroundings." Or we may say, with Prof. Laurie, "Our Ideal is to give the utmost quantity of humanistic training compatible with the power of earning one's living." "Bread-studies," as the Germans call them, being obviously essential, our aim should be to add all the general culture possible, lest we should be found trying to make man "live by bread alone." Again we might say, that from the psychological standpoint the Ideal for the Teacher is this—the harmonious development of all the faculties of the child-mind, so as to produce as perfect a man as possible.

Listen to what a man of science, Prof. Huxley, deems to be the result towards which the teacher should strive. "That man," he says, "has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of ; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order ; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind ; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations ; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience ; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of Art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself. Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education ; for he is, as completely as a man can be,

in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her and she of him. They will get on together rarely ; she as his ever beneficent mother, he as her mouth-piece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter."

Or hear what Dr. Fitch says. "The greatest of all Teachers, in describing His own mission, once said, 'I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly.' And may we not without irreverence say that this is, in a humble and far-off way, the aim of every true teacher in the world? He wants to help his pupil to *live* a fuller, a richer, a more interesting and a more useful life. He wants so to train the scholar, that no one of his intellectual or moral resources shall be wasted. He looks on the complex organisation of a young child, and he seeks to bring all his faculties, not merely his memory and his capacity for obedience, but also his intelligence, his acquisitiveness, his imagination, his taste, his love of action, his love of truth, into the fullest vitality.

'That mind and soul according well
May make one music.'

"No meaner ideal than this ought to satisfy even the humblest who enters the teacher's profession."

One more quotation here—a short one—which gives old Montaigne's way of expressing the teacher's ideal. In one of his essays he says, evidently sympathising with the subject of his anecdote, "When Agesilaus was demanded what in his opinion children should learn, he answered, 'What they should do, being men.'"

Now all these ways of expressing the teacher's ideal agree in this :—They lay the chief stress on the duty of training the *whole* nature with a view to enable it to make a right use of adult freedom, when it shall be

obtained. They all, by implication if not expressly, put *conduct* first and mere *knowledge* second. They all, in a word, give a *moral* expression of the teacher's ideal. They state, in their own way, that *instruction* is only a part, and not the most important part, of *education*, and that education is the business of the teacher.

Some may say, "This is very fine and very noble but, under existing conditions, it is quite impracticable," I answer, "If it were immediately practicable it would not be an Ideal, and we are dealing with Ideals." We are trying to find out what is that very salt of the teacher's life without which it has no savour. We must remember old George Herbert's words,

"Who aimeth at the sky
Hits higher much than he that means a tree."

If we aim at something which is not immediately practicable we shall find, be assured, that our practicable will be all the nobler for our attempt.

So then, having found our Ideal, namely, "the equal harmonious development of the child character with especial regard to *conduct*," we may ask, "Is the teacher to have no fellow-worker in this great undertaking?" Of course the answer is, "Yes, the parent." I do not forget that I am speaking to those who are preparing themselves for a life work among our elementary schools. Gentlemen, for you, even more than for your brethren in the secondary schools of the land, is the Ideal of which we have been speaking of vital importance. The parents of your future pupils, many of them through lack of leisure, many through other causes which affect the life of the artisan and the manual labourer, will leave the moral training, the training in conduct, of their children almost entirely in your hands. You will have the making or the marring of them more than any other

teachers can have it. You will be, to use the poet Cowper's words, "The well-appointed proxies" of their parents, "armed for a task too difficult for them." For you the Ideal should be ever present in fullest splendour. You are destined to be the foster-fathers of the Masses, and the Masses, made strong by self-control, can rule the world. But I shall weary you if I insist at greater length on the importance of remembering that it is the whole life and character of the pupil which the teacher should aim at modelling. Let us, then, pass on to deal with a branch of our subject which needs consideration and is capable of a more specific treatment. I refer to the question of the Ideal, not in Education as a whole but in Instruction only, subordinate to that other of which we have been speaking but of high importance nevertheless. And let us be as definite as possible in considering this Ideal. Unlike the other it can be approximately reached by care and practice, while something more than these is necessary to even the partial attainment of the former Ideal, namely, enthusiasm and self-devotion, to name only two of the essential qualities.

The teacher's Ideal in Instruction, in building up the edifice of *knowledge* in the child-mind, seems to me to be this:—To store the mind with what is useful to it, in such a way that there may be a necessary interdependence among the facts taught, so that one may suggest and lead up to another; to do this with the least possible waste of time, for the years he has to deal with are limited in number; to throw as many side-lights as possible upon the subjects taught, in order that he may awake and keep awake that most valuable of all aids to learning—interest. In other words, our course of instruction should be co-ordinated and above all stimu-

lating. But if this is so, and surely it is so, how are we to learn the secret of it? Heaven-born teachers are very few after all, and even they possibly can be bettered by guidance at first. But what of the rank and file of the profession? *They must all learn how to teach well.* With you this is a truism, very likely, for training is a part of your preparation for your calling; but there are, as you know, many thousands of teachers who are not trained, and, what is worse, some of them do not believe in training. They are pure empirics, practising an art without any special knowledge of the principles which underlie that art. They do not believe in a Science of Education. They believe that to have knowledge is to be able to impart knowledge. They confuse attainments with qualifications. They pick up the odds and ends of method somehow and apply them somehow. They try to get at the "how" without any acquaintance with the "why" of their work. Yet no teacher who aims at the Ideal in Instruction can be indifferent to the means for its attainment, to the need of method throughout in teaching. Take one subject about which there is much discussion just now—geography, "It needs no spirit from the grave to tell us" that there is a right way and a wrong way of teaching it. Many spirits from the grave could tell us that they were taught it in the wrong way. One of the most fascinating subjects of instruction was made hateful to them by want of *method*. The teacher, carefully separating Political from Physical Geography, though they are interdependent throughout, charged his memory with facts, so as to seem wiser than his class, and then discharged his facts at his class. He appealed to memory only, not to reason; enumerated the rivers of, say, the East Coast of England and never explained a water-shed. Much the same can be said of

all other subjects of Instruction, Arithmetic especially having been, till recently, badly taught.

Let us take it then, without further argument, that the Ideal in Instruction can only be obtained by the application of method in accordance with the logical order of development of the subject taught and the psychology of the child-mind ; in other words, that the Art of Teaching implies the existence of a Science of Education.

I have now made an attempt to give some account of the Ideal in Education and in Instruction—very imperfectly, I fear, but perhaps I have succeeded in catching hold of some of the essential points. I next come to the question:—What practical steps may be taken to enable us to get nearer to our Ideal? How are teachers to advance towards the realisation of their highest aims most speedily and most hopefully?

It seems to me that there are two things essential for this purpose, which stand out above and beyond everything else ; two intermediate Ideals, if I may so call them, which will serve when attained as starting-points for those who look forward to yet higher ends. The first of these two essentials is: That teachers of all grades should unite in one body, animated by one spirit, inspired with one enthusiasm ; that each grade should give to the others all that it can of its experiences and its ideas, and should receive from them as much as it gives ; that this union of members of one profession should be maintained with this object in view as much as any, viz.:—to enable teachers, as teachers, to form definite and clear opinions on all educational matters, on matters of educational theory as well as of educational politics. We have had enough of the spirit which says "He is he, I am I ; our interests are different, our

views are different," in education. It is time that a general body of professional opinion should be formulated with respect to all the leading points which present themselves to the teacher. And this, not only for the sake of the teachers, that they may inspire a higher respect as a class, but chiefly for the sake of the public. Public opinion, to my mind, is an admirable leader in all matters of the heart, where a nation is stirred by generous pervading emotion; but in a matter of special knowledge, where it is assumed that those who practise an art have more valuable ideas with respect to it than others, what sort of leader is public opinion? I prefer to see it put in the traces in such a case. Yet the specialist in education—the teacher—has but little weight at present in the forming of great decisions on educational points. Public opinion blunders on as best it can because professional opinion does not exist to guide it. Are we to blame the public for not waiting till we make ourselves into a thoroughly representative and authoritative body? Statesmen are eager for advice and counsel from teachers as a profession on educational matters, advice I mean of a purely professional character, apart from any admixture of self-regarding arguments. They cannot yet get what they want. There are important questions pressing for solution which need the co-operation of teachers, as a body, in their settlement—for instance, The Registration of Teachers. Who are to frame the Register in the first instance? Who are to keep it? Who are to be put on the Register in the first instance? What weight should academic degrees have on the Register? Are we to draw a sharp line between those who possess them and those who do not? What is to be the ultimate test which all must satisfy who seek to be put on the

Register? All these are questions which a really representative body of teachers would be able to illuminate and in a great measure to solve. Or take Examinations. Do teachers, as things are, have any weight as a body in deciding the various questions relating to our Examination System? It would be well indeed if teachers, a thoroughly representative body of teachers, could decide and show that they had decided that examinations are good servants and bad masters—that they exist for the sake of the schools, not the schools for the sake of them. Are teachers to have no voice, as a body, on the question whether there should be subjects of examination *set* in advance; whether, say, Milton's *Samson Agonistes* should be "taken up" by all who are preparing for a certain examination and minutely studied, with elaborately annotated editions, or whether the whole of English literary history during the time of the Stuarts might not be more profitably studied in outline, or, better still, whether it should not be left to the head of the School to give what instruction in literature seems fit and have the school examined in what it has been taught? Believe me, gentlemen, if you value the Ideals which have been put before you this evening, it is absolutely necessary, as a preliminary step towards the attainment of them, that you should, that all grades of teachers should, be brought together into conscious union; that you should all realise that, as teachers, you have common objects. "Teachers are separated only in the lowest things, in the highest things they are at one." Right method is one and the same, whether we use it in a primary or any other school. The public and circumstances will always insist on deciding *what* shall be taught; you have the right, and should use it, of deciding *how* anything should be taught, or, rather, will have the

right, when as a united profession you have formulated your views on the subject.

The second of my two essentials towards the attainment of our Ideal is this:—That, having formed a body of professional opinion and brought all grades of teachers into conscious union, we should obtain for all the status and the weight which is derived from membership of a learned Profession. I have spoken already more than once of the “profession” of teacher, but there is no such profession in the strict sense of the word as yet. We have one class who are trained, another who are not, the basis of union between them being not community of qualification but community of occupation. Mere community of occupation makes a droll basis of fellowship! It brings together the rough bone-setter and the scientific surgeon, the pill-vendor in the village fair and the licensed apothecary! Thanks to the opportunities of good education enjoyed by our untrained teachers we need not compare them with bone-setters and pill-vendors, but they are in this position:—They receive remuneration for work *before* they are qualified for carrying out that work; and this is fatal to the status of any so-called profession. What is a “profession” according to the dictionaries? “The business which one professes to understand.” Does the Oxford or Cambridge graduate, fresh from his degree examination, “profess to understand” the business of teaching? No, and therefore he takes what he can get by way of remuneration, makes up for his ignorance of his business by his athletic excellences, and picks up teaching as he goes along. How can the public think that there is any “profession of teaching” if there are no “*arcana*” to be investigated by the novice, no mysteries into which he must be initiated?

So long as the possession of knowledge is held by teachers to be the same thing as the power of imparting knowledge, so long will the public think the same and will remunerate inadequately those who select a calling which needs no special preparation and therefore presents no special difficulties. Gentlemen, we know better than this, and therefore let us work for *the training of teachers of all grades* and for guarding against the admission of the untrained into the profession at all, so soon as the facilities for training all shall be provided.

Let us then contemplate the possibility of the ultimate training of all teachers in normal schools, which should be strictly normal schools and only that; and of there being a uniform test to be applied to all who choose teaching as a career, namely the test of an examination in the history, theory, and practice of education, coupled with a certificate that the teacher has taught for a year or eighteen months under experienced guidance in a school. The medical profession supplies a good analogy, with its examinations on paper and its "signing-up" in practical subjects. Indeed I do not think that educational reformers in this country would be far wrong if they followed the analogy of the medical profession very closely in most details of organisation. There is a Medical Council composed almost entirely of the representatives of Medical Corporations. Let us have an Education Council composed in the main of the representatives of teachers and teaching bodies. There is a Medical Register, kept by that Council. Let our Council keep the Teachers' Register. There is practice as well as theory required of the candidate for admission to the Medical profession; let us require both of those who would enter ours. There is one Register for *all* medical

men, diplomas and honours being mentioned for what they are worth. Let us have *one* Register for all teachers, under the same conditions. The distinctions which are made between teachers are based mainly and wrongly on the subjects taught. They should be founded on the difference in the quality of the teaching and on that only. He is the noble teacher who teaches well—no matter what, the A.B.C., if you will; he is the base teacher who teaches ill, even if he teach *all the humanities* and all the intricacies of metaphysics.

Let all teachers, therefore, aim at forming themselves into a real profession, with proper status and proper authority, and let them do this by insisting on these two vital points, viz. : (1) the establishment of a barrier which all must pass before entering the profession—in our case the barrier must be an examination such as I have sketched out; and (2) the creation of a body which shall control the affairs of the profession, shall protect its members in the exercise of their legitimate functions and the public from the incompetent would-be member.¹

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Before I leave this branch of my subject I would say a word on the Remuneration of Teachers. If we are to obtain the Status of a learned profession we must also obtain a fuller reward for our work. At present, partly through the fault of teachers, partly through the fault of the public, the calling of teacher is much underpaid. It is absolutely necessary that this should be changed. Teachers must be spared some of the "carking care" about the future which haunts their minds at present. Most of them have to live the life of

¹ The part omitted here refers to the work of the Teachers' Guild in reference to the Registration of Teachers, which is fully dealt with in the preceding Lecture, No. VIII.

the cultured without adequate means to support culture, such as a sufficient library and foreign travel. But on this point the Guild says, without any hypocrisy, "Seek ye first the true Ideal in Education with all your heart and all your soul and all these things shall be added unto you." It is the fact that most teachers are inadequately remunerated; it is also the fact that if they make themselves worth more, they will receive more, and that that is the noblest way of getting more. Make the public feel irresistibly ashamed of the present scale of remuneration by making yourselves in every way fit to shame them.

In conclusion, Gentlemen, you must not think that, because I have confined myself to showing what can be done and is being done by the Guild towards the attainment of our intermediate Ideals, I, therefore, despair of making any *direct* approaches in the direction of the highest and ultimate Ideal in our own time. The Guild can do and is doing much in that direction. For one thing, the Council insist on viewing and dealing with all Educational questions from a strictly Educational standpoint. By bringing teachers into communion with each other throughout the land it is encouraging them to take a lofty view of their duties; of two who meet thus one is probably more of an enthusiast than the other, and we all know that in a contest of temperaments the enthusiast is apt to carry the day. Again, by discussing method in teaching and the correlation of studies we are getting much nearer to the possession of clear views as to what our ultimate Ideal is. Above all by bringing the parents of school-children into fellowship with their teachers, as being engaged with them in carrying out a common work, we are doing our best to render the Education of the whole character as well as the intellect

harmonious, without dislocations or contradictions. We can, and I hope shall, do much more, as time goes on, to help to the realisation of the highest Ideal. Who would dare to say that he is doing all that is possible to this end, at any time? Meanwhile, let each of us make this his motto: "The work for the end's sake, and therefore the work with all my might."

"THE LIVING WAGE" FOR TEACHERS.¹

Among all the problems connected with the educational awakening of this country during the last decade there is, perhaps, none which, at the present time, calls more loudly for a solution than the problem—How to secure "the living wage" for teachers? If the call for better remuneration came from teachers only, it might be regarded with some suspicion. Every worker considers himself underpaid, except perhaps the Parliamentary barrister. If he has a conscience he must be satisfied with things as they are. But the demand for better pay for the teacher comes also from those who take part in the administrative work of education, and from all who compare the supreme importance and responsibility of the teacher's work with the material return which it brings in. Conferences bewail the discrepancy, magazine articles emphasise the inadequacy, and yet we are only now on the threshold of any real investigation of the facts and of the possibilities of remedy.

Now that our new Education Authorities are getting to work, they must face this question promptly and deal with it thoroughly. They must also look at it

¹ *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, October 15th, 1904.

steadily from *two* aspects. It is their duty, first, to see that the teachers under their control shall have such remuneration as shall enable them to do their best work without being cramped at every turn by financial straitness—they must live a life, not merely carry on an existence. If culture is essential to their professional position, the means of culture must be provided. If they are to be reasonably free from carking care as to their latter years and from the temptation to fill up so-called spare time with extraneous work which brings them half-jaded into school, they must be paid salaries as high at least as those of superior clerks and factory overseers. Secondly, our Authorities must take note of the fact that there are two ways of starving a profession. You can starve those who are in it—the profession as it is at present composed—and you can starve the calling as a calling, so that, in competition with other means of livelihood, it obtains only the leavings of those which are more attractive—the men and women who lack ambition or self-confidence, or even high intellectual qualifications of any sort. Perhaps we should not say “only” here; for, fortunately for the young, teaching attracts, more than any other calling, except the calling of minister of religion, the class of minds which are disinterestedly devoted to the promotion of the general welfare—the self-disregarders. A scale of salaries cannot, however, be based on this happy fact; rather should such be remunerated beyond their personal wants, as they, more than all others, would best employ the surplus in the general interests of education.

We talk often of “educational values” in the profession. Can we ever get the nation to consider earnestly the question of “political values”? By this

expression we mean the relative importance of the various branches of national expenditure. Take the last Budget before the South African War, so as to exclude exceptional figures. Out of a total expenditure of £134,000,000 in round figures, on the Army £43,500,000 were spent, on the Navy £26,000,000, and on Education £12,000,000, the remaining items being mainly Consolidated Fund charges, which are inevitable, Civil Service charges, and Post Office expenditure, which is less than Post Office receipts. That is, nearly six times more was spent by the nation on *direct* national defence than on education—an *indirect* means of defence whose value, whether as a chief source of material welfare through commerce and production, or of national strength through the increased value of the individual as an intelligent fighter, we as a people have yet to learn to appreciate. It is as clear as noon that mental equipment will decide the relative position of nations in the early future. Can we not then recognise the political value of education more adequately than hitherto and save on the outlay on our ridiculously costly Army the millions which should be transferred to education without adding one penny to our present heavy burden of taxation?

To bring up the remuneration of teachers to the minimum professional level—a level which we will attempt to estimate shortly—would not require a vast outlay, and, we firmly believe, would speedily give a full return in the shape of better and fresher work from those who are already teachers, and, what is, from a national point of view, more important, in the shape of a more highly qualified body of recruits to the profession. It would also enable us to demand, with a clear conscience, a more thorough preparation and

training from future teachers. The profession would still be unable to tempt into its ranks the most ambitious of the best brains, but there are plenty of highly qualified persons to whom fortunately it will always hold out attractions of its own, apart from those which are merely monetary.

Of course we are thinking of primary as well as of secondary school teachers; for the Teachers' Guild regards the profession as one, and we would have the scale of pay regulated partly according to the outlay necessary for qualifying to teach subjects on different levels of difficulty and partly by the responsibility attaching to the post held. We would also pay the same salaries to those who work on the same level, altogether regardless of sex; for the value of the service rendered is the sole equitable basis of remuneration. To pay a married man with a family more than a single woman gets for the same amount of work on the same level is either to underpay the woman or to give the man, in addition to his pay, an added dole, in lieu of outdoor relief.

Though it may seem audacious, we intend here to come down to figures—if only to draw out opinions, approving or disapproving, from our members and others. We shall be more than glad to print thoughtful letters, in the "Correspondence" section of *The Quarterly*, on the subject. We hold, then, that for an adult properly qualified trained teacher, by which description we mean the teacher who satisfies the permanent conditions for admission to the Register, the initial salary should never be less than £150 a year non-resident, or its equivalent resident, and that it should rise ultimately, according to position and proficiency, to a sum not less than £500 for an assistant

teacher of thirty years' standing. This sum may be the salary of the head of a school of moderate size. There will be many head master-ships and head mistress-ships to which higher pay should attach. Out of such salary a reasonable sum should be stopped annually to build up a retiring pension. Such a scale of remuneration would put the mass of the teaching profession, financially, on the level of, say, second-class clerks under the Local Government Board—a position not too high for us to claim—and would not, we believe, take more money out of the Exchequer than could be saved in other directions, if the value of "the army of light" were assessed according to an enlightened and far-seeing estimate.

Here some one may say : "Oh ! but you are urging that teachers should become a branch of the Civil Service, and not a learned profession." We answer that the teachers of five-sixths of the young of the nation are already paid according to an approved, though scarcely adequate, scale by the State, and that it is only the secondary school teachers whose salaries obey the economic law of supply and demand, as left to its own free and unhappy working. We do not want to make a permanent distinction between methods of payment of primary and secondary school teachers, but to assimilate them. It is not of the essence of a learned profession that its members should fix for themselves their scale of pay, as the physicians and the barristers fix theirs, though it is the mark of a thoroughly independent profession. This teachers cannot expect to be. The national interests involved in their work are too vast—we are not all put through the hands of the lawyer or the physician for several of the more critical years of our lives to be shaped up as useful citizens—their comparative freedom is the measure of

their smaller *political* importance. In the immediate future then, and pending the thorough unification of the profession, we would have the Board of Education put pressure on all Local Education Authorities to insist on the establishment of a scale of salaries as near as possible to the one which we have suggested, as a condition precedent to the recognition of any school as a part of the school supply within their areas. We would have the system of paying a lump sum for salaries to be distributed at the head master's or head mistress's discretion entirely abolished, as it often leads to the under-payment of the teachers of the lower forms so as to secure a highly qualified teacher to bring on clever pupils to do credit to the school in outside examinations. Meanwhile public opinion, stirred by that of all those who foresee national danger in a lowering of the standard of qualification among teachers, and by teachers themselves, who may be allowed to display at least as much of the healthy spirit of trade-unionism as the other great professions, must get the transfer of apportionment of taxation, which we have suggested, from the very costly machine which does little to increase our store of brain capital to that other machine which serves to raise indefinitely the value and potentiality of every living human unit within the kingdom.

THE TEACHERS' "OLD MAN OF THE SEA."¹

It is difficult to say anything new on the subject of external examinations in this country. It is still more difficult, it seems, to secure any reforms which shall remove the objections which are constantly being urged against them. Of all peoples, except the Chinese, we

¹ *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, October 16th, 1911.

are the most "examined," and examination has become a fine art among us. Several of the Rhodes Scholars at Oxford, while criticising adversely our system, have been full of praise for the way in which it is developed. This development is one of the main hindrances to reform, yet there are few teachers who do not cry out for reform.

If, as we hope and believe, the new Teachers' Council is to become something more than a Registration Council—if it is to take over gradually the work of the Consultative Committee, self-summoned and not quiescent until the Board of Education summons it—then one of its early duties should be to investigate and press for reforms in our examination system. We venture to lay down here the main lines on which such reforms should proceed.

1. There should be an entire discontinuance of all purely external examinations of school pupils. In their place should be substituted leaving certificate examinations, junior and senior, for all pupils leaving school at sixteen years of age or later respectively. Such examinations should be largely undertaken by the teachers in the schools, and should be of such a nature as to serve as the preliminary examinations for all professions and semi-professions as well as for the Universities. They should be of a character to supply clear evidence of a good general education in all cases, which would mean that early specialisation in schools would be rendered impossible.

2. Entrance scholarships into Universities should in all cases be given to such candidates only as have obtained a senior leaving certificate. This would mean that the standard in any single set of subjects would be lower than it is at present. Post-graduate or fourth-year

courses, such as Part II of most of the Tripos courses at Cambridge, which is often taken by graduates at the end of their fourth year, should be arranged in all Universities. The professions can take care of their own special and specialised examinations for graduates or non-graduates. Entrance scholarships from preparatory into public schools should be awarded on the subjects of the junior leaving certificate, in so far as they can be assimilated by pupils between the ages of thirteen and fourteen years. The main mischief to be reformed in their case is the too early commencement of Greek and Latin studies.

3. The Army, Navy, and Civil Service Examinations, other than their Preliminary, must be such as those services require, but modified in their general character in the way which we are going to suggest for all examinations after school age.

So much for the guarantees of a good general and a good special education to be supplied by the examinations of the future, in so far as the present ideals of examining boards as to the character of the tests to be applied may be maintained. But we urge strongly that these ideals require to be extensively modified. Anyone who will read the very excellent report, "A comparison between French and English Secondary Schools," by Mr. Cloudesley Brereton,¹ will see, in the portion of the report which comprises the examinations of the two countries (pages 41-45), where our present weakness lies. It lies in the fact that, in the main, the questions are so framed, or the answers are so sorted, as to measure the candidate's *receptivity* and *retentiveness* rather than his or her *originality*, *spontaneity*, and *power of self-expression*. Better is it to stamp the work of the examinee with an "alpha," a

¹ Reprinted (1911) from Vol. 24 of "Special Reports on Educational Subjects," published by the Board of Education.

"beta," or a "gamma," with a "plus" or a "minus" or absolute, than to mark it closely; but the real need is that there should be fewer questions in every paper, and questions that require longer answers. "The English examination (as contrasted with the French) is too exclusively an audit of knowledge; at its worst it is a mere audit of facts," says Mr. Brereton. "The workmanship side of the question—style in the best sense of the word—occupies at best a secondary position." "Originality is too rarely sought for or desired." We do not want to copy the French examination closely: it errs in the direction of the opposite extreme. The *via media* between the two should be the ideal for both countries.

What we have urged here has to do with written papers only; but, before we can make our examinations really satisfactory, we must greatly amplify the oral at the expense of the written part. The French critic, a champion of oral examination, "will point out," says Mr. Brereton, "that, if the object of examination is to produce learned recluses," our objection that the nervous candidate cannot do himself justice in the oral part "has considerable weight; but that it can hardly be seriously maintained that this is the usual object of examinations, that in daily life knowledge is often of little good unless it can be mobilised on the spot, that presence of mind and quickness of judgment, provided it is sound, are qualities which are of the greatest value." Such objections recall to one's mind what we have lost by the complete abolition of the old English University tests by disputations, determinations, and exercises. Could we substitute for these something similar on non-scholastic modern lines, we should be doing much to establish graduation tests of "presence

of mind and quickness of judgment," of what we mean by "power," as distinguished from mere knowledge.

Examinations are good servants, but bad masters. The debt of education to them is, in some directions, very great. The education of girls has been lifted by them from a position of helpless, though pretentious, futility to be at least as good as that of boys. They have supplied a stimulus to University study which, *testibus ipsis*, was sadly lacking in the days of Samuel Johnson and Gibbon; they have also almost abolished favouritism in appointments to the public services. But, granting all this, there is no reason why the experience of many years should not reform them, especially in three directions—viz.: (*a*) by delaying their first incidence on any pupil, (*b*) by preventing their interference with the thought-out curriculum of any school, and (*c*) by so inspiring them that they shall become tests not so much of what has been absorbed and retained by the individual as of intellectual digestion, assimilation, and transformation—in a word, of power of self-expression based on a sound assortment of the materials of knowledge.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.

THE EDUCATION ACT OF 1870.¹

The Report of the Poor Law Commission—which promises to rank among the most celebrated of Blue books—gives our statesmen a magnificent opportunity for attempting to set things right, at the base of our social fabric, by a comprehensive measure of underpinning and reconstruction. The classification and

¹ *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, March 15th, 1909.

separate treatment of the failures of the community will do much to eliminate the excess of inefficiency. We have been treating more or less alike the pauper by birth, the pauper through want of qualification by education for independence, the pauper through thriftlessness and misfortune in middle life, and the pauper through unfitness for or loss of work by age. All this is to be changed, let us hope, and that early. The first two of these four classes can be saved from pauperism altogether; the third can be bettered in many cases by careful treatment, and, till old-age pensions are granted at the age of sixty years, the last class can be more rationally and humanely dealt with than at present.

The Teachers' Guild, as an educational association, has its special duty in relation to this Report. There are two grave educational questions involved—viz., the course of education in our primary schools and the provision of continued education beyond primary-school age for the young who do not proceed to secondary schools.

Every one interested in education should read and ponder the following passage from the Report:—

"The cost of elementary education in this country in 1905-6 is stated to be £20,000,000 sterling. This is an almost entirely new national charge since 1870. It should have steadily reduced unemployment and diminished pauperism. If it has failed in this, its accepted mission, it cannot be said that the failure is due to lack of funds. The desire of the young to raise themselves in the social scale and improve their position should ever be encouraged; but this desire seems to us too frequently to take the shape of trying to avoid handicraft and manual labour by recourse to other occupations which, though they are associated with a black coat, are less remunerative and less progressive than skilled handiwork. Clerical labour is a glut upon the market: high-class artisans are, according to our evidence, at times obtained with difficulty. We doubt if the atmosphere of our school life is altogether congenial to

a career of manual labour. We would suggest to the Board of Education the advisability of meeting these criticisms by a thorough reconsideration of the time-table and curriculum in our elementary schools, as well as of the aims and ideals of elementary education."

We are not sure that the Board of Education could not give a convincing reply to the charge hinted in the passage quoted. It might begin by asking the Commissioners to imagine what would be the state of things in this country now if the majority of its inhabitants were absolutely illiterates, especially in view of the great educational progress made since 1870 by other nations. Our heavy expenditure on education, it might urge, has kept us from being left absolutely behind by our rivals. It has enabled the best intellects in our primary schools to pass on to secondary schools and to the highest honours in the Universities. It may be credited with much of the increase of alcoholic temperance and of savings bank deposits. Other potent causes of continued pauperism might be put forward, such as the startlingly unequal distribution of wealth in this country, shown by income-tax returns. Under the head of unemployment the Board might urge that, as we have no proper organisation of continuation schools as yet, it has not been proved that the curriculum of the primary school fails to form a suitable basis for the education in the continuation school.

But, when all such rejoinders, however specious and even sound they may be, have been exhausted, it remains a fact that the good time hoped for in 1870 has not yet arrived. We are weighed down with sad social problems, misery seems to flourish as much as ever, though brutality, we believe, is reduced. It is mere quackery to look to any one remedy—such as education—to make the community happy and well-to-do. Many

factors are multiplied together to cause a wide distribution of material misery. Complex, therefore, must the remedies be.

If our primary-school education be too bookish and academic, too little in touch with the actualities of life, we believe that this is largely due to the conscientious application of principles which are ideally sound ; to the effort to give a strictly general basis to all special education, and to the recognition of the fact that there should be no school specialisation at so early an age as fourteen to fifteen years. The modifications which would be made under any scheme of reform at the present time would inevitably savour of specialisation. Still, much might be done to make the curriculum more representative of human activity as a whole. Hand and eye training might be developed beyond present limits, even without raising the minimum leaving age to fifteen years. We do not see that any one of "the three R's" can have much less time given to it. It is from the outlook subjects that the time must be stolen to meet new demands on the time-table. Urban and rural schools, too, will probably vary in their course of studies.

We hold, however, that any reform in the curriculum of our primary schools that may have to be made should not be of a doctrinaire character, based on *a priori* ideas of what an ideal primary education ought to be, but rather should be the result of a practical effort to shape them up to an organic and easy articulation with the continuation schools. In other words, that the curriculum of the continuation schools should be settled first and that of the primary schools should be modified to suit them. This would make it possible, with a compulsory continuation-school system, to omit certain existing subjects from the primary-school time-table, subjects

which are now forced into it as a sort of cap to "the three R's," but not sufficiently developed in the short time available for them to be of much future service to the pupil.

The Commissioners consider that "the desire of the young to raise themselves in the social scale and improve their position should ever be encouraged." Is not the choice of language here a little unfortunate? "The social scale" is a rather rotten ladder. Preferable words would have been "the desire of the young to combine self-culture with efficient work . . . should be encouraged." We want to encourage the young to regard skilled handicraft as superior to purely clerical duties, and to give the self-respecting artisan in this country such a position as he holds in the North American Union. He can win this position above all clerks—save, perhaps, those who hold confidential positions—if he largely reduces his consumption of intoxicants and employs the money thus saved on the improvement of his home (in the United States the annual drink bill per head is not more than half what it is here); if, as far as possible, he wears his working dress only while at his work, and, chief of all, if he can carry on his education to the age of eighteen in a continuation school. There ought to be no suspicion of class-motive attaching to the recommendation that the black-coat ideal be eschewed by him, yet we believe that the fact that this recommendation usually comes from wearers of black coats is a hindrance to its acceptance. We are sorted, in society, mainly by our manners and our conversation. The artisan, with a better home which he can do much to make for himself, and with a continued education, can acquire the manners and conversation of the so-called middle class, even though he use his hands to carry out the promptings of his brain.

A society which would reject a man thus equipped is not worth entering.

We look to the good sense of the Labour Party in the House of Commons to direct the Board of Education and the legislature in any attempt that may be made to "reconsider the aims and ideals of elementary education." We would trust them not to run after the will-o'-the-wisp of "the black coat," but to work for the improvement of the social attitude towards manual labour. Anyhow, recommendations of a practical character for the modification of our primary-school curriculum in the direction of an increased efficiency in the hand worker, coming from them, would not be open to the suspicion of being anti-democratic. Let them study the social situation in young civilisations, such as Australia, and they will see that there is no inherent essential disqualification in handiwork for social advancement. If they try to adjust their educational system to work in with an old semi-feudal stratification of society, they are, by so much, the worse Radicals. They should win the position claimed by sheer merit. The masses have the power if they choose to use it. Self-denial and self-respect, not avoidance of handicrafts, are the keys to unlock the door which shuts off the class above them.

To conclude, we hold that, on the whole, the promise of the Education Act of 1870 has been fulfilled. If sanguine forecasts as to its results were made, which ignored the complex causes which lead to the state of society at any time, the fault was in the optimists who made them. Education has done its best, in so far as public opinion would allow it, to make us better and more efficient than we were in "the good old days." Twenty millions sterling a year are imposing figures, but they are less than ten shillings per head of the population.

That those who contribute most towards this total are they who pay large sums for a special kind of education for their own children shows that the weight lies on shoulders that can bear it. The worst defect of our primary education system is that it turns the great majority of the children adrift, educated only up to the point at which further education for skilled work is necessary. The blame for this lies, however, not with the framers of the Act of 1870, but with the nation itself for neglecting to complete an edifice so well begun.

THE ANCIENT UNIVERSITIES

COMPULSORY GREEK AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.¹

AS far as we can judge from the reports in the newspapers of the discussions on the question of retaining Greek as a necessary subject in the threshold examinations of our older Universities, the merits have been obscured by the fact that the point of view varied with various speakers: and few, if any, seemed to have deduced their arguments from a clear major premiss, laying down the true function of a University—at all events, of the older type. Was not J. H. Newman right in stating it to be “to give a knowledge which is its own end”? If he was right, it follows, logically, that the studies recognised by such a University as a necessary condition of admission should be those which have a special bearing on the production of general culture and have no definite reference to any particular future career. It also follows that it is the duty of such Universities to do nothing which shall encourage the inroads of specialisation on the sacred years which, by almost universal consent, should be dedicated to purely general education. It is for the Universities to shape the curricula of the schools, if they rise to the level of their responsibilities—not for the

¹ Reprinted from the *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, December 15th, 1904.

schools to force the doors of the Universities whenever they happen to be closed against this or that youth of promise.

From the tone adopted by some of the speakers one gathers that they consider the function of Oxford and Cambridge to be to put a graduation top on the education of anyone who wishes to continue his studies in those centres from the age of eighteen to twenty-one or twenty-two. "Here is a proficient in so-and-so: supply a School or Tripos to suit him," they seem to say. The concession of such a demand would constitute an abdication of its higher duties by the University which should grant it. These, we repeat, are to round off, or put the coping-stone upon, a general education, as the essential preliminary to a post-graduate course of study for those who can afford to delay specialisation so long.

This tendency to reverse the true position and to try to make the University the thrall of the school is well exemplified by some of the arguments recently employed in the Oxford and Cambridge debates on "Compulsory Greek." To many the following argument seems a strong one: yet there is really nothing in it. It runs thus: "By your regulations you compel us to put our promising science boys through a course of 'cram' in Greek for a year before they matriculate. They learn it mechanically and forget it within a year. What is the value of a smattering of Greek thus acquired?" Confidently we answer: "None at all"; but the Universities compel nothing of the sort. They are not responsible, originally, at all events, for this lamentable waste of precious hours over what may be called a theft of the semblance of a proficiency. Their requirements imply a creed which is not yet shattered, that the humanities are an essential—nay, the prime—element in a purely general education;

and another creed, subsidiary to this, that the so-called dead languages are not dead, save for conversational purposes, but very full of life. as supplying the direct approach to the field of ideas which has produced the seeds of all later thought which is included in the term "culture." The year of stolen or scamped Greek, which is the fate of the science boy nowadays, if he is to go to Oxford or Cambridge, points the finger of reproach at that boy's earlier education, when what should have been taught him was neglected. We used the qualifying expression "originally" just now in speaking of the responsibility of the Universities, because they have grown to be partly responsible for the actual abuse by not insisting adequately on evidences of general culture in candidates for science scholarships, and by permitting a year of special "cram" to be of service for its purpose. They have winked at premature specialisation so as to keep up their numbers, and so as to absorb talent of all kinds. The Master of Trinity has openly acknowledged the fact, and we have added the motives. This mischief has largely been due, as have many other mischiefs, to the unfortunate supineness of Oxford and Cambridge, from the Reformation till the nineteenth century, which prevented them from asserting their claim to control the education of their future *alumni* in its earlier stages. They did not lay hold on the schools when they had the chance as well as the right, and the tardy and indirect control which they have obtained over them, through their systems of local examination, has been vitiated by the inherent evils attaching to what are well called *external* examinations. Have things gone so far that they must now be led by the nose? Is the growth of an abuse to be made the plea for the abolition of the thing abused?

Another reason for the unsatisfactory character of the debates on this question is to be found in the fact that, in speaking of "compulsory Greek," some are thinking of the language as language, in its grammatical aspect ; others, as the key to a whole palace of thought and imagination. We hold that the main value of Greek, and, in a lesser degree, of Latin, lies in the power which they give us to penetrate into an atmosphere altogether alien from our own and in the consequent stimulus to the imagination. It is late in the day to urge the special claims of the intellectual and artistic atmosphere of ancient Greece ; but we will only say in passing that, from this point of view, any claims that may be urged for the retention of Latin are ten times stronger when they are put forward for Greek. "*Graecia capta feros victores cepit*" is a well-worn quotation. The spiritual superiority of Greece over Rome is as marked as that of the East over the West. The schools of Athens must have felt for their Italian masters the same "patient, deep disdain" which Matthew Arnold attributes to the Eastern victims of the grinding heel of the great Power seated on the Tiber. It is the old permanent quarrel between the contemplative and the active life ; and will anyone deny that literature and culture in their highest forms are the fruit of the former rather than of the latter ? We attribute the (to us) strange phenomenon that the battle rages around Greek rather than around Latin to the accident that at least five languages of modern Europe are daughters of Latin, while Greek lives, with but little change, in one small state whose literature in modern days is a negligible quantity. This makes Latin of more practical utility than Greek as a help to the mastery of Southern European tongues : witness—to take two cases only—the ease with which a Latin

scholar can read Dante or Cervantes in the original. But this has nothing to do with the object with which we study Greek: it does not throw us back to live in unity with a great past.

We hold, further, that the case for the removal of the restrictions as to Greek at Oxford and Cambridge has been greatly weakened by the recent increase in the number of our Universities. Is every University to undertake everything? To do so would be to take a retrograde step, against all the tendencies of civilisation, towards differentiation and subdivision of functions. Surely it is best that one University should be strong in certain Faculties and another in others. We hold that the physical sciences cannot well be thoroughly at home in our older Universities without reducing their value as fields of culture pure and simple. With our moderate square-mileage is it not enough to let the Northern and Midland and London Universities serve as the chief nurseries of the more modern subjects, including even those which are technological in character? So long as the humanities hold the field in our first-grade public schools, so long let Oxford and Cambridge be the nurseries of Arts, and let "Arts" return to their original meaning, without straining it to cover sciences. This brings us to the question of the desirableness of granting degrees in other faculties as alternatives to "Arts" at Oxford and Cambridge. We hold that it would be better to do so than to make "Arts" mean what they cannot really mean, and things have gone so far that it seems best that some such changes should be made, though we would still urge that proper guarantees of general culture should be demanded from the science undergraduate as a condition of admission to the older Universities.

In the Cambridge discussion Prof. Maitland is reported

to have said that "eight years' experience of Greek had left him with a feeling of the utmost hatred for the language." He went on to say: "Such a dislike of Greek produced a dislike of all forms of literature"; and, having thus shown by his own words that a love of literature is intimately bound up with a love of Greek, he added: "It had been stated that the majority of head masters felt that Greek was essential for the highest type of humanistic teaching. Such an utterance was proof of the necessity for another degree—that of Bachelor of Humbug." Surely this new alternative for the "Arts" degree should be granted, if to any one, to those who seek to graduate in "Arts" with a mental equipment of sciences cultivated at the expense of the study of the best thought along the line of the humanities, "dead" or living. We mean no depreciation of science in any way, but we unhesitatingly assert that it is not "Arts," and we add also, without hesitation, that Oxford and Cambridge best fulfil their duty by resisting all tendencies that lead to early specialisation and neglect of general culture in school. Our older Universities must not let their Science men be marked by what Mr. Bryce has well described as a common result of such specialisation, "a hard, gritty, and infertile type of mind."

COMPULSORY GREEK.¹

There was once a great man who established a feast, of viands choice but few, suited to the taste of his fellows, and invited to it all men and any who should wear doublets of green velvet, slashed with purple, and no others. This was the fashion of the time and many

¹ *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, March 15th, 1910.

attended the feast at no special cost for dress. But as years went on doublets of this make became scarcer, others being found more suitable or less costly. Still the great man maintained his condition of invitation. He was obviously becoming old and other great men, of fresher brain, established other feasts. At none of these were doublets of green velvet slashed with purple required, but instead, a dress of drab hue and of material more likely to wear well. The viands at these feasts were excellent and many partook of them, yet, inasmuch as the other feast had been famous before these were established, there were murmurs, among those who had ceased to wear green doublets, at their exclusion from it. The discontent went so far that some of them endeavoured to prevent the making of green velvet doublets while others sought to bring the founder of the feast to shame because he required them. He answered, "If the feast be so popular it is worth the dress; if the dress be so out of fashion, neglect the feast for others."

The educational world is very quiet just now, perhaps because Parliament has its hands full of other business of a more immediately urgent character than education, and "Compulsory Greek" comes to the front when things are thus. It is a subject always waiting for a hearing. Our parable, invented for the occasion, seems to express the present position.

Oxford and Cambridge are not State-endowed or State-aided Universities. They are both crowded to their full capacity and both extending their University and College buildings. Have they, under these conditions, no right to fix their own entrance requirements? Must the spirit of the age mould all institutions to its will, or is it not enough that it should supply institutions sufficient to meet its needs? Might not either of these older Uni-

versities suppress its faculties of science, mathematics, and modern history altogether with impunity, should it choose to do so?

We do not think that the outcry against "Compulsory Greek" would be loud if there were no entrance scholarships offered at Oxford and Cambridge. It is the money aid that causes the main grievance. The other part of the hardship produced by present conditions is owing to the prestige attaching to the degrees of the older Universities. "We want the scholarships and we want the prestige, but we want them on our own terms" is the modern cry. "You are not bound by law to yield to our demands, but you are so venerable and so wealthy that we insist on getting your benefits without your conditions." "You may seem to flourish, but you are anachronisms and absurdities and must change your ways. We will 'restore' you, and will not rest till we have done so." "There are many other Universities in the United Kingdom which are sensible in their requirements, but we will not stop till you come into line with them. Every University should be made suitable for every kind of student."

We put the matter thus, because it seems to be very doubtful whether it is desirable to assimilate all of our Universities to one another in requirements, in curriculum, and in faculties. We believe that the more natural and the more English line of evolution is one which makes for variety in many directions. The best argument for the abolition of "Compulsory Greek" at Oxford and Cambridge would be a falling off of undergraduate entries. That would show that the requirement is out of date. As it is, the supply of young men from our Public Schools sufficiently equipped in Greek to satisfy the standard of examination keeps up, and out of this supply

a certain percentage become scholars in the true meaning of the term. We should like to see Oxford and Cambridge left alone to work out their own destinies, with a diversion of part of their scholarship fund to meet the needs of students poorer than most of their present *alumni*; and to see the other Universities liberally aided by wealthy individuals and by the State, winning prestige for their degrees by a closer adaptation to the spirit of the times than the older Universities can show.

In writing thus we are not advocating the study of Greek as a thing ideally desirable for all schoolboys. On the contrary, we consider it eminently undesirable for many. Provided that full guarantees are provided against early specialisation, we hold that it is best for many pupils who leave school at sixteen years of age, and for some of those who stay on at school till after eighteen years, to learn no Greek or Latin at all. Culture studies they must have. Dead language studies are comparatively profitless if discontinued on entering the University. Modern language teaching has a double claim on the curriculum both as introducing to culture and as being of practical value. Our battle is on behalf of the limited number of students who aim at getting into more direct touch with all that was valuable in antiquity through an intimate knowledge of Greek and Latin. A democratised University seems to find no room for such. Is England to cease to produce scholars on the level of Monro, Jebb, Butcher, and Robinson Ellis merely because there is a demand for the modernisation of entrance conditions in our older Universities? "Compulsory Culture" is a better cry than "Compulsory Greek," and we hold that Oxford and Cambridge would be wise were they to require full evidence of that, and that only, as a necessary passport to their studies. Latin and Greek should stand

as prominent, and perhaps dominant, factors in the list of such studies, but English, French and German, language and literature, and History should rank among them, and in certain combinations be allowed to serve as substitutes for them. Still we would let the master of the house keep his own house in order and choose his own guests.

OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, AND THE NATION.¹

The recent appeals to the public by the Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the Conference of the National Union of Teachers at Oxford last Easter have again turned the attention of many to our old Universities, and to the function that they perform in the education of the nation.

It is quite obvious that neither University has the resources necessary to enable it to give the fullest instruction in studies of the non-literary type, whether graduate or post-graduate, and that neither of them is willing to confine its work to the old literary or semi-literary faculties, and leave the others to its younger modern rivals. Hence, mainly, arose the action of the Chancellors. It is also obvious that a large body of men who are debarred, under present conditions, from enjoying the benefits of education in Oxford and Cambridge, are eager to obtain it for their class (and by "class" we wish to suggest nothing more than "income limit"). This note was clearly sounded at the National Union Conference.

Thus two main questions emerge—two which perhaps are largely one—viz., (1) whether, in Oxford and Cambridge, the University, as distinguished from the colleges, should be developed and restored to its former

¹ *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, December 16th, 1907.

prominence ; and (2) whether the cost of living as a member of one or other of these Universities can be materially reduced, without impairing seriously their educational work or destroying their special character. We say that these two questions are perhaps largely one, as there are indications pointing to the development of the University at the expense of the colleges as the best solution of the problem of cost.

Here we would say that reform from within, whether on the lines of the proposals of certain Oxford tutors published in the *Times* last spring, or otherwise, would, we believe, be far better than by means of a Royal Commission, from without. The less these Universities are overhauled by the State, the better for all that they stand for. They are venerable in the best sense. They have legitimate vested interests which should be respected. No democratic cry should be allowed to initiate a so-called reform which would be of the nature of a mere levelling-down—a political stroke and not an honest reform. We will attempt to foreshadow certain changes which, whether immediately practicable or not, would, we believe, do much to extend the advantages of an Oxford and Cambridge career to those who at present look yearningly at it over the financial fence.

There is no doubt that when the streets by the Isis and the Cam were swarming with poor students and equally poor tutors, in the days of our Plantagenet kings, the Universities were pre-eminent, and the few colleges that then existed were subordinate. It is equally certain that the position is nearly reversed to-day. It is impossible to deny that the development of the colleges has had much to do with the raising of the cost of living. Walter de Merton and Hugh de Balsham were men to whom England owes much, but they would, we think,

be not altogether pleased were they to be among us now, observing that their colleges, and the colleges modelled more or less on them, draw their students almost entirely from well-to-do homes. The Middle Ages were in some ways far more democratic than our own time. The mediaeval church gave to mere brain-power higher chances than we do. "Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed" in modern days.

If Oxford and Cambridge are willing, without external interference, to make their undergraduate career less costly for high average ability at present excluded—such as is the most that we can expect to get as a rule for a profession so moderately rewarded as that of the primary school master, for instance—we believe that they can do so by internal readjustment of duties and resources, and by introducing a thoroughly business-like management into college finances. To come to details: They can, if they choose, make all their teaching University teaching; turning "the Schools" at Oxford, for instance, into true schools, instead of a mere examination centre; making their professors responsible for all the teaching, each with his supply of lieutenants, or *privat docenten*. Larger lecture classes are more economical, financially, than smaller, and a hundred men can derive as much benefit from a lecture as can ten; but, of course, the valuable individual teaching, by way of supplement, must be fully maintained at all costs. There are some twenty-three college libraries at Oxford; to convert them into some four libraries of the University, as regards all modern books, would be a boon to the poorer students. Many other advantages would result from the raising of the University to its old position of prominence, but we feel that the chief reforms necessary to make Oxford and Cambridge homes

for those who cannot gain entry at present are two, which have to do with the colleges. Some of them are over-generous with their scholarships under present conditions, to judge from the way in which their scholars stand the test of the University examinations. This is partly due, no doubt, to the change that is going on in our public school curricula, with their trend towards a reduction in literary studies, without a corresponding diversion of University scholarships to newer studies. We are anxious that a greater portion of the benefit of past endowments should be available for those whom the Universities find worthy of admission to their studies, and not concentrated on those who reach the standard of scholarship or exhibition ability at the age for admission. The outsiders of whom we are thinking have not, with a few exceptions, been sufficiently well endowed with money in their school years to attain that standard at the age of eighteen years, and thus, however specious it may seem to reward scholarly attainment in this way, it works against the poorer home. To enable a broader distribution of endowment to be possible, money should be taken from the present scholarship fund and put into a bursary fund, so that the tuition fee and some other charges may be excused altogether where the student can show inability to pay them, but there is no reason why the *dignity* of a scholarship should be forbidden even if the financial value, or part of it, were taken away. The readjustment should be such as would not lower the remuneration of the tutor, as the loss would be greater than the gain were the qualifications of the teachers to be lowered, and we must pay for the disappearance of the celibate don.

This broader distribution of endowment should carry with it a raising of the standard of the ordinary degree,

and of the examinations that precede it. The Universities must not find worthy of admission any who are not likely after three years' residence to do credit to them in the world when they go forth as graduates. We consider the level of "a good third-class" to be about the level that should be fixed for the ordinary degree, and the level, though not the exact subjects, of the London Matriculation Examination to be suitable for admission to Oxford or Cambridge. Specialisation in the subjects of one school should not be allowed in any other examination than the final. With such an arrangement honours should be awarded in two classes only.

The other chief reform which we suggest has to do not with re-adjustment of funds, but with economy of outlay. Undergraduate life at our old Universities extends over barely half the year, for three or sometimes four years. To live the reasonable social life of most colleges costs, all told, at Oxford from £6 to £7 a week, the restricted life of the poor college student is somewhat cheaper, and the life of the non-collegiate student substantially less. At Cambridge, with the exception of Trinity and one or two other colleges, we are told that the figures come out rather lower. If we put the necessary cost of University life at Mr. Haverfield's figure, and add to it the cost of the other half of the year, the sum is altogether prohibitive for those of whom we are thinking as eager for Oxford or Cambridge education. Can it be substantially cut down further? Yes, if the colleges are turned into hostels, with bursaries for the poorer students, with all meals taken in common, and managed on the expenditure side by real business men as salaried stewards. Yes—a much better alternative—if the colleges are left as they are for the

richer men to inhabit, and their other undergraduates are all allowed to lodge out. It ought to be quite possible for a man to live in lodgings in either place at less than £2 a week, and both Universities have for many years made arrangements for non-collegiate students. Can a full share of college endowments be made to flow over for the benefit of external college men? Yes, if the choice of residence in a college be held to be evidence of adequate means to pay all charges in full, and the money saved from scholarships be devoted to the payment of bursaries to the others. Each college would then, according to its wealth, have on its roll of undergraduates a certain number of external students, or the money could be pooled, and distributed over the whole body of the "unattached" University students. We suggest that Oxford and Cambridge should make a careful study of, say, the conditions attaching to the life of an undergraduate of the Welsh University at one of its three centres, or of Harvard, where the range of means among the undergraduates extends far lower than at Oxford or at Cambridge. With the stoppage of financial aid and all University privileges, as the inevitable penalty for evil-living when detected, the choice of lodgings might be unrestricted. A good school-record of conduct, *kept over a course of years*, should be required in all cases on admission to the University.

The financial standard to be aimed at for the present period of residence—barely half a year—is, for in-college men, paying all fees in full, a maximum compulsory charge of about £90; for external men, aided by bursaries, not much more than £50, apart from examination fees, voluntary subscriptions of all kinds, and personal expenses not specially the outcome of University life. But residence, with full library and

laboratory facilities, and some supervision of studies, should be possible out of college, if not within, for at least thirty-six weeks in the year. Home, as the alternative to Oxford or Cambridge, is not always as available for the present outsider as for the sons of squires, professional men, and merchants. The Universities need not be more careful of the life of their undergraduates in their own neighbourhood than they are able to be when they go to lodgings in other towns in which many of the poorer students would have to quarter themselves during vacations under present regulations.

Of course should any large influx of new students to Oxford and Cambridge result from such reforms as we suggest, it will not be possible for the present endowments to supply bursaries indefinitely to all the newcomers. But there are other sources whence the shortage can be made up. It may very likely be thought by the Board of Education that a substantial proportional contribution by it towards tuition fees would bring in a good return for the tax on the public purse in the case of the more promising students in our training colleges. The Church of England would find it possible to increase bursaries for this purpose for those whom it wants to assist towards obtaining an Oxford or Cambridge degree, now that these Universities produce a diminishing number of unassisted candidates for Holy Orders. Such assistance, given under present conditions to a college undergraduate, represents little or nothing more than the difference between the cost of living as a college man or "unattached," and we want the cost for those who pay least to be substantially reduced. The present position of the "unattached" is clearly not very attractive, as Mr. Haverfield shows, at Oxford, and it is no better at Cambridge, for the colleges overshadow the Universities,

and "non-collegiate" means "outside." With reasonably substantial grants in aid, and with the free choice of lodgings, we believe that the external body of undergraduates, whether collegiate or non-collegiate, would increase very largely, and in their numbers would lie their strength and their importance.

THE FUTURE OF OUR OLD UNIVERSITIES.¹

In some ways it seems strange that, in an age of multiplication of Universities, to meet the growing requirements of the nation with respect to graduation studies, Oxford and Cambridge should show a marked desire to modernise themselves. Not very long ago we had but four Universities—Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and London—in England, and none in Wales. Now we have eleven, including the new University of Bristol, in the two countries. Of these, all but Oxford and Cambridge are modern in type, and none, except to some extent Durham and London, have the residential college at all developed. The cost of living as an undergraduate member of all of them is, mainly owing to the absence of colleges, far less than in the two venerable Universities. Why, then, with such ample provision for continued education after school years, should these latter feel driven to shape themselves to meet modern democratic ideas? Why cannot they be left alone to work out their destinies on their own lines, without fear of being overhauled by Royal Commissions? There is a sufficient supply of the rich and well-to-do to fill them. The cry for reform does not come from them. Their ideal for a University is, in the main, that it should be a place for further development of all that is best in the life of our

¹ *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, June 15th, 1909.

boarding public schools ; that it should continue the shaping of the "all-round" man, the gentleman, in the fullest English sense of the word, deeming no study good that impairs or hinders physical perfection, no aggregation of young manhood valuable that does not bring the individuals into close touch with each other, with constant social interaction and consequent subordination of self even in the pursuit of the most laudable ends of self. To put it shortly, though many of them have never thought out the matter, their aim is ethical, in the first place, and only subordinately intellectual. This is the bias of the better class of their undergraduates. The resident graduates engaged in teaching have it as their duty to prevent this bias from degenerating into a tendency to aim at nothing more than having "a good time" at the University with a minimum of study.

At any given point of time nowadays there are some four thousand young men living this life, or something like it, at Oxford and at Cambridge. This supply does not show any tendency to diminish. Is it too large a proportion of our youth that is thus occupied? It is a mere platitude to state that it is the tendency of democracies to destroy variety. Is it desirable, and is it inevitable, that that tendency should be allowed to spread over all our institutions? We cannot think that it is desirable. Athens ruined herself by following it. France has had to pay a terrible price for swinging from the extremes of the old régime to the ruthless doctrinaire realization of the democratic principle. It is a crude statesmanship that says, "We have found out an ideal minimum of individual comfort, leisure, and attainment—of self-realisation, in a word. We will take care that there shall be no maximum." The root error underlying

such a mental attitude is the limitation of the outlook to the existing generation. The real unit in a civilised community is not the individual, but the family. Omitting the artificially fostered aristocratic class, with its legal devices for maintaining itself, through primogeniture and settlements, the rest of the community is in a constant state of progression and retrogression. Taking a whole century into one's purview, one finds that the families which were nowhere a hundred years ago are, in an immense number of cases, high up to-day; that the descendants of those who were prominent a hundred years ago are very often low down to-day. It does not take more than a century at most to build up or to destroy a family. Search the Heralds' College for the coats of arms of most of the men of the day who are not in the peerage, or even of many that are there, and you will not find that they date back far.

Of course we shall be confronted with the objection that equality of opportunity for all is the true democratic ideal. It is a specious one, and a good one if properly interpreted. If the family be the real unit, equality of opportunity cannot mean that all should start, in any one generation, from the same point; some must be enjoying the benefit of the past energy and thriftiness and high ideals of their sires and grandsires, others must be suffering from the opposite qualities in theirs. Heredity will count, even if it be a factor that makes for privilege.

And so we come back to Oxford and Cambridge. "It will be a bad thing if you drive away from Oxford her richer sons" were the thoughtful words of her present Vice-Chancellor in his welcome to the Conference of the National Union of Teachers in 1907. We agree with him. The rich need the training of the older Universities, and the older Universities need them in so far as they

need to reflect the ideals of leisure, which, after all, enables a man to grow his own growth instead of being forced into a mould which is shaped mainly with a view to obtaining the means of existence. Flood Oxford and Cambridge with the poor through one door, and the rich will gradually leave those places through another.

If the alternative provision of Universities which we have mentioned did not exist, we should not press our present arguments. We want University training for all who can benefit by it, and for all who can benefit the State by having it, mainly because an advanced modern community needs to have a large percentage of citizens whose studies have been prolonged beyond the latest school age. All that we plead for is this: that, if it cannot be shown to be essential for the average poor man to graduate at Oxford or at Cambridge, then those two Universities should be allowed to preserve their present features, with reasonable modifications to suit the spirit of the age, in order that the elements in the nation whose home life fits in with their life should not be diverted altogether from University careers. We say "with modifications," for we should not consider that there was much "actuality" in a leader on this subject unless reform were in the air on the Isis and on the Cam.

The Oxford Chancellor's "Memorandum" is a striking production. Many of its proposals cover the ground of our leader of December, 1907, on "Oxford, Cambridge, and the Nation." Of the eleven heads of the Memorandum, the greater number suggest reforms which will remove much of the present wastage of opportunities for research, of teaching power, of managing power, and of money, from which both Universities suffer. The present distribution of scholarship money especially needs attention, but we doubt the wisdom of extending

the provision of opportunities for the poor man *as such*. Whether he be called "non-collegiate" or "unattached," or by some non-negative appellation of more attractive shape, it will be much the same. If not in a college of the older type he will be but "an outsider" in the eyes of those who are in those colleges. We fear the results of this cruel kindness. If he *must* come in his hundreds, let him take over the colleges and let Oxford and Cambridge be homes of serious study and nothing else.

In fine, the attitude to be adopted in dealing with the future of our old Universities hangs on these two questions:—First: Is it of real importance to the nation that its well-to-do classes should have a University education? You cannot compel them to take it under conditions which are unpalatable to them. Next: Is it essential to the advancement of those who cannot afford the cost of living in those Universities, under reformed conditions, as to *waste* (which we allow are essential), that they should take a graduation course in them and not in some other University?

We answer the former question with a "yes" and the latter with a "no."

SPECIALISATION DURING SCHOOL YEARS.¹

WHAT is specialisation, as applied to the school pupil? It may be defined as "the working towards some specific end other than general development of faculty," or as "the following one's natural bent in school studies to the extent of one's own desires." And what are the "school years" with which my subject has to deal? I have never found the person who wished for specialisation in the kindergarten. There must be very few who wish for it in the ordinary elementary school, with its seven standards. The field for school specialisation is limited to schools which give secondary or higher-school education between the ages of thirteen and nineteen years. Such schools are roughly of two classes—(1) grammar schools and middle schools, (2) higher schools for girls and higher secondary and public schools for boys. In the former class the leaving age is from fifteen to seventeen years; in the latter from seventeen to nineteen years.

Our question, therefore, narrows itself to this: "How far should a pupil between the ages of thirteen and nineteen years be allowed to work towards some specific

¹ An Address to the Kilburn and Brondesbury Branch of the Parents' National Education Union, *February*, 1905.

end other than general development of faculty?" To put the matter in another way: "At what age may a pupil, without harm, begin to be educated for some other end than the attainment of the power to think, to reason, to learn how to learn?"

I was once asked to speak to a meeting of your Union, in another Branch, on: "How to recognise Early Tendencies in Children so as to Specialise their Educational Training." I could not accept this suggestion, as it implied that a certain course which I unhesitatingly oppose—as you will see before I have finished—is a legitimate one. So much was I opposed to it that I at once set to work to arrange my ideas in order to advocate the exact opposite; and this paper might be entitled: "How to ignore Early Tendencies in Childhood, so as to avoid Specialising their Educational Training." I can imagine nothing more disastrous for children than to have their educational training specialised. If I am an idealist, an unpractical person, a "faddist" in this, I am all these things in most respectable, and even learned, company. The "practical man," so-called, is really too often the short-sighted man, the grasper at *ends*, who is impatient of *means*—the "Philister" who opposes the oncoming of the chosen race.

It will help us in forming rational conclusions on this subject if we first consider why we educate the young at all. What is the broad general aim of all education? Hear what John Milton said: "A compleat and generous education is that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war."

Listen also to Prof. Laurie: "Addresses on Educational Subjects": "Since the revival of letters, the idea which the Attic Greeks introduced, of educating a man not for

this or that special function, but simply for manhood, has governed the education of civilised Europe."

And to Sir Richard Jebb: "Education means, not merely the development and discipline of a special faculty, but the eliciting and harmonious training of all the faculties; it has a moulding influence on character; it forms, not the expert merely, but the man."

And, again, to Matthew Arnold: "The aim of culture (*i.e.*, advanced general education) being to know ourselves and the world, we have, as the means to this end, 'to know the best which has been thought and said in the world.'"

I could multiply definitions, had I time, from various weighty thinkers, all having this point in common—that the great aim of education is to fit the future man for manhood, the future woman for womanhood, and both for life. Now, if this broad, general end is a noble one and a desirable, parents and teachers must see to it that it shall be realised to the utmost, and that the few precious years of school life shall be devoted as much as possible to its attainment. If it can be attained through specialisation during school years, let the pupil specialise by all means; if it cannot, keep his or her education as general as possible throughout. My main business is to try to convince you that it is only through a broad, general education that it can be secured.

Now I do not profess to have the latest language of psychologists on my tongue, but, whatever nomenclature we may employ, we are safe in saying that, on its intellectual side, education aims at giving general discipline to the mental powers, at developing the reasoning power on its deductive and on its inductive sides, and at developing the æsthetic faculty. If it does all these things, it is indeed a liberal and a general

education. In so far as it falls short of doing these things, it is a truncated and maimed education. In so far, also, as it reduces the time devoted to these and all these things below the maximum possible, it is an imperfect education.

It is a fortunate thing that, among educational experts, there is a tolerably general agreement as to the elements which go to make up the intellectual and æsthetic sides of school education in so far as it is not specialised. They are, as I will remind you, the following :—*Languages*, and, above all, the mother-tongue, including literature; *Mathematics*, *Physical Science*, *Natural Science*, *History and Geography*, *Drawing and Music*. These subjects, of course, are not all to be taken up at the same age, nor is the same amount of time to be given to each of them. The largest claim is made by *Languages*, *Mathematics*, and *History with Geography*. They run through the whole school-life and occupy more hours than any other subjects. *Drawing*, as I hold, should be put on a level with them in this respect for all pupils without distinction, but, alas! it is still too often an “extra,” or a subject taught by an imported teacher who is not expected to enforce discipline. I am inclined to make a like claim for *Music*, but am stayed by realising that many children cannot, apparently, be made musical by the best teaching. The *Physical* and *Natural Sciences* can be taught, in a way, through object-lessons, in early years, but not *as sciences* before the ages of fourteen to fifteen years with much benefit. To put it shortly, I hold, with all the great old authorities, and most of the modern ones, that *Humanism* is the true basis of a sound general education. Do not for one moment confuse the attack on the excessive prominence of Latin and Greek in our secondary schools, public and

preparatory, with an attack on Humanism. The mother-tongue, properly studied, with the mother-literature, and a modern foreign language added, can produce the culture which we mean by the word "Humanity." It is language, and all that language means, as such, not necessarily *dead* languages, on which the advocates of culture in education insist. Nor need we sacrifice the glorious thought of Athens or of Rome, if we sacrifice Greek and Latin. Translations—how often condemned—can do much more than it is the fashion to suppose, to put us into touch with the great minds of the ancient world.

To pass to Mathematics. The need of a progressive training of the mind in abstract reasoning necessitates their study. They are, perhaps, most necessary for those who take least kindly to them. Deductive reasoning is a perpetual process in the daily affairs of life. To draw right conclusions from correct premisses is essential to a well trained mind. Those whose mathematical training has been neglected are they who "jump at conclusions," who generalise too freely, who are guilty of all the worst fallacies that trammel thought and action. The less directly useful that they are the more are mathematics valuable as a brain gymnastic in schools. History and Geography—for, in most of its aspects, geography should, during school life, be studied with history—are obviously necessary parts of a general school curriculum. They humanise; they also inform the mind with the facts concerning the evolution of civilisation and the struggles of the human race and the environment of its life. We are still groping after the right method of teaching them to pupils of different ages, and there are no subjects which are so scandalously neglected and mistaught in the schooling of the middle

and upper classes. Drawing, as a most valuable means of self-expression, has been strangely neglected hitherto, but its day is dawning. When teachers forget to make it "a fine art" in school teaching, and when parents cease to look for showy results of their daughters' education, then drawing will be recognised as an essential part of a humane education by all. As for Music, it is the heart speaking to the heart and a proper element in a liberal education ; nay, the very word, *μουσική*, as used by Plato, before it got its present shrunken meaning (though the art to which *we* now apply it has grown enormously in complexity since Plato's time), stood for all that we now intend by the expressions "the humanities," "culture," "a liberal education."

And so we come, in our detailed examination of claims, to the two pushing, active modern intruders in our school curriculum—the Sciences, physical and natural. They and their applications are the enemies with whom we have to treat—the enemies, that is to say, if they make undue claims, the friends if their claims are reasonable. We teach these sciences at all, as part of a *general* curriculum in schools, because we want to develop the inductive faculty, as a complement to the deductive, as trained by mathematics. We teach the Natural Sciences also because we seek to induce in the young an intelligent interest in all that surrounds them in their daily life in town and country and in their walks, especially in the open country ; and the Physical Sciences that the pupil may grasp clear ideas of the mighty forces which are at work around him. Most potently, often when most noiselessly, do Nature's

quiet ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone.

All that the humanist asks with respect to these is that they shall not be systematically undertaken too early or so as to oust from any of their time the more purely humane studies. We cannot proceed far in them without specialising and without unfitting the pupil to some extent for other studies.

I have dwelt thus at length on the materials of a broad general education, because if, as I hope, you agree with me that none of the earlier mentioned can be spared at any time, say, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, and that the inductive sciences should not be allowed to oust or interfere with any of them before the ages of, say, fifteen and a half to sixteen and a half, then the case for school specialisation is dismissed with costs, and our old friend "humanity," in its technical sense, walks off triumphant with the verdict pronounced in its favour.

I have spoken of the Committee of Ten in the United States, and have promised a further reference to it. This Committee was appointed at the meeting of the National Educational Association at Saratoga, U.S.A., in July, 1892, and was representative of the leading colleges and secondary schools in different parts of the country, and corresponded with a large number of secondary schools to discover what were the subjects taught in them. The Committee also organised nine Conferences of Ten on the following subjects: (1) Latin, (2) Greek, (3) English, (4) other Modern Languages, (5) Mathematics, (6) Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry, (7) Natural History (including Botany, Zoology, and Physiology), (8) History, Civil Government, and Political Economy, (9) Geography (Physical Geography, Geology, and Meteorology), and sent down to all of them an identical list of questions as a guide for their discussions. The questions and the considered answers which they

received are all deeply interesting to teachers, and some of them to the intelligent public generally. They dwelt with the question of the subjects to be taught in schools, the time to be given to each, the age for commencing each, and so on ; but the question to which I am anxious to direct your attention, as it specially concerns us to-night, is No. 7 ; "Should the subject be treated differently for pupils who are going to college, for those who are going to a scientific school, and for those who, presumably, are going to neither ?"

An extraordinary unity of opinion was arrived at in each Conference in the answers to the questions submitted to it, but on Question 7 all nine Conferences agreed unanimously to give their answer in the negative. The Committee of Ten unanimously agreed with the nine Conferences on this point ; so we have some hundred selected experts from all parts of a vast country, "intimately concerned either with the actual work of American secondary schools or with the results of that work as they appear in students who come to college," unanimously declaring that "*every subject* which is taught at all in a secondary school should be taught *in the same way and to the same extent* to every pupil so long as he pursues it, no matter what the probable destination of the pupil may be, or at what point his education is to cease." This emphatic declaration, based on so broad a representation of experts, is sufficient proof, in my judgment, of the mischievousness of special treatment of *any subject taught* to a pupil during school years, and, if we couple with it *the range of subjects* pronounced by Prof. Laurie and the large majority of experts to be the desirable ones in a general secondary-school curriculum, we have specialisation ruled out altogether from the ideal school. "Festina lente," in fact, should be our

motto always in this important matter of education. The solid foundation is essential to the well built house. We must not hurry to erect a showy or even a substantial and truly beautiful edifice of special education on a basis which is not thoroughly sound and broad. A conscientious and patient grounding is necessary if the superstructure is to be of real and permanent value.

We in England, more than most prominent nations, need to have this fact—this truism, if you will—driven home in our minds and consciences, as we have been tardy in recognising the need of education for national welfare, and are now trying hard to make up for lost time and opportunities in the great world-struggle which is upon us by giving our workers technical, applied education, for which too many of them have never been fitted by an adequate preliminary grounding. It is the cry of the teachers in our technical colleges that their students come to them unable to *think*. They have been more or less book-crammed, more or less specially prepared in school for what was to follow, for what the Germans graphically call "bread studies"; but insufficient attention has been directed to faculty development, while excessive stress has been laid on mere memorising. Dr. Hill, Master of Downing, Cambridge, stated, in his address to the London University Extension Society a few years ago, that, his business being to train medical men, he found that the classical students made the best medical students—not those who had sat for examinations in the sciences which are regarded as the guardians of the gate of medicine, such as botany, chemistry, and physiology. The mathematical men, he found, were least of all suited for the work which he had to put before them. Dr. Hill announced that he had no partiality for Latin or for Greek, but that he was compelled to

recognise that, somehow or other, a broad training in the humanities is the best brain developer for the purposes of subsequent special studies. In Germany, in 1880, the Professors of the Faculty of Philosophy made a report to the Minister of Public Instruction which showed the same thing—viz., that the pupils from the *Gymnasien*, or humanity schools, after a very short time, made far better progress, as a rule, in special technical subjects than their comrades from the *Realschulen*, or modern schools, who had, in the last part of their school life, taken up studies having special bearing on their future work; for, as Prof. Jebb has well put it, “the best economy of educational time is to be found in the best cultivation of the intelligence.” I should weary you if I were to insist further on this point. I have surely said enough already to throw the burden of proving their case upon my opponents.

And here let me remind you that I have been thinking of an *ideal* education in what I have been saying, but I am willing to make concessions, in an imperfect world, to the evil genius called “compromise.” So long as every effort is directed towards making the education of boys and girls to the age of fifteen and a half to sixteen strictly general—*i.e.*, to making the whole curriculum of the grammar and middle school and the first two-thirds of the school life in the first-grade public school purely a faculty-developing curriculum—I can bear the prospect of specialisation between the ages of sixteen and nineteen in school. I will even allow the last year in the second-grade school—under the circumstances of our lives, with the struggle for careers and the temptations of scholarships and exhibitions and bursaries—to be a year of more or less special instruction; but I will not allow that it is a desirable thing for all time because it

may be necessary for the nonce. I am sanguine enough to foresee a time, not very far ahead, when, mainly through the training of teachers for our higher schools, pupils will be ready for special studies at an earlier age than now, because their mental food will be presented to them in a more digestible form and will be more thoroughly assimilated from the beginning. If this is going to be so, specialisation will be possible, without much harm, at the age at which it is even now too often allowed. "Who aimeth at the sky hits higher far than he who means a tree," says old George Herbert; and this is the idealist's justification; by asking and striving for more than he can hope to get at present, he is making that "more" more possible.

I would point out also, by the way, that we who stickle for a thorough general education for all are the true patriots. The average parent of a middle-school pupil is often heard to say: "I don't want my boy to study this or that subject—it won't help him to earn his living"; "My boy is going to sell boots; why should he trouble about algebra?" and so on. The answer is that by doing what the parent deems useless the boy is learning to be something more than a mere breadwinner—he is learning to be a *citizen* also; he is learning, especially through the study of history, how to form well considered opinions on matters of public policy; in short, to be a *man* as well as a maker of boots. The States which are best educated are the States which are going to survive henceforward in the struggle for existence, not merely through the application of fully developed intellects to the arts of production and commerce, but also through the collective wisdom of their peoples.

I feel that I shall not properly cover the ground marked out by the title of this paper unless I attempt to

show the causes which have led to such specialisation as we already suffer from during the school years of our children. These causes seem to be mainly three: (1) The shortsightedness of parents; (2) the national attempt to make up in a hurry for lost time; (3) the temptations of University scholarships. Of these three, the two former specially affect pupils who are educated in second-grade schools with the leaving age at seventeen years or under; the third, obviously, affects the pupils in first-grade schools only.

If I may say it—as a parent who has never been a teacher—teachers are—as perhaps they ought to be—more enlightened than parents in this matter of specialisation. They know—the thoughtful ones among them—that their business during school years is to teach their pupils to think, and mainly that. The parents are meanwhile planning the careers of their children with a view to their making the earliest possible start in breadwinning, and too often fail to see that the necessary result of this will be a stunted career and an income sufficient, perhaps, for early wants, but inadequate to future needs. There are, unhappily, children who are unable to derive benefit from an extended general education. Teachers can pick them out, and their parents, very naturally, do not thank the teachers for doing so—our *own* geese are swans—but a year or eighteen months of strictly general education added to the average boy or girl of fifteen years old often doubles his or her efficiency as a member of the community. Where the financial sacrifice can be made, let it be made.

The hurry to make up for national time lost has led to our financing technical education and bribing schools to degrade their true general secondary education by earning grants. We are trying to do in twenty years

what it has taken Germany one hundred years to do, because we began some eighty years later. The curriculum of many secondary schools is cut up in this way so that "grammar school" has, in many cases, become a pure misnomer. We have been erecting a jerry-built house, with main walls inadequate to support the weight of the roof. Our national conscience is not yet aroused to insist on the full equipment of the higher class of artisans for their life-work—hence we find travelling Commissions reporting that in the United States and elsewhere the standard of *general intelligence* among engineers and skilled artisans of all classes is higher than at home. What does this mean but that their *general* education has been more thoroughly attended to?

The third cause is the one on which I wish to dwell at greater length to-night, because the parents in this Union are mainly parents of children in first-grade schools. Of course, at present, with few careers open to women, it is to *boys'* schools mainly that we refer.

University scholarships!—those blessings from above which largely help to neutralise the drawbacks attending on high culture backed by shallow means—that give so many chances to talent to assert itself! What do we have to pay for their benefits? The price is terribly high. They have cramped the curricula of our secondary schools; they have compelled teachers to lay undue stress on a few branches of general education and comparatively to ignore others; and, worst of all, they have in many cases arrested general education altogether prematurely. So long as these scholarships were confined to classical candidates, the harm done was less than at present; for the classical man, after all, however much he specialises, is only continuing and exploring into its

deeper details the subject-matter of all general education as I have described it, following humbly the great authorities—to wit, humanity, in the sense in which the word is used north of the Tweed. It is true that the scholarship examinations ignored living languages—the mother tongue included—almost entirely, except in so far as an essay paper can be said to recognise it (though here it is the logical coherence of the argument and the knowledge displayed that count for most). It is true that modern history was ignored, with modern literature, but, for all that, a strong hold was maintained on the chief essentials of a general training. It is mathematical and science scholarships which have done the most serious harm to education—a harm ever increasing as the competition of the schools became keener, raising the standard of the papers set with a consequent reaction on the school time-table, setting back still earlier and earlier the commencement of studies which are not found to form proper factors of a truly general education.

This mischief can be arrested in two ways : by parents, acting in combination so as to reform the curriculum of the preparatory schools and starve the first grade, or public, schools of the unwholesome prodigies which are now supplied to them—boys who have begun Latin at the age of seven and Greek at the age of eight to nine, and have never been intelligently introduced to the history of their own land or of the world, or to the glories of their mother-tongue. If the preparatory schools could be brought to co-operate with parents first, and with the public schools afterwards, all would be well. The Universities would have to follow their lead. To arrive at perfection, or its shadow even, by this route we need a powerful combination of parents and a thoughtful

study of the true end of education by parents. As your ultimate aim as a Union should be this, I hardly care to insist here upon it. I fear, however, that it will be a long time before a general reform can be set on foot by parents. The *vis inertiae* of conservatism, the inordinate stress laid on the social advantages of public schools, and the tyranny of athleticism in such schools divert attention from the strictly educational side of the problem. I feel sure that the change must come from the other end. We—those of us who are willing—must constantly put what pressure of public opinion can be brought to bear upon the Universities to make them liberalise their scholarship examinations, to make them give full weight in classical scholarships to the neglected subjects which are all-important to a good general education—literature and history—and, above all, to lead them to insist upon full evidence of culture in candidates for mathematical and science scholarships. This reform will necessitate a lower standard of proficiency in the special subjects of the scholarships at the time of winning them, but a mind that has had a broad general education will be able to advance quicker in its special subjects after the scholarship has been obtained.

To sum up: Education is the preparation for life. Specialisation is the preparation for a trade or career. No school education can be called in any sense complete which is arrested before the age of sixteen. Few special subjects can be studied to much advantage before the age of fifteen. Enlightened parents and teachers should strive to get the young educated in the true sense up to the age of sixteen, or as near to it as possible, and should bear in mind that the humanities are the most essential portion of a true education. Specialisation during school years is, therefore, an evil—unavoidable often under

present conditions, but still an evil. There are plenty of forces at work to introduce it. Your Union should combine with all agencies that attempt to resist its inroads. "The child is father of the man"—the specialised child of the uncultured man.

THE CO-EDUCATION OF BOYS AND GIRLS¹

THE Anglo-Saxon is on his trial. He is passing through the furnace of success. He is beginning to talk about the decadent races, which means, of course, that he considers his own to be in full vigour, nay more, that perhaps the world is made for him. But he is a serious animal, and never ceases to realise that power and prominence bring with them a weight of responsibility. He even carries conscience into politics and earns the title of hypocrite for his pains. On either side of the Atlantic he displays this same race-quality, though it finds the fullest expression, in public utterance, in the Messages of the Presidents of the United States of North America to Congress.

The Anglo-Saxon of our time is restless, and his restlessness is hastily called lack of reverence or impatience of authority. In reality it is the outward sign of his wakefulness of conscience. He is eager to be what he should be, to grasp with fullest comprehension the race-ideal and promulgate it world wide in the wake of the pioneers of his commerce and of his language. That ideal is Liberty in hand-grip with Justice. The restless-

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ness is everywhere, but nowhere is it more marked than in the field of education. In England we appear to get more unhappy about education with every forward step. It is because our ideal advances faster than our results can follow. The great problems of general education, the bed-rock of all other, and of technical and commercial instruction, occupy many eager minds and will do so more and more till we master, *as a nation*, the scientific conception of what education is. Such issues are for the fathers in the main, but the mothers of the race are also moving, and, with the woman-instinct, have fixed their thoughts rather on the questions of education which affect the moral side of character in man and woman in the first instance, and, through it, the national life. And thus they have come to consider how it is that boys and girls are kept apart in their school-life and whether such separation works for good or for ill. We have accepted it for centuries without a murmur, but that is a point of no account with them. We must have a reason for it or the system stands condemned. There is the family ; men and women, boys and girls, together. Ought school to screen off sex from sex? Do we lose anything of material importance by such segregation? The burden of proof that they are not carrying on an artificial and hurtful practice is on the schools. Should we gain anything of a substantial kind through the mixed school which the present day school cannot give us? It is for the reforming parent to give the affirmative proof.

At the outset a limit can be set to the question before us. It really comes to this and this only : Can we with advantage educate together boys and girls between the ages of eleven or twelve and eighteen? It were waste of words to argue about co-education on either side of those limits. There are no difficulties in the system

as applied in the kindergarten or in the junior departments of secondary schools for girls. If the primary schools, above the infant classes, are a less suitable field, it is yet practicable and beginning to be practised in them. Our University life, outside Oxford and Cambridge, is built up on co-education. It has never had any serious battle to fight in that field; but when we come to the critical years of child-life we are confronted, in England, by a set of hindrances, some of which vanish when stoutly faced, while others remain and appear to be well-nigh insuperable in many cases.

Foremost among these hindrances stand two, of which the first is the existent dominant ideal of boys' higher education. It may be described shortly, without caricature, as being "Cricket, Football, Study." But if co-education is to be anything more than a sham, the games must co-educate as well as the teachers and the books. Yet who would urge that girls of sixteen should play football and cricket with boys of the same age? The average English father prefers the aggressively masculine to the purely gentlemanly type. He believes that "Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton," and that a hardy and even a rough training is best for the men of a race which insists on overflowing into all the waste places of the earth. No watering down of games to suit the physical capacity of girls will win his approval, yet, if the games are shut out from the co-education scheme, it loses one of its most valuable elements and itself proclaims aloud its impracticable or but partially practicable character. Over the studies there would not be so marked a dispute, though even here it will take much time to convert him to their assimilation for boys and girls. The other main hindrance is the obvious one, which lies at the basis of

all conservatism, that, if the reform is good in itself, it yet upsets much which has worked well hitherto and cannot be upset without destroying the fruit of much expenditure of labour. Ours is not a new country, we have established everywhere the separate system, with its separate endowments and different curricula. Are all the great Public Schools to be transformed? Are the schemes of the Charity Commissioners, worked out with infinite care and wisdom, to be all swept away? The electorate and the English father will say "No," until they are convinced that there is a crying need for the change. All other objections are subordinate to these two.

Yet some will urge that there is an objection stronger than either of those mentioned, viz., that co-education is in itself a bad system, and will put forward arguments, based partly on *a priori* reasoning, to prove that both ethically and physiologically it is hurtful. But such objectors are met by the large body of evidence supplied mainly by the experience of the United States and, in a less degree, by that of Scotland and other countries, and, to a limited extent, by that of England itself. Co-education has been tried, as is well-known, far and wide in America among members of our own race. There is an overwhelming preponderance of evidence, much of which appears unbiased, from across the Atlantic, in its favour. I have heard a well-known Professor from the Western States remark at a meeting of parents and teachers that it was strange to him to hear us discussing this system, as to whether it is practicable or desirable, as he had lived his life in places where it was universal and a matter of course. It is true that what is good for the citizens of the United States may be bad for us, but the burden of proof is

surely on those who make the assertion. We are just now looking into each other's eyes to see the glance of kinship there ; we both

" speak the tongue

That Shakspeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

Can the difference be much more than that between the introduction of a system on virgin soil and on a land already occupied by a different culture? Scotland supplies a less cogent instance of the same kind, for there the mixed schools do not keep their pupils much beyond fifteen years of age, while in the States they are together right through till College times, and most of us will agree that it is these later years which are the more anxious ones under a mixed system.

It will be profitable to set out as clearly as possible the advantages which are claimed in America for co-education in school. A Circular of Information of the Washington Bureau of Education, dealing with this subject, gives us the following grouping of the reasons for the practice supplied by a large number of school teachers and superintendents. They prefer it because it is (1) natural ; (2) customary ; (3) impartial ; (4) economical ; (5) convenient ; and (6) beneficial.

As to the first of these we may answer that " custom is second nature," and what is customary here is therefore now natural for us. The argument from " nature " is a dangerous one—it saturated the minds of the 18th-century philosophers in France who danced to Rousseau's pipe, and introduced that upheaval of society—the French Revolution. Because the family is an institution of untold antiquity and society is composed of men and women, it does not follow that boys and girls should be *always* together or that they should be

brought up alike. The second argument obviously has no application to us and its contrary may naturally be used, in our case, as a reason against mixed education.

It will be urged by some that the argument that co-education is "impartial, affording one sex the same opportunity for culture that the other enjoys," is specious at first sight, and a few years ago would have had much more weight than now; but that the immense advance in the education of girls during the last thirty years or more suggests that we are not far, under our separate system, from doing justice to the claims of woman's intellect, except in the matter of the redistribution of educational endowments. Of them a startlingly scanty proportion are appropriated to girls. The growth of an improved public opinion, it will be said, is redressing the wrong of ages without bringing in co-education to help the right.

The arguments from economy and convenience may be taken together and deserve very careful consideration. They are of a kind that appeals especially to the English mind and will be dealt with later, when it will be shown that it is probably through them that we shall be led to introduce the system. The last reason of the six, that co-education is "beneficial to the minds, morals, habits and development of the pupils," is the one over which the main battle, if battle there is to be, will be fought. If it is proved true, how can we afford to delay co-education, whatever the cost in the shape of dislocation of the existing may be? If "the child is father of the man" and "righteousness exalteth a nation," are we willing to take the second place in the Anglo-Saxon Alliance of the future or shall we come into it on an equal footing with our allies? Because the assertion is couched in dangerously general language it is not therefore to be

lightly dismissed. Where so much is claimed it is worth while to examine the evidence supporting the claim. It may not be altogether fanciful to trace to the influence of co-education on the manhood of the United States a large part of that higher moral tone which they display in dealing with world problems ; of that assertion of broad principles of humanity and justice against the finesse and cynical cleverness of Old World diplomacy. We are often told that, if women were in Parliament, they would sacrifice the vital interests of the State in the pursuit of fantastic ideals—perhaps a little of this leaven has already entered into the American lump. We must remember that in the Secession War of 1861 it was the gentry of England, product of our great public boarding schools where the isolation of our boys is most complete, who were on the side of the South and slavery. But, whether this be so or not, when we come to the examination of the effect of mixed education on the individual, in his or her domestic and daily life, it is more difficult to trace the benefit claimed. One may be free from a narrow patriotic bias and yet fail to discover wherein the Englishman and woman are defective as to “mind, morals, habits and development” when compared with their cousins over the water. They may be no better, but are they obviously worse? There is a certain frank fearlessness which we recognise and admire in the American woman, but the Englishwoman does not take long to lose whatever of missishness she brings from her last school into the world of grown-up life. We recognise well-known types among us too in the Rosalind, the Helena, and the Portia of Shakspeare. The fact is that, in so far as “morals and habits” are concerned, the *day-school* pupil in England loses little by our separate system. His or her home-life is part of every week-day

and all of Sunday and the holidays. The separation in the school-hours is not of itself serious enough to influence morals largely, though there is some evidence that girls establish a higher standard of excellence in work in the mixed school. In the boarding-schools, where but a small, though a very influential, number of the whole nation are educated, co-education is least possible and is most needed. The artificial segregation of boys and girls for some thirteen weeks at a time does undoubtedly lead in many cases to results deleterious to "morals and habits," and it is obvious that one of the many consequences of the general introduction of co-education would be the almost entire disappearance of the boarding-school system.

There is more general cogency in the assertion that co-education leads to benefits to the "minds and development of the pupils." It would seem that it must do so. If we grant that we are not at a disadvantage when compared, individually, with the American citizens who have been through the mixed schools, we yet ought possibly to be better than them in these respects, owing to the surroundings of an old-established civilisation. We can also, possibly, become better than ourselves. We still waste much of our sum of brain-power through defects in our curricula, many of which would disappear if we were to co-educate. If education consists in the formation of character and the equal all-round development of faculties, our girls lack much in this latter respect, and our boys also. Co-education would give the girls much which we should under that system certainly retain for the boys, it would give the boys much which we should retain for the girls. Not to rest in generalities, it would bring into girls' studies more of natural science thoroughly taught, and more of mathematics, thus

multiplying the opportunities for the exercise of the reasoning faculty through induction and deduction—a manifest boon to woman and to the race. It would bring to our boys new opportunities for the cultivation of the imagination and of the æsthetic faculty generally, through music and the study of literature *as literature*, modern as well as ancient, for its subject-matter no less than for its form. It would also probably serve, indirectly, to stem the degradation of general education by the special and premature preparation of the ill-grounded mind for the life-work of the man, because, if the boys keep a deliberate pace with the girls, under a genuine system of co-education, the thoroughness of faculty-training will necessarily take more time to carry out than the present stunted curriculum.

Again, a mixed school system carries with it, as a natural consequence, a mixed staff, and thus secures for boys and girls teaching by men and by women. This, of itself, must be of service directly for the development of the mind, and the teachers cannot help enlarging each other's views—the men those of the women, the women those of the men—with excellent results for the pupils.

It has been said above that it is probably through the strength of the arguments from economy and convenience that co-education will spread eventually in England. It is our English way to make changes on grounds of common sense rather than of sentiment. We are told, from the States, that the mixed school system uses "the school funds to the best advantage," and "is convenient in assigning, grading, teaching and discipline"; that "a much larger teaching force is required, where the sexes are separated, to obtain the same excellence in grading and instruction"; and that "separation greatly complicates the grading of a

school, especially when the number of each sex in a grade is not large enough to form two full classes."

We must always remember that co-education in America was forced on the community by circumstances in the first instance, not established as the result of any reasoned conviction. As the colonists moved westwards, ever westwards, and formed new settlements, their first school in any locality was perforce mixed, because there were not the means to support two separate schools. There was no inherent impossibility in the system. This we have already proved for ourselves here, but the question of desirability did not arise in young communities as there was no field for choice. Similarly with us, when we organise a complete system of secondary school supply, planting schools supported out of public money in the most desert places of our land, where endowment has not filled the gap and private enterprise would have no inducements, we shall find that in many instances motives of economy and convenience will suggest the mixed school as the type to be established. There are many small towns which, with their surrounding country within what may be called bicycle area, cannot supply more than eighty to a hundred and twenty pupils requiring secondary education. One school, with classes of not more than twenty, can be efficiently staffed and managed in such a centre—two separate schools cannot. A dual school supplies a compromise, but, though there will be some economy in such a school under the head of buildings, there will still be too large a staff to give the desirable guarantees of individual excellence, and there will be two heads, of which one will be unsatisfactorily placed as being at once under and not under the other. The working of the Intermediate Education Act in

Wales shows this to demonstration. We must bear in mind, however, that the mixed school system, if thoroughly carried out, involves the working of men under a headmistress as well as of women under a headmaster, and it will be difficult for some time yet to make such an arrangement palatable, at all events to men.

Under this head of our subject the Report of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education makes more than one pronouncement. Without displaying any enthusiasm for co-education it yet speaks without fear of its establishment. In cases such as we have just mentioned the Commissioners say, "We think that the same school or department ought to receive both girls and boys, and the evidence we have received leads us to believe that this may safely and properly be done. We conceive that the duty and the interest of the community require equal provision to be made for both sexes, and although some care may be needed in the conduct of the requisite arrangements, especially at starting, we are persuaded that the objections to a system of co-education are slighter than those which would apply either to feeble separate departments or to a neglect of the needs of girls in cases where their number might be comparatively small,"—and again in the same connection, "This system has been tried with so much success in other countries, and to some extent in Great Britain itself, that we feel sure its use may be extended without fear of any undesirable consequences, and probably with some special advantages for the formation of character and general stimulus to intellectual activity."

Such guarded and restrained utterances as these will rouse no fervent outcry for mixed schools. The outcry if it is to come, must come from the great body of parents, convinced of large benefits to their children to result from

co-education. Failing such pressure on authorities, central and local, we shall see the mixed school introduced by them as a new institution in new districts; and, if it exhibits results obviously better than other schools can show, the older schools will gradually be reorganised on the new system. Meanwhile the innovation will have fresh opportunities for justifying itself through the activity of proprietary enterprises, such as the schools to be established by the King Alfred School Society, one of which is already in full working life. For more than this the enthusiasts must not hope, and they must all the while especially keep guard against two defects which will be sure to bring co-education into contempt. Of these the one is the absence of an approximation to equality in the numbers of the two sexes in a school, leading to the inevitable sacrifice of the real educational interests of the minority to the supposed special interests of the majority; the other is absence of thoroughness in co-education, substituting for a true mixed school a dual school with occasional mixed classes. If it is seen that, after bringing boys and girls together in school, they are studiously kept apart first on one plea and then on the other, through a reluctance to break down the distinctiveness of curricula or to assimilate the exercises of the playground, co-education as a national system will be delayed here till an indefinitely distant future.

The Reports of two of the English ladies who visited the United States with Gilchrist Travelling Scholarships in 1893, and studied their educational methods on the spot, enable us to check the opinions on co-education put forth by American authorities. Much of what is urged by the latter is confirmed by these Reports. Both Miss Page, headmistress of the Skinners' School at Stamford Hill, and Miss Burstall, headmistress of the

Manchester High School, are convinced that co-education makes *discipline* easier. This may not make the teacher's task lighter, for more careful supervision is required under that system, but it should prevent it from becoming any heavier. The Reports appear further to support the claim that co-education is productive of self-restraint in boys and steadies the emotional element in girls. It seems to make the pupils less directly interesting to each other *as boys and girls*,—a result to be desired during school years. Miss Page says, "I feel that we, as a nation, are losing greatly by the way in which we almost persistently keep our boys and girls apart," and quotes with approval a Report of Dr. Harris, Commissioner of Education in Washington, who urges, among many other arguments, that "each sex, testing its strength with the other on an intellectual plane in the presence of the teacher, each one seeing the weakness and strength of the other, learns to esteem what is essential at its true value," and speaks of "that quiet self-possession which forms the most striking mark of difference between the girls and boys educated in mixed schools and those educated in schools exclusively for one sex." And yet we are told that in the older settled Eastern States of the Union there is a distinct reaction in favour of the separate system, among parents who can afford to send their children to high-class private schools. Perhaps they have been Europeanised and are seeking to give their daughters those specially feminine school accomplishments which cannot find place in the mixed school, and their sons some sort of reproduction of Eton across the Atlantic. The opponents of co-education in England argue that they are breaking away from a bad system directly they get the chance in the more highly cultured communities. Wherever the truth may be, there is no doubt that the

ideals of womanhood and manhood, as built up by school education, which prevail among the members of a leisured and cultured class are different from those of the toilers of commerce. We see the same in Scotland, where the parish schools co-educate and the higher schools do not. If this reaction did not exist in the United States we should be compelled to believe that they are showing us the way to a higher state of things, and that we must follow them with all speed. That there will be many more mixed schools in England ten years hence than now is extremely likely, but that the separate schools will have disappeared a hundred years hence is very improbable. And yet it is possible, under two conditions: First, that the parents, and especially the mothers, of England should convince the nation that, without any loss of the more strenuous type of manliness, its young men can, through co-education, become "verray parfit gentle knights," pure of life, chivalrous in the fullest sense to all womanhood. If this could come about through co-education few would dare to delay it. Next, that the nation as a whole should determine to give equal opportunities in education to all its intellect, in men and in women. It is the instinctive belief that women would gain in this way that makes co-education at present mainly a woman's question. Single women, no less than mothers, are, as a rule, enthusiastic for it, when it is put before them as an ideal, on this ground. They can see that, thoroughly carried out, it will open all doors to them and win for them, however tardily, an absolute equality with men, crowning the struggle of centuries with a victory whose spoils (for women will always share with men what they receive) will go to men equally with women. Their instinct is correct. They will never be completely man's equals in preparation for life till they

share all his life from the first. If they win this point they will but be giving one more example of the truth that the evolution of Society takes the form of repetitions of past types of civilisation on higher planes, rather than of a continuous advance from a receding point, and will show us that they are like their Anglian mothers in the old forest-lands of Germany, of whom Tacitus says they were espoused with marriage-gifts of "oxen, a caparisoned steed, a shield, a lance, and a sword," and that they, in turn, brought to their husbands gifts of arms,—adding "Lest the woman should think herself to stand apart from aspirations after noble deeds, and from the perils of war, she is reminded by the ceremony which inaugurates marriage that she is her husband's partner in toil and danger, destined to suffer and to dare with him alike both in peace and in war." Can we not read in this passage a prophecy of what the nobler minds among the women of our land and of our day are fighting for under a different time-spirit and with broader hopes?

SCHOOL TONE.¹

There are few words in the English language more interesting in their history and meaning than "tone," and, as the Oxford *magnum opus* has not yet given us its account of the word, though it must come very soon, we are able to discourse about it with a large measure of freedom, outside the shadow of that great authority. "Tone" is, of course, in its literal and primary sense, a term of music, as old as the ancient Greeks, and means strictly the stretching of the voice, but it very soon went off into metaphorical uses so as to mean, among other

¹ *Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, December 15th, 1911.

things, the state of the body in regard to the performance of its natural functions and the state of the moral self in regard to the like performance. The transition from the individual to a community, treated as a unit, was bound to come, and did come, soon afterwards. The moral tone of a community, therefore, is its state in regard to what it exists to be and do. Our community, in *The Teachers' Guild Quarterly*, is the school.

The first essential in a school, in the opinion of thoughtful British parents and conscientious British teachers, is a good tone. Everything else is second to that. So far do we go in this direction that it is a common charge against many of our celebrated schools that they teach little—that such teaching as there is is unintelligent and unorganised ; that their average product cannot express its thoughts, if any, clearly, either orally or on paper, and so on. Under the exaggeration lies a truth. We form character ; we neglect, to some extent, intellectuality. The day will come soon, we hope, when we shall continue to do the former task and yet not leave the latter undone. The charge, of course, applies more especially to our great boarding schools and to other schools of the first grade, in which the need of early financial independence for the pupil is less clearly obvious than in the case of the day-school pupil, whose school education terminates at or before seventeen years of age.

To come to particulars from generalities, what are the main ingredients of a good tone—a good state of the soul of the school community in regard to the healthy performance of its moral functions ? It is not to dogmatise to assert that they are two—viz. (1) an atmosphere of *trust*, as distinguished from an atmo-

sphere of suspicion, and (2) a mutual sense of *co-operation* between teachers and taught.

(1) This atmosphere of trust results from a state of mind in the teachers which believes in the existence of the elements of good in the taught and seeks to draw them out through the sense of honour. It does not watch to prevent wrong-doing so much as it strives to implant the principles of right-doing—it makes the teacher a foster-parent instead of a detective. There are, from time to time, disasters which result from the abuse of the trust accorded—disasters which an excessively vigilant suspicion can anticipate, but at what a price! The offence which is intended, but not perpetrated merely because opportunity is lacking, leaves the offender at heart as bad as if the offence were completed; and the best that the rule of suspicion can do is to show an absence of offences perpetrated—it gives no guarantees of moral growth or spiritual independence. The hothouse plant is put later in the open air and is nipped by the first touch of frost—it has no “divine vitality.”

(2) But the other main ingredient of a good tone in a school—a mutual sense of co-operation—is of almost equal importance. The teacher and the taught must feel that they are all working towards a common end, with the difference that the teacher knows more about the way to it, through past experience, than the taught. Masters and mistresses we have in schools, but the pupils are not servants—younger brothers and sisters rather. We have much to learn yet in our own country about the right kinds of punishment in schools regarded as co-operative institutions, where teacher and taught are supposed to be equally interested in maintaining a good tone. Fear of giving offence to the school ideals rather

than fear of chastisement and impositions is the fear of the early future, let us hope, and the punishments must be altered to suit that higher plane of fear, though we must not do anything to soften the spirit of young manhood by too hasty an abandonment of our rough-and-ready methods with our boys. They generally detest whatever they can label as sentimentality, and they affix the label very freely.

The article "High Schools for Girls, German *v.* English," in the current number of the *Journal of Education*, if it does not generalise from too limited an experience, shows us that the rule of suspicion is not confined to the Latin lands of Europe, as one is apt to imagine, and leads us to think that what we mean by "a good tone" in school is rare outside our own land. The writer tells us that the English schoolmistress sees in her girls "a number of individuals, each with character and personality of her own, . . . in whom the trinity of spirit, mind, and body must be prepared to take the place in life to which she is most fitted." The German lady, on the other hand, sees "a lot of little cakes, as yet unbaked and unshaped." Her pupil is for her, "one of a series of more or less human objects who require to be stuffed with as many facts as can conveniently be crammed into their heads." The result is overwork for the brain and inadequate development of self-activity and resource. A sense of co-operation does not arise between the baker and the cakes, and the attitude of cakes to baker and of baker to cakes is "one of mutual distrust and suspicion." The article starts with quoting an English advertisement for a junior Games Mistress, and describing the surprise of a German Schoolmistress at the idea of such a member of staff being wanted. We may be over athletic just now, but

the sense of co-operation finds its best field of growth, perhaps, in the playing-field when teachers and taught play together.

We must stand fast by what we rightly consider "a good tone" in our schools, and foster it wherever it is nascent but not fully developed. We can then concentrate our efforts at improvement upon the intellectual side of education, and so arrange our teaching as to make our scholars *memorise* less and *think* more than at present. If, as Ruskin says, "education is the leading of human souls to what is best and the making what is best out of them," then instruction, a part of education, must do its share in the field of mind, making what is best out of mind, and not substituting for its free natural development the crowding in of facts to be audited by written examination.

“THE SIMPLE LIFE: WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT”¹

IT is highly probable that the subject of our symposium conveys a meaning of a different kind to each of the opening speakers. For me “the simple life” cannot mean “plain living” merely. The ancient Greeks would have avoided all ambiguity by using one or other of their words *βίος*, life, in its fuller sense; *δίαίτα*, way of living. But our title does mean “way of living,” I expect, when used as the catch expression of the day. Pardon me if I seek to go deeper. My “simple life” and “plain living” have, at any rate, much in common, though the latter is but a part and not always an essential part of the former. The plain living movement of our day, in its relation to diet, in our modern limited sense, originates from more causes than one. It originates sometimes in medical advice, sometimes in vegetarianism, on whatever ground practised, sometimes in motives of thrift. Whatever may be the motive, it is a purely proximate one. The thing is thought to be good, and is therefore done. In the relation of plain living to clothing, medical advice and thrift motives also operate. To these inducements may be added athleticism and the consequent desire for freedom of trunk and limb, and

¹ A contribution to a symposium in a London Section of the Teachers’ Guild, December 1908.

æstheticism, which, combined with athleticism and a bastard sort of classicism, produces weird results, in their way nearly as vicious, artistically, as the output of French fashions, but without its anti-hygienic enormities. Many of its votaries lay themselves open to the imputation of aiming at cheap distinction. They are not as others are, and that deliberately. With limited means they can form themselves into a middle-class aristocracy, aping, at a distance, and with very different claims, "our splendid barbarians." The best of them—those who are single-hearted, as far as they go—are not necessarily living "*the* simple life," because their plain living is an end instead of being merely the means to a far higher end.

What is that end? It is nothing less than to be of those who earn the benediction: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." There is no fault in our Authorised Version in this passage, but the words "pure in heart" should be rendered in modern English, "clear in their affections." These are the truly simple, who reap Dante's "*Ben del Intelletto*"—the vision of the Godhead. To be truly pure in heart is to search for one's main duty and to set oneself to do it, subordinating to this life-task all other desires and all distractions of a more or less material kind. Clearly, plain living is a result of this high aim, as the heart, or soul, through such living, is less clogged in its pursuit of its nobler quest—plain living, I mean, in the sense of shunning whatever diverts from the quest, such as pleasuring as the alternative to pure idleness, or as the mere excitement of purposelessness.

The simple life, in its deeper meaning, is not in any sense asceticism, or the refusal of the good things of this life for purely disciplinary ends. It can be lived by an Emperor—witness Marcus Aurelius. It is as possible

in the palace as in the hermit's cell—indeed, more possible there, for all virtue implies a struggle, and the hermit cuts himself off from the temptations which lead to the struggle. It is the life according to nature. As Epictetus says: "How are we constituted by Nature? To be free, to be noble, to be modest, and to subordinate pleasure to the ends for which Nature designed us, as a handmaid and a minister, in order to call forth our activity, in order to keep us constant to the path prescribed by Nature." It is the following out of the law of one's own being. This is emphasised in a passage from Marcus Aurelius's "To Himself." "Dwell in retrospect on those whom you yourself have seen straining after vanities instead of following out the law of their own being, clinging tight to that, and so therewithal content. Interest in an object must be in proportion to the real worth of the particular object. It will save you from disheartenment not to become unduly engrossed in things of lesser moment."¹ It is the running of the short way. "Ever run the short way," says the Emperor again, "Nature's short way, aiming at perfect soundness in every word and in every act. Such is the rule that does away with worry and irresolution and all secondary aims and artifice."² It is the abnegation and obliteration of self, its end being outside self. Says Fénelon: "Simplicity is the straightforwardness of a soul which refuses itself any reaction with regard to itself or its deeds. A simple man neither affects virtue nor truth; he is never busy thinking about himself, and seems to have lost that *ego* about which we are so jealous."

"The greatest thoughts are the simplest, and so are the greatest men," said Julius Hare. But we are, mostly,

¹ G. Rendall's translation.

² *Ibid.*

not great at all, and, therefore, cannot be approximately simple in the highest sense, even if we would. Our hearts cannot rise superior to the trammels of our life conditions. But we can, at least, be restless. Restlessness is a sign of grace. Not to accept slothfully the restrictions of life is to be true sons of Adam—with a difference. Not to find an Eden in surroundings of mere material comfort and enjoyment is to have one's foot on the lowest rung of the ladder to Paradise. This is the great lesson of Goethe's "Faust"—of the *whole* drama—that a soul may be saved through restlessness. You will remember that Faust found final peace through the abnegation of self. But he had previously tried all earthly roads to happiness. His last work, in his oldest age, was one of benefaction to others. He had then, and only then, attained the Simple Life. The Prologue in Heaven in that drama shows that, with good instincts, man, "while his desires and aspirations stir, cannot choose but err," but, nevertheless, if stimulated by dissatisfaction, saves his soul at last. The angels bearing the immortal part of Faust to heaven, at the end of the drama, chant

"Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen."

Those of us, therefore, who are not great may take comfort if only we be restless. George Herbert's fascinating poem, "The Pulley," occurs to me in this connection :

"When God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by ;
Let us (said He) poure on him all we can ;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
 Then beautie flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
 Rest in the bottome lay.

For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewell on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature.
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlesnesse ;
 Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
 If goodness leade him not, yet wearinesse
 May tosse him to my breast."

I have used the words "heart" and "soul" in this short causerie because they are the usual language of poetic thinkers—quoted and unquoted by me. It would be a little more philosophical to substitute the word "affections" throughout. "Heart" and "soul" have connotations which I do not require for present purposes, and are misleading words at times. Let them stand this evening for what my context shows them to mean.

To sum up. For me the simple life is the one-fold life—that is the etymological intent of the word. Its opposite, for us, is the complex life. This latter loses itself through indistinctness of aim. Its ideals are never half a mile off; they are often inconsistent with each other, and cross paths from one to another have to be made. This is the life of restlessness, for which we have found, under certain conditions, good instincts to wit, ultimate salvation. Its enemy, as distinguished from its opposite, is satisfaction with one's immediate surroundings.

"Des Menschen Tätigkeit kann allzuleicht erschlaffen,
 Er liebt sich bald die unbedingte Ruh."

The reason for our restlessness, which keeps us back from living the simpler life, though, in some form, it is an essential preliminary to it, is best expressed by the great teacher, Wordsworth :

“ The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, . . . ”

“ We have given our hearts away.” What must we pay to redeem them? We must strive, painfully and earnestly, to see more in Nature that is ours, to seek it and to ensue it, not letting the world be so much with us. So, only, shall we get nearer to the Simple Life.

SONNETS

THE GROWTH OF SHAKSPERE.

["Shakspere's Plays, when looked at broadly, in their successive periods, represent his own prevailing temper of mind, as man as well as artist, in the succeeding stages of his life."—
F. J. FURNIVALL.]

I.

He gazed upon the puppet-drollery

Of this our life, himself in beardless prime,

And laughed aloud in that fresh morning-time

To watch the frolic pageant trooping by ;

Young Love came frisking past, and merrily

Tripped in the light fays from their careless clime,

Bringing rich treasure thence—wit, jest and rhyme—

To deck the broad courts of his fantasy.

So ruled foreseeing Power, which fashioned him

To be mankind's interpreter to man

Through all heart-change, that, nerved with sunny glow
Of genial retrospect, 'mid shadows grim

His steady eye should Guilt's whole empire scan,

Nor quail before the Apocalypse of woe.

II.

Slowly, to give his manhood firmest mould,

More real scenes and statelier shapes appear ;

The stir of court and camp, the gay career

Of sprightly youth, for fame or honour bold ;

Kings, and their deeds in storied page enrolled,
 And, over all earth-soilure towering clear,
 Fair forms of gentle maidens, frank, sincere,
 By bonds of craven custom uncontrolled.

His joyous morn had changed to brightest noon
 The sunshine still was on him, and the breath
 Of taintless atmosphere made life seem sweet
 Not yet the waters compassed him, but soon,
 Mounting abreast the dim-lit shores of Death,
 The surf of Hell lay foaming at his feet.

III.

We grieve not, Master, that the weltering flood
 Swept with its brine around thy godlike head !
 We cannot sigh, though 'midst the graceless dead
 Thy spirit trod through darkness, tears, and blood !
 For thou hast brought us thence such saving food
 Of dire example and such healthful bread
 Of thine own kneading, that our souls are fed
 With light of doom and justice understood !

But, that thy ruthful glance, in that sad Way,
 Fell on their ruined ghosts whose darkened eyes,
 Stung by foul serpent-venom, saw aniss—
 That all around their spotless victims lay—
 Passion and blindness bursting tenderest ties—
 This is our sorrow and our sadness this !

IV.

He was not born their bitter bonds to share ;
 The deeps o'erwhelmed him not ; but, lifted high,
 His spirit soared above the misery
 Of shattered lives, till earth lay broad and bare
 Beneath his ken, and through that brighter air,
 Pure-sighted in ethereal purity,
 Pierced to men's inmost heart with eagle eye,
 And read the mystic riddle graven there —
 Saw sorrow healing fault with gracious balm
 Of suffering, chaste perfection holding sway
 O'er lust abashed, sweet patience reconciled
 With humbled jealousy, till, grandly calm,
 The Jovian front, all furrows smoothed away,
 Put off its sadness and serenely smiled.

AT A CONCERT.

AT THE CRIPPLES' HOME, MARYLEBONE ROAD.

Meekly they sit, and in their wistful eyes
 Mirror her beauty whom they gaze upon ;
 She sings to them, with limpid angel tone,
 Of fallow garden-lands beyond the skies,
 Where the seed sown in weakness here shall rise
 In power ; and as they listen, one by one
 They see the far-off heaven, where each may don
 Fair features like to hers and shapeful guise.

Oh little weary ones ! Were faith to fail,
 Pity would frame that heaven to compensate
 Your lot on earth, your patient faces pale,
 Your marred forms altered from the primal plan ;
 Where the great Modeller, who fashioned man,
 With loving touch should set the bent limbs straight.
Home Chimes, Feb. 9th, 1884.

SONNET

ON THE "ECCE HOMO" OF CORREGGIO.

The parted, livid lips, the soft brown hair
 That falls about His neck, the thorny crown
 Wounding his brow, the blood-drops trickling down,
 The mocking purple robe, cold Pilate's stare
 And pointing finger, the crossed wrists that wear
 The cords, with upturned face that melts in pain
 The swooning Mother, and the Magdalen,
 The rapt, rough soldier's gaze,—all these are there.

These could another paint. But who, save thee,
 Supreme Allegri ! with his brush could limn
 Those eyes that speak an elemental woe,
 Pent up, till, thrilling sadly from the tree,
 The Son's prayer rose, while Calvary grew dim,
 " Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

Spectator, Dec. 22nd, 1883.

ADAMASTOR.

He rose from his murk waters unexplored,
 Huge as the old Colossus, surlily,
 His voice was as the lashing of the sea
 On beetling crags, in hollow caverns bored.
 Glaring on those bold Portuguese, he roared
 Ruin at who should probe his mystery,
 Nor stayed them thus ; so faded utterly,
 And over all the sun's bright beams were poured.
 Great-hearted Gama ! We, whom Science leads
 Through unknown Ocean-paths, like thee grow brave
 To dare the darkness, till his panting steeds
 Bring up the Day-God from his orient-cave ;
 And groaning heavily, while Night recedes,
 Our Adamastor sinks beneath the wave.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Poet, whose footsteps trod the mystic ways
 That lead through common things to Nature's shrine ;
 Whose heart throbbed rhythmic to the heart divine
 That bird, flower, forest, stream, and mountain sways ;
 We, whose rapt sense thy lyre's full fervours raise
 From lowliest themes to absolute harmonies,
 Mourn that its sturdier strain unechoed dies,
 Quenched by the lute's sweet plaint and languorous lays.*
 Oh ! if by Rydal's laurels and the rills
 That rush to Rotha down, in Grasmere Vale,
 Thy pure ghost linger, or on Esthwaite's strand ;
 Speed, on the pinions of some healthful gale,
 Balmy with breath from thine own Cumbrian hills,
 To sweep the soft Sirocco from the land.

Spectator, Feb. 2nd, 1884.

COWPER.

As o'er the hushed hills and the sleeping plain,
 After long hours, the weary watcher sees
 The night grow pale, and hears amid the trees
 The wind that swooned at even wake again ;

While one by one the starry clusters wane,
 Till, lonely left, more silvery clear than these,
 Mild Phosphor rules the dawn's soft mysteries,
 Ushering in Hyperion's golden reign ;
 So, taking simple Nature for its theme,
 Thy gentle song, inspired with purpose high,
 Shot through the latter dusk a welcome gleam,
 Gracing afresh the realms of Poesy,
 And sparkling purely with its playful beam
 In herald-radiance told of Wordsworth nigh.

Spectator, May 2nd, 1885.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER,

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Died Oct. 1st, 1885.

He, holding Sin and Misery as one,
 Stern to the strong, yet shielding tenderly
 The weak, went forth ; and, stirred with solemn glee,
 Coped the grim Foe. A hundred victories won
 Dulled not the keen edge of his falchion,
 New-whetted from his Master's armoury ;
 Now, from all smoke and toil of battle free,
 He rests in God's Valhalla, and is gone !
 Aye, and indeed—is gone ! Yet, ere he died,
 He sowed such grand example round, as calls
 To fight his fight a thousand champions ;
 As some tall oak, the virgin forest's pride,
 Which very eld has shattered, fails and falls,
 And leaves the large air to its last-born sons.

Spectator, Oct. 10th, 1885.

THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

Mother ! what means that rapt and wondering gaze ?
 Hear'st thou, from out the heaven encircling thee,
 The cherub-bands with liquid harmony
 "Ave Maria" quiring to thy praise ?
 Or, piercing through the darkness and the haze,
 With awe-struck intuition canst thou see
 Thy Babe, grown man, go forth from Galilee
 To lead Death captive in the coming days ?

Nay, rather through thine ecstasy appears
 A wistful yearning as of one resigned
 To greatness, who, God-bidden, leaves behind
 Sweet dreams of far-off uneventful years,
 And, yielding Him she loves for humankind,
 Treads dry-eyed downwards to the Vale of Tears !
Spectator, Nov. 14th, 1885.

ON LISTENING TO BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL
 SYMPHONY.

Master ! whose hearing, closed to grosser sound,
 Quickened for all the subtler harmonies
 Of soul-entrancing chords, e'en as the eyes
 Of sightless Milton saw beyond the bound
 Of earth, to where the white-stoled host surround
 The Holiest of the Holy—in what guise,
 Of bird or seraph, through the immensities
 Of interstellar avenues profound

Hied thy bright spirit, lifting its grand refrain
 Up, up through throbbing ether, with the beat
 Of mighty wings, to where the listening throng
 Wait breathless, while glad throats take up the strain,
 When string and trumpet fail, and at the feet
 Of God lay tribute of immortal song ?

The Academy, March 27th, 1886.

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